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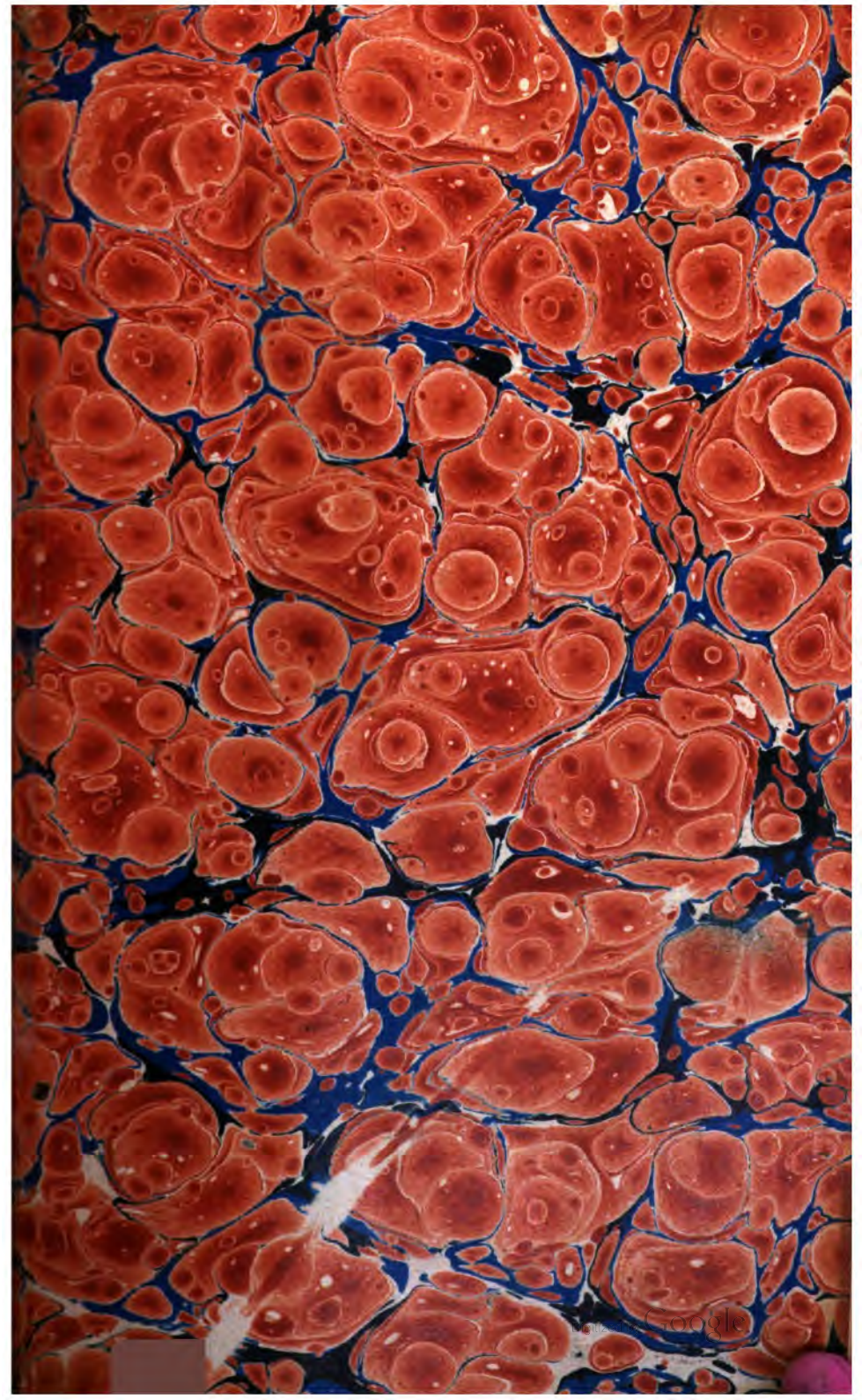

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Collected and edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M.A. Vols. I. and II. post 8vo. London. 1836.

2. *Early Recollections; chiefly relating to the late S. T. Coleridge during his long residence at Bristol.* By Joseph Cottle. London. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1837.

THESE 'Literary Remains' are stated in the preface to be the first results of an arrangement made agreeably to the directions contained in the late Mr. Coleridge's will, for the collection and publication of his scattered MSS. The editor says—

'They must in any case stand in need of much indulgence from the ingenuous reader:—*multa sunt condonanda in opere postumo;* but a short statement of the difficulties attending the compilation may serve to explain some apparent anomalies, and to preclude some unnecessary censure.

'The materials were fragmentary in the extreme;—Sibylline leaves, notes of the lecturer, memoranda of the investigator, out-pourings of the solitary and self-communing student. The fear of the press was not in them. Numerous as they were, too, they came to light, or were communicated, at different times, before and after the printing was commenced; and the dates, the occasions, and the references, in most instances, remained to be discovered or conjectured. To give to such materials method and continuity, as far as might be,—to set them forth in the least disadvantageous manner which the circumstances would permit,—was a delicate and perplexing task; and the editor is painfully sensible that he could bring few qualifications for the undertaking, but such as were involved in a many years' intercourse with the author himself, a patient study of his writings, a reverential admiration of his genius, and an affectionate desire to help in extending its beneficial influence.

* * * * *

'With these remarks, sincerely conscious of his own inadequate execution of the task assigned to him, yet confident withal of the general worth of the contents of the following pages, the editor commits the relics of a great man to the indulgent consideration of the public.'—Pref. p. 1.

The preceding passages fairly enough represent the general character of this publication, and exhibit, if such were needed, the grounds of its justification. We certainly think that a less partial editor would have seen the propriety of leaving in manu-

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script several 'unconsidered trifles' printed in these pages, and which, if they could justly be regarded as anything more than mere random guesses, would reflect small credit on the author's judgment or sagacity. In making this remark, we refer particularly to the verbal criticisms on the text of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, contained chiefly in the second volume. Amongst these there are certainly some suggestions which seem to us highly valuable, and which cannot be overlooked by any future editors of the works of our great dramatic poets; and this especially in regard to their metre and characteristic rhythms. There are also several notes which offer fair grounds for consideration and maturer inquiry; but we fear we must honestly add, that *mala plura* is true of the rest of these criticisms. Not that they are deficient in a provoking kind of ingenuity;—but they are too often, in Coleridge's own words applied to Warburton's comments, 'ingenious in blunder;' and it is equally true, in reference to them, that the critic appears to have been sometimes unable to 'see another writer's thoughts for the mist-working swarm of his own.'—ii., 145. He piqued himself, we believe, upon being a felicitous verbal critic; and could he ever have been induced to undergo the requisite labour of search and comparison, even these attempts show how much he might have performed. But the fact is, Coleridge would not, and perhaps, according to his nature, could not, submit to this drudgery. With a poetic insight, and a faculty of metaphysic analysis of the very subtlest kind, he was almost irresistibly drawn aside from investigating what an author had really said, to an exhibition of what he might, or ought to have said; and the only mischief in the result was, that in return for the borrowed sketch, he would sometimes, in the spirit, if not the words, of the Bentleian *scripsisse debuit,* insist upon your taking his picture for the original master's own.

But the excess and bias of those intellectual powers which spoiled Coleridge for a Gifford or a Dyce, made him, in our estimation, one of the most brilliant and profound of English writers, in the higher and more generally interesting departments of criticism. And here we cannot sufficiently regret that, instead of yielding so early and so often to the fatal facility of lecturing, he had not condensed in a series of essays, however short, his judgments on the principal authors of our country. No one who peruses what is preserved to us in these Remains,—and these, we are told, form but a small part of what has already been recovered,—can reasonably doubt that twenty such essays would have constituted one of the most original works of modern times in all that relates to the philosophy of polite literature. We select,

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select, as an average specimen of the manner of Coleridge's criticism, some passages from a lecture delivered by him in February, 1818, on Cervantes:—

'Don Quixote was neither fettered to the earth by want, nor holden in its embraces by wealth, of which, with the temperance natural to his country, as a Spaniard, he had both far too little, and somewhat too much, to be under any necessity of thinking about it. His age, too, fifty, may be well supposed to prevent his mind from being tempted out of itself by any of the lower passions; while his habits, as a very early riser and a keen sportsman, were such as kept his spare body in serviceable subjection to his will, and yet by the play of hope that accompanies pursuit not only permitted, but assisted, his fancy in shaping what it would. Nor must we omit his meagreness and entire *featureliness*, face and frame, which Cervantes gives us at once: "It is said that his surname was *Quixada*, or *Quesada*, &c."—even in this trifle showing an exquisite judgment; just once insinuating the association of *lantern-jaws* into the reader's mind, yet not retaining it obtrusively, like the names in old farces and in the Pilgrim's Progress, but taking for the regular appellative one which had the no-meaning of a proper name in real life, and which yet was capable of recalling a number of very different, but all pertinent, recollections, as old armour, the precious metals hidden in the ore, &c.* Don Quixote's leanness and featureliness are happy exponents of the excess of the formative or imaginative in him, contrasted with Sancho's plump rotundity and recipiency of external impression.

'He has no knowledge of the sciences or scientific arts, which give to the meanest portions of matter an intellectual interest, and which enable the mind to decipher in the world of the senses the invisible agency,—that alone, of which the world's phenomena are the effects and manifestations,—and thus, as in a mirror, to contemplate its own reflex, its life in the powers, its imagination in the symbolic forms, its moral instincts in the final causes, and its reason in the laws of material nature: but—estranged from all the motives to observation from self-interest—the persons that surround him too few and too familiar to enter into any connexion with his thoughts, or to require any adaptation of his conduct to their particular characters or relations to himself—his judgment lies fallow, with nothing to excite, nothing to employ it. But here is the point where, if genius of the most perfect kind, allotted but to few in the course of many ages, does not preclude the necessity in part, and in part counterbalance the craving by sanity of judgment, without which genius either cannot be, or cannot at least manifest itself, the dependency of our nature asks for some confirmation from without, though it be only from the shadows of other men's fictions.'—vol. i. p. 116.

Then, after showing Don Quixote's application and gradual subjugation to romances of chivalry, Coleridge goes on—

* It may perhaps be necessary to explain this to some of our readers, by just observing that *quixote* means, amongst other things, the *greaves* or armour for the legs, and that *quixo* is the ore or *matrix* in which metals are found.

'Hence

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'Hence also his first intention to turn author: but who, with such a restless struggle within him, could content himself with writing in a remote village among apathists and ignorants? During his colloquies with the priest and the barber-surgeon, in which the fervour of critical controversy fed the passion and gave reality to its object, what more natural than that the mental striving should become an eddy? Madness may perhaps be defined as the circling in a stream which should be progressive and adaptive. Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits; his understanding is deranged; and hence, without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and the moral sense, divested of the judgment and the understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the common sense without reason or imagination; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect; but they are separated and without cement; and hence each having need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other. For the common sense, although it may see the practical inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination or abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world, alternately and interchangeably the cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakspeare almost alone.'—*ib.* 119.

The *idea* of the two adventures of Andres and his master, and the merchants of Toledo, is given amusingly thus:—

'The manner in which Don Quixote redressed this wrong (that of poor Andres's flogging) is a picture of the true revolutionary passion in its first honest state, while it is yet only a bewilderment of the understanding. You have a benevolence limitless in its prayers, which are in fact aspirations towards omnipotence; but between it and beneficence the bridge of judgment—that is, of measurement of personal power—intervenes, and must be passed. Otherwise you will be bruised by the leap into the chasm, or be drowned in the river, and drag others with you to the same fate.

'"When they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with arrogant air cried out, 'Let the whole world stand! If the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than, &c.'"

'Now mark the presumption which follows the self-complacency of the last act! That was an honest attempt to redress a real wrong: this is an arbitrary determination to enforce a Brissotine or Rousseau's ideal on all his fellow-creatures.

"*Let the whole world stand!*"

'If there had been any experience in proof of the excellency of our code, where would be our superiority in this enlightened age?

"No!

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'"No! the business is, that without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; *and if not, I challenge you all to battle.*" (*Donde no, conmigo sois en batalla, gente descomunal!*)

'Next see the persecution and fury excited by opposition however moderate! The only words listened to are those that, without their context and their conditionals, and transformed into positive assertions, might give some shadow of excuse for the violence shown! This rich story ends, to the compassion of the men in their senses, in a sound rib-roasting of the idealist by the muleteers—the mob. And happy for thee, poor Knight! that the mob were *against* thee! For had they been *with* thee, by the change of the moon and of them, thy head would have been off.'—*ib.* 123.

After the adventure of the fulling-mills—

'Sancho is cured by this time, through experience, as far as his own errors are concerned; yet still is he lured on by the unconquerable awe of his master's superiority, even when he is cheating him.'—*ib.* 128.

Finally, after observing that Cardenio is the madman of passion, who meets and easily overthrows, for the moment, the madman of imagination;—and noticing 'the contagion of madness of any kind, upon Don Quixote's interruption of Cardenio's story,'—the lecturer ends with the following summary on Cervantes himself:—

'A Castilian of refined manners; a gentleman, true to religion, and true to honour. A scholar and a soldier; fought under the banners of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, lost his arm, and was captured. Endured slavery, not only with fortitude, but with mirth; and by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner. Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny—the awful task of achieving fame; and for that reason died poor and a prisoner, while nobles and kings over their goblets of gold gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards, and in his Persilis and Sigismunda the English may find the germ of their Robinson Crusoe.

'The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew and had looked into, but he knew and had looked into much indeed; and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue.'—*ib.* 130.

In taking up these volumes the reader must be prepared for the perusal of a genuine miscellany; yet it is a miscellany not without method or progression, and the constantly felt presence of the author's own personal feelings impresses a unity on it more real and affecting than is to be found in many a work of more elaborate arrangement. Indeed, fragmentary as a great part of these Remains must be allowed to be, we doubt whether in any one of Coleridge's compositions published in his lifetime there is

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so much of the form and pressure, the very life-blood and animal spirits of the man himself. We have him here with his note-book in his hand, or leaning over his old poet or divine, praising or censuring, or doubting at will—letting you know how he felt or reasoned on such a point on such a day, and thus effectually, though unconsciously, recording the annals of his own mind. The framework of the course of lectures delivered in 1818 has enabled the editor to find a place for numerous scattered criticisms upon books or authors mentioned by Mr. Coleridge as he went along; and some of these are amongst the most agreeable things he ever wrote. On Donne's poetry, he says—

> 'With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
> Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots;
> Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
> Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.'

'The wit of Donne,' he adds, 'the wit of Butler, the wit of Pope, the wit of Congreve, the wit of Sheridan—how many disparate things are here expressed by one and the same word, wit! Wonder-exciting vigor, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne!'—*ib.* 148.

And upon Warburton's note in Hamlet—

"As to the jingles, and play on words, let us but look into the sermons of Dr. Donne (the wittiest man of that age), and we shall find them full of this vein"—

he remarks—

'I have, and that most carefully, read Dr. Donne's sermons, and find none of these jingles. The great art of an orator—to make whatever he talks of appear of importance—this indeed Donne has effected with consummate skill.'—vol. ii. p. 223.

We cannot, in passing, forbear repeating Mr. Coleridge's question (*Table Talk*, p. 88, 2nd edit.), 'Why are not Donne's volumes of sermons reprinted at Oxford?' Surely the character of some of his juvenile *poems* cannot be the reason! Donne's Life is placed in a cheap form in the catalogue of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and deservedly so in every respect. Why does Oxford allow one hundred and thirty sermons of the greatest *preacher*, at least, of the seventeenth century—the admired of all hearers—to remain all but totally unknown to the students in divinity of the Church of England, and to the literary world in general? Would we could hope to see Donne and Field, and some others of our old divines, edited in succession with the judgment and learning which distinguish the late Clarendon Hooker!

Mr. Coleridge says of Rabelais:—

'One cannot help regretting that no friend of Rabelais (and surely friends

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friends he must have had) has left an authentic account of him. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus' rough stick, which contained a rod of gold—it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and bigots. Beyond a doubt, he was among the deepest as well as boldest thinkers of his age. Never was a more plausible, and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line than the thousand-times quoted—

"Rabelais laughing in his easy chair"—

of Mr. Pope. The caricature of his filth and zanyism proves how fully he both knew and felt the danger in which he stood. I could write a treatise in proof and praise of the morality and moral elevation of Rabelais' work, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet should be the truth, and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the creative minds of the world, Shakspeare, Dante, Cervantes, &c.

'All Rabelais' personages are phantasmagoric allegories, but Panurge above all. He is throughout the *πανουργία*—the wisdom, that is, the cunning, of the human animal—the understanding, as the faculty of means to purposes without ultimate ends, in the most comprehensive sense, and including art, sensuous fancy, and all the passions of the understanding. It is impossible to read Rabelais without an admiration mixed with wonder at the depth and extent of his learning, his multifarious knowledge and original observation, beyond what books in that age could have supplied him with.

("B. iii. c. 9. How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel, whether he should marry, yea or no.")

'Note this incomparable chapter. Pantagruel stands for the reason, as contra-distinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to pre-determine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice.'—vol. i., 138.

In the lecture on Sterne, Coleridge says—

'The essence of Mr. Shandy's character is a craving for sympathy in exact proportion to the oddity and unsympathizability of what he proposes;—this, coupled with an instinctive desire to be at least disputed with, or rather both in one, to dispute and yet to agree—and holding as worst of all, acquiescence without either resistance or sympathy. This is charmingly, indeed, profoundly conceived, and is psychologically and ethically true of all Mr. Shandys. Note, too, how the contrasts of character, which are always either balanced or remedied, increase the love between the brothers.'—*ib.* 144.

And in the lecture on Dante, we have this fine passage—

'Upon these hints the history of the republican eras of Greece and modern Italy ought to be written. There are three kinds or stages of historic narrative:—1. That of the annalist or chronicler, who deals merely in facts and events arranged in order of time, having no principle

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ciple of selection, no plan of arrangement, and whose work properly constitutes a supplement to the poetical writings of romance or heroic legends;—2. That of the writer who takes his stand on some moral point, and selects a series of events for the express purpose of illustrating it, and in whose hands the narrative of the selected events is modified by the principle of selection;—as Thucydides, whose object was to describe the evils of democratic and aristocratic partizanships;—or Polybius, whose design was to show the social benefits resulting from the triumph and grandeur of Rome, in public institutions and military discipline;—or Tacitus, whose secret aim was to exhibit the pressure and corruptions of despotism; in all which writers and others like them, the ground-object of the historian colours with artificial lights the facts which he relates;—3. and which in idea is the grandest, the most truly founded in philosophy—There is the Herodotean history, which is not composed with reference to any particular causes, but attempts to describe human nature itself on a great scale as a portion of the drama of Providence, the free will of man resisting the destiny of events—for the individuals often succeeding against it, but for the race always yielding to it, and in the resistance itself invariably affording means towards the completion of the ultimate result. Mitford's History is a good and useful work; but in his zeal against democratic government, Mitford forgot, or never saw, *that ancient Greece was not, nor ought ever to be considered, a permanent thing, but that it existed in the disposition of Providence, as a proclaimer of ideal truths, and that everlasting proclamation once made, that its functions were naturally at an end.*'—*ib.* 152.

One distinguishing feature in Mr. Coleridge's critical mind was the universality and heartiness of his love for all kinds and specimens of literature that had anything genuine in them, no matter how diverse, or even repugnant, as between each other, they might seem. We believe he did once own that he could not away with modern sermons and books of modern political economy; but with those exceptions, for which he must of course answer, there never was, perhaps, a man who so naturally put himself in immediate sympathy with the author in his hands. This is a quality or habit by no means common, and quite distinct from vast erudition or an indiscriminate fondness for reading; it springs, where it exists, from a constantly wakeful state of the imaginative power, which sees the latent identity of things outwardly different, and detects and fixes the changeful spirit of beauty under all its disguises. There are few parts of these volumes more delightful than the notices of Tom Jones, Jonathan Wild, Robinson Crusoe, thrown in amongst the criticisms on Fuller, Brown, Selden, Junius, Asgill, and these again brought to bear on the more sustained examinations of Milton and Shakspeare. There is such a thorough appreciation of the motives, such a manly estimate of the age, such a true and unreluctant admiration of the genius of the writer, in every line of these charming

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charming notes! He praises and blames with the freedom, yet depth of tone, which a consciousness of truthful purpose and confident power in the critic himself, can alone produce. There is no scorn, no sneer, no affecting a superiority to every author that has not yet attained a popularity which intimidates and defies misrepresentation;—rather, on the contrary, an eagerness to bring forward excellence before unknown, to obviate the prejudices arising from altered fashions, to illustrate and glorify what is above praise. In doing this, Coleridge, as talking to himself, speaks often of himself—reveals his emotions, expresses his wishes, owns his regrets. 'There is no fear of the press' in him, as the editor truly says; yet nothing is published in this collection which is morally unfit for the public eye, or which a just sense of what is due to honour or delicacy would withhold. We think a proper reliance has been shown on Coleridge's character in the communication to the world in these volumes of many touching sketches of the inmost heart of this extraordinary man by himself. Let the reader take a specimen from the notes on Junius, written in 1807, and which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best critique on the general merits of that writer yet before the world. Speaking of the preface to the Letters, Coleridge says:—

'An excellent preface, and the sentences not so snipt as in the dedication. The paragraph near the conclusion, beginning with "some opinion may now be expected," and ending with "relation between guilt and punishment," deserves to be quoted as a master-piece of rhetorical ratiocination, in a series of questions that permit no answer; or (as Junius says) carry their own answer along with them. The great art of Junius is never to say too much, and to avoid with equal anxiety a common-place manner, and matter that is not common-place. If ever he deviates into any originality of thought, he takes care that it shall be such as excites surprise for its acuteness rather than admiration for its profundity. He takes care!—say rather, that nature took care for him. It is impossible to detract from the merit of these Letters: they are suited to their purpose, and perfect in their kind. They impel to action, not thought. Had they been profound or subtle in thought, or majestic or sweeping in composition, they would have been adapted for the closet of a Sidney, or for a House of Lords, such as it was in the time of Lord Bacon;—but they are plain and sensible whenever the author is in the right, and whether right or wrong, always shrewd and epigrammatic, and fitted for the coffee-house, the exchange, the lobby of the House of Commons, and to be read aloud at a public meeting. When connected, dropping the forms of connexion; desultory without abruptness or appearance of disconnexion; epigrammatic and antithetical to excess; sententious and personal; regardless of right or wrong, yet well skilled to act the part of an honest warm-hearted man, and even when he is in the right, saying the truth but never proving it, much less attempting to bottom it;—this is the character of Junius;—and on this character and

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and in the mould of these writings must every man cast himself, who would wish in factious times to be the important and long-remembered agent of a faction. I believe that I could do all that Junius has done, and surpass him by doing many things which he has not done: for example, by an occasional induction of startling facts, in the manner of Tom Paine, and lively illustrations and witty applications of good stories and appropriate anecdotes, in the manner of Horne Tooke. I believe I could do it if it were in my nature to aim at this sort of excellence, or to be enamoured of the fame and immediate influence which would be its consequence and reward. *But it is not in my nature. I not only love truth, but I have a passion for the legitimate investigation of truth. The love of truth conjoined with a keen delight in a strict and skilful yet impassioned argumentation, is my master passion, and to it are subordinate even the love of liberty and all my public feelings —and to it whatever I labour under of vanity, ambition, and all my inward impulses.*'—*ib.* 249.

These latter sentences contain the key of Coleridge's life, and should be its text and motto, whenever it comes to be written. And again, after the perusal of Baxter's Life of himself, in 1820, he notes, among the grounds for recommending the study of our elder writers—Hooker—Taylor—Baxter—in short, almost any of the folios composed from Edward VI. to Charles II.—

'1. The overcoming the habit of deriving your whole pleasure passively from the book itself, which can only be effected by excitement of curiosity or of some passion. Force yourself to reflect on what you read paragraph by paragraph, and in a short time you will derive your pleasure —an ample portion of it, at least—from the activity of your own mind. All else is picture sunshine. 2. The conquest of party and sectarian prejudices, when you have on the same table before you the works of a Hammond and a Baxter, and reflect how many and how momentous their points of agreement, how few and almost childish the differences which estranged and irritated these good men. Let us but imagine what their blessed spirits now feel at the retrospect of their earthly frailties, and can we do other than strive to feel as they now feel, not as they once felt? *So will it be with the disputes between good men of the present day; and if you have no other reason to doubt your opponent's goodness than the point in dispute, think of Baxter and Hammond, of Milton and Taylor, and let it be no reason at all.* 3. It will secure you from the narrow idolatry of present times and fashions, and create the noblest kind of imaginative power in your soul, that of living in past ages;—wholly devoid of which, a man can neither anticipate the future, nor even live a truly human life, a life of reason, in the present.'—*ib.* 263.

We spoke of the remarks on Milton and De Foe, two writers quaintly coupled perhaps, of whom Coleridge was an almost life-long student. It may be thought no great discovery that Robinson Crusoe is a work of high genius; the world has long felt it to be so, though no work that we remember of such amazing celebrity has

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has so completely escaped the judgment of professed criticism. The notes in these Remains on this delight of our boyhood are scanty; yet they are sufficient to testify the writer's thorough insight into its constituent excellencies, and his happy power of bringing them out into distinct view in a few words. At sixty years of age, 1830, we find the cheerful, fresh-minded old poet spoiling some child's story-book with such sentences as these :—

'The charm of De Foe's works, especially of Robinson Crusoé, is founded on the same principle. It always interests, never agitates. Crusoe himself is merely a representative of humanity in general; neither his intellectual nor his moral qualities set him above the middle degree of mankind; his only prominent characteristic is the spirit of enterprise and wandering, which is, nevertheless, a very common disposition. You will observe that all that is wonderful in this tale is the result of external circumstances—of things which fortune brings to Crusoe's hands. . . . . One excellence of De Foe, amongst many, is his sacrifice of lesser interest to the greater, because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability he might have done) given his Robinson Crusoe any of the turn for natural history, which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier;—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island—discover, for instance, a substitute for hops, or describe birds, &c.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book;—but then Crusoe would have ceased to be the universal representative—*the person for whom every reader could substitute himself. But now nothing is done, thought, suffered, or desired, but what every man can imagine himself doing, thinking, feeling, or wishing for.* Even so very easy a problem as that of finding a substitute for ink is with exquisite judgment made to baffle Crusoe's inventive faculties. And in what he does, he arrives at no excellence; he does not make basket-work like Will Atkins; the carpentering, tailoring, pottery, &c. are all just what will answer his purposes, and those are confined to needs that all men have, and comforts that all men desire. Crusoe rises only to the point to which all men may be made to feel that they might, and that they ought to, rise in religion—to resignation, dependence on, and thankful acknowledgment of, the Divine mercy and goodness.'—*ib.* 189—196.

Now let us hear the lecturer, when many years a younger man, speak in somewhat deeper tones of the mighty poet of the Paradise Lost :—

'If we divide the period from the accession of Elizabeth to the protectorate of Cromwell, into two unequal portions, the first ending with the death of James I., the other comprehending the reign of Charles and the brief glories of the republic, we are forcibly struck with a difference in the character of the illustrious actors, by whom each period is rendered severally memorable. Or rather, the difference in the characters of the great men in each period leads us to make this division. Eminent as the intellectual powers were that were displayed in both,

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both, yet in the number of great men, in the various sorts of excellence, and not merely in the variety, but almost diversity, of talents united in the same individual, the age of Charles falls short of its predecessor; and the stars of the Parliament, keen as their radiance was, in fulness and richness of lustre, yield to the constellation at the court of Elizabeth, which can only be paralleled by Greece in her brightest moment, when the titles of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the statesman, and the general, not seldom formed a garland round the same head, as in the instances of our Sidneys and Raleighs. But then, on the other hand, there was a vehemence of will, an enthusiasm of principle, a depth and an earnestness of spirit, which the charms of individual fame and personal aggrandizement could not pacify,—an aspiration after reality, permanence, and general good;—in short, a moral grandeur in the latter period, with which the low intrigues, Machiavellic maxims, and selfish and servile ambition of the former, stand in painful contrast.

'The causes of this it belongs not to the present occasion to detail at length; but a mere allusion to the quick succession of revolutions in religion, breeding a political indifference in the mass of men to religion itself, the enormous increase of the royal power in consequence of the humiliation of the nobility and the clergy,—the transference of the papal authority to the Crown,—the unfixed state of Elizabeth's own opinions, whose inclinations were as Popish as her interests were Protestant,—and the controversial extravagance and practical imbecility of her successor,—will help to explain the former period; and the persecutions that had given a life-and-soul interest to the disputes so imprudently fostered by James, the ardour of a conscious increase of power in the Commons, and the greater austerity of manners and maxims, the natural product and most formidable weapon of religious disputation, not merely in conjunction, but in closest combination, with newly-awakened political and republican zeal,—these perhaps account for the character of the latter æra.

'In the close of the former period, and during the bloom of the latter, the poet Milton was educated and formed; and he survived the latter, and all the fond hopes and aspirations which had been its life; so in evil days, standing as the representative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the Paradise Lost as by an after-throe of nature. . . . . Athough it was, and is, my intention to defer the consideration of Milton's own character to the conclusion of this lecture, yet I could not prevail on myself to approach the Paradise Lost without impressing on your minds the conditions under which such a work was in fact producible at all, the original genius having been assumed as the immediate agent and efficient cause; and these conditions I find in the character of the times and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius; that in which the superstructure was carried up was no less favourable to it by a sternness of discipline and a show of self-control, highly flattering to the imaginative dignity of an heir of fame, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and cathedral aisles to the

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the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his studies by a characteristic controversial spirit (his presentation of God is tinted with it)—a spirit not less busy, indeed, in political than in theological and ecclesiastical dispute, but carrying on the former always, more or less, in the guise of the latter. And so far as Pope's censure of our poet—that he makes God the Father a school-divine—is just, we must attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius who escaped, escaped by a worse disease, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

'Such was the *nidus* or soil which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind. In his mind itself there were purity and piety absolute; an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal, in which and for which he lived; a keen love of truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were, these alone could be, the conditions under which such a work as the Paradise Lost could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

> —— what was of use to know,
> What best to say could say, to do had done.
> His actions to his words agreed, his words
> To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart
> Contain'd of good, wise, fair, the perfect shape;—

and he left the imperishable total, as a bequest to the ages coming, in the Paradise Lost. . . . . No one can rise from the perusal of this immortal poem without a deep sense of the grandeur and the purity of Milton's soul, or without feeling how susceptible of domestic enjoyments he really was, notwithstanding the discomforts which actually resulted from an apparently unhappy choice in marriage. He was, as every truly great poet has ever been, a good man; but finding it impossible to realize his own aspirations, either in religion or politics, or society, he gave up his heart to the living spirit and light within him, and avenged himself on the world by enriching it with this record of his own transcendent ideal.' —*ib.* 166—178.

The latter half of the first of these volumes comprises, under the convenient title *Omniana,* a reprint of those articles in Mr. Southey's well-known miscellany of the same name, which were contributed by Mr. Coleridge, and with them a numerous collection of little pieces of like nature, found scattered throughout his papers, the overflowings of his mind, and the intended germs of future compositions. Many of these are very beautiful, and remind us forcibly of the best things in the aphorismic works of Warwick, Quarles, and Fuller, but they have a depth of feeling and poetic power which are not to be found in those delightful authors. Our readers will not be sorry to see a few of these taken

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taken at random, and we shall quote from that part of this anthology only which has not been printed before. They were written between 1809 and 1816.

THE WILL AND THE DEED.

'The will to the deed—the inward principle to the outward act—is as the kernel to the shell: but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known; and, in the next place, as the shell comes first, and the kernel grows gradually and hardens within it, so is it with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large.'

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

'When may the will be taken for the deed? Then, when the will is the obedience of the whole man; when the will is in fact the deed, that is, all the deed in our power. In every other case it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of Paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the man takes aim, and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main; and lo! there is never an arrow on the string!'

NEW TRUTHS.

'To all new truths, or renovation of old truths, it must be as in the ark between the destroyed and the about-to-be renovated world. The raven must be sent out before the dove, and ominous controversy must precede peace and olive-wreath.'

AMANDA.

'Lovely and pure—no bird of Paradise, to feed on dew and flower-fragrance, and never to alight on earth, till shot by death with pointless shaft; but a rose, to fix its roots in the genial earth, thence to suck up nutriment and bloom strong and healthy,—not to droop and fade amid sunshine and zephyrs on a soilless rock! Her marriage was no meagre prose comment on the glowing and gorgeous poetry of her wooing; nor did the surly over-browing rock of reality ever cast the dusky shadow of this earth on the soft moonlight of her love's first phantasies.'

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

'Next to the inspired Scriptures,—yea, and as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air, stands Leighton's Commentary on the first epistle of Peter.'

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'He was like a cork, flexible, floating, full of pores and openings, and yet he could neither return nor transmit the waters of Helicon, much less the light of Apollo. The poet by his side was like a diamond, transmitting to all around, yet retaining for himself alone the rays of the god of day.'

We may remark here, in compliance with the request to that effect contained in the Editor's Preface, p. x., that the passage entitled 'Youth and Age' (vol. i. p. 345) is nearly a translation of a sentence in Jean Paul; and that another passage 'Religious Ceremonies' (*ib.* p. 340) seems a paraphrase of a stanza in Herbert's poem, The Elixir:—

'A man

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'A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heaven espy.'

The six lines, too, 'A Sober Statement of Human Life,' (*ib.* p. 28) have been placed in these Remains by mistake. They are to be found in Southwell's poems. And the Fragment (*ib.* p. 34) is in one of Mr. Bowles's early compositions.

Whilst referring to these lines, we were struck with several pretty little pieces in verse, not included in the common edition of Coleridge's poetical works. The following may, we think, fairly claim its place in any *variorum* translation of Catullus:—

'*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus, &c.*'—

'My Lesbia, let us love and live,
And to the winds, my Lesbia, give
Each cold restraint, each boding fear
Of age, and all its saws severe!
Yon sun now posting to the main
Will set,—but 'tis to rise again;—
But we, when once our little light
Is set, must sleep in endless night.
Then come, with whom alone I'll live,
A thousand kisses take and give!
Another thousand! to the store
Add hundreds—then a thousand more!
And when they to a million mount,
Let confusion take the account,—
That you, the number never knowing,
May continue still bestowing,—
That I for joys may never pine,
Which never can again be mine!'—*ib.* p. 274.

This was written in Mr. Coleridge's earliest youth, as may be easily seen. Let us add his solemn 'Inscription for a Time-piece,' in 1830:—

'Now!—It is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!'—*ib.* p. 60.

and a re-casting of an old scroll on a clock in Cheapside:—

'What now thou dost, or art about to do,
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue;
When wav'ring o'er the dot, this hand shall tell
The moment that secures thee heaven or hell!'—*ib.* p. 347.

The second of these volumes comprises every remnant that the editor could collect of Mr. Coleridge's lectures and notes on Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the drama generally, together with a curious essay on the Idea of the Prometheus

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metheus of Æschylus, read before the Royal Society of Literature in 1825, and various characteristic comments on Fuller, Asgill, Browne, Selden, Fielding, and others, presenting at one and the same time some brilliant specimens of philosophical criticism, and in numberless points the most authentic and curious revelations of the author's own innermost being ever yet published. Indeed we may with truth say that though no part of these Remains professes to be properly biographical, almost every page of them evidences and defines some peculiarity of the author's moral and intellectual constitution. He appears, in many a long season of sickness and incapacity for society, to have dealt with his books as with bosom friends and confidants, and to have deposited on their margins and blank spaces, as in a confessional, the deepest, lightest, strangest, and alas! saddest of his mental workings. 'To lose a volume to Coleridge,' said Lamb—

'carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. . . . Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C. He will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—(in matter oftentimes, and almost in quantity not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruse cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands!'*

He wrote on any book, no matter whose it was, or whither it was bound; having thus delivered his mind, as it were, to the author, he parted with the record without further thought; and it is grievous to think how many volumes covered with Coleridge's notes are now wearing out in circulating libraries, or lying buried in private collections. Surely individuals possessing any of these relics, will consider it due to justice, and to the interests of literature to communicate them for the purposes of inspection to the known and accredited representatives of the author's literary property.

The dramatic criticism here presented to us is in form a fragment—a *torso;* but it is the *torso* of a wrestler; and we have risen from a perusal of it with blended feelings of regret and admiration, that so much is irrecoverably lost of what must have been so excellent. Yet there never was a fragment which contained within it so much essential completeness—such a deep-laid

* Elia. Essay, 'The Two Races of Men.' We hope the notes on Daniel and Burton, to which Lamb here refers, are still in existence, and that the editor of Coleridge's Remains will find means of obtaining access to them.

foundation

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foundation of general principle, such a rich array of particular illustration. Here, as in everything he wrote, it is Coleridge's great and almost peculiar merit that he sets the reader thinking for himself, but thinking in a new light and with powers and facilities unfelt and unknown before. A master-key is given, which enables him to dispense with the rest of the bunch: he is placed in the right point of view, and accordingly the entire landscape is presented to him in its due distance and proportion. Before this, however, can be effected—before he can *know*—he must to a certain degree *believe;* he must presume the greatness of Shakspeare, in order that he may be able to understand and to prove it. He must not think himself a wise man of Greece cross-examining a Scythian; he must not, like nearly all the editors of our great dramatist, 'put on the seven-league boots of self-opinion, and stride at once from a reader into a supreme judge, and blind and deaf, fill his three-ounce phial at the waters of Niagara; and determine positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive.'—

'I think this,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'a very serious subject. It is my earnest desire—my passionate endeavour—to enforce at various times and by various arguments and instances the close and reciprocal connexion of just taste with pure morality. Without that acquaintance with the heart of man, or that docility and childlike gladness to be made acquainted with it, which those only can have who dare look at their own hearts—and that with a steadiness which religion only has the power of reconciling with sincere humility;—without this, and the modesty produced by it, I am deeply convinced that no man, however wide his erudition, however patient his antiquarian researches, can possibly understand, or be worthy of understanding, the writings of Shakspeare. Assuredly that criticism of Shakspeare will alone be genial which is reverential. The Englishman who without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ; and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent *fiat* of the uprising Apollo.'—vol. ii. 62.

This deep sense of Shakspeare's unique greatness is the characteristic of Coleridge's criticism on the mighty dramatist, as it is of Lamb's, who received it from his elder friend. It is not a love that blinds, but a spirit resulting from the justest philosophy that presumes the judgment of the most wonderful man in the world to have been equal to his genius—nay, more, that his genius revealed itself in his judgment, as in its most exalted form. Coleridge considered the thousand times alleged irregularity and

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extravagances of Shakspeare as the very dreams of a pedantry which arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan; and he denounced, not without some warmth, the wretched vanity and insolence of those numberless critics, who, not daring to affirm that the delight which their country had received from generation to generation, in defiance of the alterations of circumstances and habits, was wholly groundless—took upon themselves, as a happy refuge, to talk of Shakspeare as a beautiful *lusus naturæ*, a splendid monster—wild indeed, and without taste or judgment, but like the inspired idiots of the East, uttering amid the strangest follies, the sublimest truths.

'When,' (he exclaims,) 'I think of the inexhaustible mine of virgin treasure in our Shakspeare,—that I have been almost daily reading him since I was ten years old,—that the thirty intervening years have been unintermittingly and not fruitlessly employed in the study of the Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and German *belle-lettrists*, and the last fifteen years in addition, far more intensely, in the analysis of the laws of life and reason as they exist in man,—and that upon every step I have made forward in taste, in acquisition of facts from history or my own observation, and in knowledge of the different laws of being and their apparent exceptions, from accidental collision of disturbing forces,—that at every new accession of information, after every successful exercise of meditation, and every fresh presentation of experience, I have unfailingly discovered a proportionate increase of wisdom and intuition in Shakspeare;—when I know this, and know that by a conceivable and possible, though hardly to be expected, arrangement of the British theatres, not all, indeed, but a large, a very large proportion of this indefinite all—(round which no comprehension has yet drawn the line of circumscription, so as to say to itself, "I have seen the whole") —might be sent into the heads and hearts—into the very souls of the mass of mankind, to whom, except by this living comment and interpretation, it must for ever remain a sealed volume, a deep well without a wheel or a windlass;—it seems to me a pardonable enthusiasm to steal away from sober likelihood, and share in so rich a feast in the fairy world of possibility!'—*ib.* 52.

He considers the plays of Shakspeare to be distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics:—

'1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage—"God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*;"—not there *was* light. As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sun rise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation. 2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. . . . . 3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakspeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice;—he never renders that amiable which religion

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gion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakspeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness: in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must feel. Let the morality of Shakspeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakspeare. Even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites, nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakspeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place; he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers nor any sentimental rat-catchers. . . . . 4. Independence of the interest on the story as the ground-work of the plot. Hence Shakspeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded, such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was to see the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakspeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in Lear, and yet everything will remain; so the first and second scenes in the Merchant of Venice. Indeed it is universally true. 5. Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where, at the end of the scene, comes the *aria* as the *exit* speech of the character,—but also in and through the dramatic. . . . . 6. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader: they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakspeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

'Lastly, in Shakspeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character;—passion in Shakspeare is that by which the individual is

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distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. Shakspeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakspeare a morning star, a guide and pioneer, of true philosophy.'—*ib.* 77.

The detailed criticism on the plays must be left to the reader of these volumes, as not admitting, without great injury, mere casual quotations. The comments on Lear and Hamlet are especially distinguished by a keen insight and genial sympathy. They are lessons of philosophy in a brilliant shape, and in perusing them we scarcely know how to distinguish the influence on our minds of the critic's power and the poet's.

Throughout these, and, indeed, all other parts of Mr. Coleridge's writings, his pure and noble conception of womanhood is uniformly conspicuous. We know few authors in whom the idea of the maiden, the wife, the daughter, the mother, is so beautifully drawn, or in whom the dignity of woman herself is so highly, yet justly, exalted. We are sure our readers will be pleased with the subtle truth of the following passage from the notes on the Tempest:—

'Observe the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakspeare himself, as it were, of the tempest), to open out the truth to his daughter,—his own romantic bearing,—and how completely anything that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once disclosed; this would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene. The opinion once prevailed, but happily is now abandoned, that Fletcher alone wrote for women;—the truth is, that with very few, and those partial, exceptions, the female characters in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are, when of the light kind, not decent; when heroic, complete viragos. But in Shakspeare all the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet, yet dignified, feeling of all that *continuates* society, as sense of ancestry and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that sane equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience,—not of the individual only, but of all those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors even up to the first mother that lived. Shakspeare saw that the want of prominence, which Pope notices for sarcasm, was the blessed beauty of the woman's character, and knew that it arose not from any deficiency, but from the more exquisite harmony of all the parts of the moral being constituting one living total of head and heart. He has drawn it, indeed, in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude,—shown in all of them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition,

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intuition, without the intervention of the discursive faculty,—sees all things in and by the light of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone. In all the Shakspearian women there is essentially the same foundation and principle; the distinct individuality and variety are merely the result of the modification of circumstances, whether in Miranda the maiden, in Imogen the wife, or in Katharine the queen.'—*ib.* 96.

He speaks of the love-scene in the same play thus:—

'In this scene, as it proceeds, is displayed the impression made by Ferdinand and Miranda on each other: it is love at first sight;—

—— at the first sight
They have changed eyes:—

and it appears to me that in all cases of real love it is at one moment that it takes place. That moment may have been prepared by previous esteem, admiration, or even affection; yet love seems to require a momentary act of volition, by which a tacit bond of devotion is imposed—a bond not to be thereafter broken without violating what should be sacred in our nature. How finely is the true Shakspearian scene contrasted with Dryden's vulgar alteration of it, in which a mere ludicrous psychological experiment, as it were, is tried—displaying nothing but indelicacy without passion. Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have no sufficient motive; still, his alleged reason—

—— lest too light winning
Make the prize light—

is enough for the ethereal connexions of the romantic imagination, although it would not be so for the historical. The whole courting scene, in the beginning of the third act, between the lovers, is a masterpiece; and the first dawn of disobedience in the mind of Miranda to the command of her father is very finely drawn, so as to seem the working of the Scriptural command—*Thou shalt leave father and mother*, &c. O! with what exquisite purity is this scene conceived and executed! Shakspeare may sometimes be gross, but I boldly affirm that he is always moral and modest. Alas! in this our day decency of manners is preserved at the expense of morality of heart, and delicacies for vice are allowed, whilst grossness against it is hypocritically, or at least, morbidly condemned.'—*ib.* 99.

Upon a passage in Robinson Crusoe—'She was, in a few words, the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprises,' Coleridge, *more suo*, takes up the thought, and glorifies it thus:—

'The stay of his affairs, the centre of his interests, the regulator of his schemes and movements, whom it soothed his pride to submit to, and in complying with whose wishes the conscious sensation of his acting will increased the impulse, while it disguised the coercion, of duty!—the clinging dependant, yet the strong supporter,—the comforter, the comfort, and the soul's living home! This is De Foe's comprehensive character of the wife, as she should be; and, to the honour of womanhood be it spoken, there are few neighbourhoods in which one name at least might not be found for the portrait.'—vol. i. p. 195.

And,

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And, to complete this view, we must add a note suggested by a passage in the Rev. John Sandford's Memoir of his father, the late excellent bishop, the last book, as we are told by the editor of these Remains, ever perused by Mr. Coleridge. The text p. 77 had reference to Bishop Sandford's personal demeanour towards his daughters. Mr. C. writes upon it:—

'I have never met with this remark in any other book: it is most beautiful, and of the deepest and dearest moral interest. The father recognizes in his daughters the representatives, and, as it were, renewed types of their mother, and repeats towards them, delicately modified by the difference of the relation, the tender reverence, the inward gentle awe, inseparable from all true love, that is at once pure and deep, and which, even in the stirring, gay summer tide, the blossoming May, and the sapful leafy June, of our natural life, can and will preserve the purer, more permanent, and spiritual element undebased by the earthly accessories, which it elevates, refines, clothes, and fills with its own light, and finally almost transubstantiates into its own essence. From the father the same tone and feeling, again modified by the different relation, will pass to the brothers, and thus the parental home be a rehearsal of the finest duties, of the continuous affections, of the conjugal state. From the reverence of womanhood is the ground of all manly virtues, and a main condition of all female excellence.'

There are several other passages in these volumes, and in Mr. Coleridge's formerly printed works, bearing upon this subject; and we may particularly refer to the note on an expression in the *Religio Medici*, vol. i. p. 244. 'We cannot love a friend as a woman, but we may love a woman as a friend,' &c. But we have indulged already so much in quotation, that we must content ourselves with presenting to the reader only one or two more specimens of the dramatic criticisms contained in this collection. To us they appear distinguished by a depth and an eloquence which we have not often seen before directed to the same subjects. Take Mercutio:—

'How shall I describe that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them, —these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellencies and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!'—vol. ii. p. 153.

Ophelia—

'who, in the beginning, lay like a little projection of land into a lake or stream, covered with spray-flowers quietly reflected in the quiet waters, but

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but at length is undermined and loosened, and becomes a faery isle, and after a brief vagrancy sinks almost without an eddy!'—*ib.* 234.

Timon of Athens—

'Where shall we class this play? Perhaps immediately below Lear. It is a Lear of the satirical drama; a Lear of domestic or ordinary life; a local eddy of passion on the high road of society, while all around is the week-day goings-on of wind and weather; a Lear, therefore, without its soul-searching flashes, its ear-cleaving thunder-claps, its meteoric splendours,—without the contagion and the fearful sympathies of nature,—the fates, the furies, the frenzied elements dancing in and out, now breaking through and scattering,—now hand in hand with,—the fierce or fantastic group of human passions, crimes, and anguishes, reeling on the unsteady ground in a wild harmony to the shock and the swell of an earthquake.'—*ib.* 130.

Richard II.—

'It is clear that Shakspeare never meant to represent Richard as a vulgar debauchee, but a man with a wantonness of spirit in external show, a feminine *friendism*, an intensity of woman-like love of those immediately about him, and a mistaking of the delight of being loved *by* him for a love *of* him. And mark in this scene (Act ii. sc. 2) Shakspeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure prevailings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed it may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakspeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind.'—*ib.* 174.

We end these extracts with Mr. Coleridge's condensed summary of the powers of the great dramatist:—

'*Extremum hunc.*—There are three powers:—wit, which discovers partial likeness hidden in general diversity;—subtlety, which discovers the diversity concealed in general apparent sameness;—and profundity, which discovers an essential unity under all the semblances of difference.

'Give to a subtle man fancy, and he is a wit; to a deep man imagination, and he is a philosopher. Add, again, pleasurable sensibility in the threefold form of sympathy with the interesting in morals, the impressive in form, and the harmonious in sound,—and you have the poet.

'But combine all—wit, subtlety, and fancy, with profundity, imagination, and moral and physical susceptibility of the pleasurable—and let the object of action be man universal; and we shall have—O! rash prophecy! say rather we have—a SHAKSPEARE!'—*ib.* 267.

The criticisms on Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher are comparatively of inferior importance, and we only advert to them for the purpose of remarking that the generally depreciatory tone observable in them ought clearly to be understood as resulting from

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from a tacit reference in the critic's mind to the Shakspearian standard, which it was his paramount object to illustrate. This indeed appears from one of the notes on the Silent Woman.

'Caricatures,' Mr. C. says, 'are not less so, because they are found existing in real life. Comedy demands characters, and leaves caricatures to farce. The safest and truest defence of old Ben would be to call the Epicœne the best of farces. The defect in Morose, as in others of Jonson's *dramatis personæ*, lies in this;—that the accident is not a prominence growing out of, and nourished by, the character which still circulates in it, but that the character, such as it is, rises out of, or rather consists in, the accident. Shakspeare's comic personages have exquisitely characteristic features; however awry, disproportionate, and laughable they may be, still, like Bardolph's nose, they are features. But Jonson's are either a man with a huge wen, having a circulation of its own, and which we might conceive amputated, and the patient thereby losing all his character; or they are mere wens themselves instead of men—wens personified, or with eyes, nose, and mouth cut out, mandrake-fashion. All the above, and much more, will have been justly said, if, and whenever, the drama of Jonson is brought into comparisons of rivalry with the Shakspearian. But this should not be. Let its inferiority to the Shakspearian be at once fairly owned—but at the same time as the inferiority of an altogether different *genus* of the drama. On this ground, old Ben would still maintain his proud height. He, no less than Shakspeare, stands on the summit of his hill, and looks round him like a master—though his be Lattrig and Shakspeare's Skiddaw.'—vol. ii. 278.

We must here conclude our notice of a work, the perusal of which has given us great pleasure, and which, with some excissions and condensation of almost identical matter, will, we should think, constitute a substantial addition to the general acceptability of Mr. Coleridge's writings. With a few exceptions, the contents of these volumes are of a perfectly popular character, and lead us to anticipate much fresh gratification in future publications from the same source. One thing we would remark—which is, that in a case like this, where the original MSS. are so fragmentary and were not originally designed for the press, the editor may, and we think, ought to, consider himself entitled to arrange and develope his materials with some considerable freedom as to mere diction. Of course we do not mean that the sentiment is to be altered; but that the thought may with discretion and subject to a just taste be opened out for common perusal. In these volumes we have met with several sentences, which seemed to us imperfect and confined, but the obscurity resulting from which would probably admit of easy removal by the insertion or omission of a few words. This, and more than this, we apprehend the editor of any posthumous work, not prepared for the press by the author himself, has a right to do; and we take

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take the liberty of recommending to the editors of Mr. Coleridge's unpublished writings the exercise of that right,—sincerely rejoicing on the part of all ordinary readers at least to find that with all an ancient schoolman's devotion to the dim powers of ethic and philosophic science, the poet of the Ancient Mariner and Christabel never entirely forgot the craft of his youth, nor ceased to acknowledge with enthusiasm the influence on his mind of the more glorious genii of the Muses' sphere. For most true it is—

—— 'Of all sprites that roam beneath the sky,
The wildest are the sprites of poesy.
Philosophy hath grasp'd the lightning's pinions,
And tamed the rebel sprites of frost and snow,
Hath ridden on the storm through air's dominions,
And chain'd the myriad forms that sleep below
Ocean's dread depths; but on her dearest minions
Philosophy herself could ne'er bestow
Power to controul that wild fantastic brood,
Which the strong magic of the *Muse* subdued.'*

We had closed the preceding remarks, when Mr. Joseph Cottle's 'Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge' fell in our way. We have read the two volumes through, and can truly say that a sense of pity for the age and self-exposure of the writer alone enables us to express with calmness the feelings which the perusal has excited.

Mr. Cottle says in his preface (p. xxv.), that in this work he has 'endeavoured, however imperfect the accomplishment, to exhibit an example of what biography *ought to be* (sic), in order to redeem its character, an undisguised portraiture of the man, rather than a stream of undeviating eulogy.' Whether the biographical literature of this country really needs the exhibition of a new pattern to redeem its character from the stains which Walton, Hacket, Johnson, Southey, and others, in their different ages and manners, have thrown upon it, we will not stay to inquire; we simply limit ourselves to a fervent hope on behalf of common decency and common sense, that, let the reformation come when and whence it may, it will not take Mr. Cottle's present endeavours for a model. The refuse of advertisements and handbills, the sweepings of a shop, the shreds of a ledger, the rank residuum of a life of gossip,—this forty-years' deposit of Bristol garbage, smeared in the very idiocy of anecdote-mongering on a shapeless fragment, and a false name scratched in the filth—is the short

* Poems by John Moultrie,—a small volume of such decided excellence as to give the author at once a distinguished station amongst the younger poets of the day.

result,

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result, but imperfect description, of this new exemplar of biography 'as it ought to be.'

There is a writer with whose name Mr. Cottle has made himself very familiar, but of whose heart, mind, principles, or works he knows as much as a fly of the elephant's proboscis, which it sticks on and annoys,—who has left in an immortal work the following remarks, which we recommend to Mr. Cottle's quiet consideration:—

'An inquisitiveness into the minutest circumstances and casual sayings of eminent contemporaries is indeed quite natural; but so are all our follies, and the more natural they are, the more caution should we exert in guarding against them. To scribble trifles even on the perishable glass of an inn window, is the mark of an idler; but to engrave them on the marble monument, sacred to the memory of the departed great, is something worse than idleness. The spirit of genuine biography is in nothing more conspicuous than in the firmness with which it withstands the cravings of worthless curiosity, as distinguished from the thirst after useful knowledge. For, in the first place, such anecdotes as derive their whole and sole interest from the great name of the person concerning whom they are related, and neither illustrate his general character nor his particular actions, would scarcely have been noticed or remembered except by men of weak minds: it is not unlikely, therefore, that they were misapprehended at the time, and it is most probable that they have been related as incorrectly as they were noticed injudiciously. Nor are the consequences of such garrulous biography merely negative. For as insignificant stories can derive no real respectability from the eminence of the person who happens to be the subject of them, but rather an additional deformity of disproportion, they are apt to have their insipidity seasoned by the same bad passions that accompany the habit of gossiping in general; and the misapprehensions of weak men meeting with the misinterpretations of malignant men, have not seldom formed the ground-work of the most grievous calumnies. In the second place, these trifles are subversive of the great end of biography, which is to fix the attention, and to interest the feelings, of men on those qualities and actions which have made a particular life worthy of being recorded. It is, no doubt, the duty of an honest biographer to pourtray the prominent imperfections as well as excellencies of his hero; but I am at a loss to conceive how this can be deemed an excuse for heaping together a multitude of particulars, which can prove nothing of any man that might not have been safely taken for granted of all men. In the present age (emphatically the age of personality) there are more than ordinary motives for withholding all encouragement from this mania of busying ourselves with the names of others, which is still more alarming as a symptom, than it is troublesome as a disease. The reader must be still less acquainted with contemporary literature than myself—a case not likely to occur—if he needs me to inform him, that there are men, who, trading in the silliest anecdotes, in unprovoked abuse and senseless eulogy, think themselves nevertheless both worthily and honourably employed,

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employed, if only all this be done in good set terms, and from the press, and of public characters;—a class which has increased so rapidly of late, that it becomes difficult to discover what characters are to be considered as private.

'Alas! if these wretched misusers of language,—the means of giving wings to thought,—the means of multiplying the presence of an individual mind,—alas! had they ever known how great a thing the possession of any one simple truth is, and how mean a thing a mere fact is, except as seen in the light of some comprehensive truth; if they had but once experienced the unborrowed complacency, the inward independence, the home-bred strength, with which every clear conception of the reason is accompanied, they would shrink from their own pages as at the remembrance of a crime. For a crime it is—(and the man who hesitates in pronouncing it such must be ignorant of what mankind owe to books, what he himself owes to them, in spite of his ignorance)—thus to introduce the spirit of vulgar scandal and personal inquietude into the closet and the library, environing with evil passions the very sanctuaries to which we should flee for refuge from them. For to what do these publications appeal, whether they present themselves as biography or as anonymous criticism, but to the same feelings which the scandal-bearers and time-killers of ordinary life seek to gratify in themselves and their listeners? And both the authors and admirers of such publications, in what respect are they less truants and deserters from their own hearts, and from their appointed task of understanding and amending them, than the most garrulous female chronicler of the goings-on of yesterday in the families of her neighbours and townsfolk?'—*The Friend.*

'——— *Miserande poeta,*
Ipse tibi ærumnas vaticinate tuas!'

We disclaim any contest with, and seek no triumph over, Mr. Joseph Cottle; not even the duty of inflicting a deeply deserved rebuke shall induce us to sully these pages with a citation of any of his injurious fooleries. It is enough to state that he had the fortune of becoming acquainted with Mr. Coleridge during the residence of the youthful poet in and near Bristol—'a period in which, as a nucleus,' (? so Mr. Cottle writes) 'so many men of genius were there congregated as to justify the designation, the Augustan age of Bristol;' and that being a bookseller at that time (1794-5-6-7), he published Coleridge's first collection of poems, and rendered him a great deal of assistance by occasional advances and gifts of small sums of money, and by other friendly services. These sums and services are faithfully recorded in Mr. Cottle's volumes; they enter into his latest as well as earliest recollections of a great man; not a guinea nor a shilling is forgotten. You have the account from the books. The writer, in his preface, (p. xv.,) supposes that some persons from false shame would 'protest against all notice of pecuniary transactions, and particularly of *one* noble instance of liberality'—meaning a gift of 300*l.*

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300*l.* to Coleridge by Mr. De Quincey. We cannot but think that this supposition must be a piece of mere affectation or stupid misapprehension. Surely no friend of Coleridge's could wish—much less attempt—to conceal, upon the fitting occasion, any act of pecuniary kindness shown to him,—least of all one, the liberality of which appears to have constituted the smallest part of the obligation. The poverty which stood in need of such assistance is often enough confessed by the poet in his own writings, and is notorious; and those who knew him best, best know that though not uncaused by improvidence, it was a poverty unstained by meanness or crime. To have stated this, its origin, its sufferings, its mitigations, and the names of the happy mitigators—would have been—would still be—right and proper; but to rake up receipts, and to schedule every guinea for the wretched guinea's sake!—Perhaps it is matter of taste; and certainly Mr. Cottle has done no disservice in this to any one but himself. According to any way of stating the account between himself and the subject of this exemplary piece of biography, Mr. Cottle must, we should think, acknowledge, upon calmly reperusing the pages of his work, that he has paid himself the balance in full with interest.

Mr. Cottle quotes (vol. ii. p. 190) a deeply affecting passage from the posthumous collection which we have been reviewing, and we agree with him in believing that in this passage the author, with a profound yet tender fidelity, has drawn a picture of himself. It is a very solemn warning, and we will aid Mr. Cottle in giving it publicity:—

'An Admonition.

'There are two sides to every question. If thou hast genius and poverty to thy lot, dwell on the foolish, perplexing, imprudent, dangerous, and even immoral conduct of promise-breach in small things, of want of punctuality, of procrastination in all its shapes and disguises. Force men to reverence thy moral strength in and for itself,—seeking no excuse or palliations from fortune, or sickness, or a too full mind that, in opulence of conception, overrated its powers of application. But if thy fate should be different; shouldest thou possess competence, health, and ease of mind, and then be thyself called upon to judge such faults in another so gifted,—O! then, upon the other view of the question, say, Am I in ease and comfort, and dare I wonder that he, poor fellow, acted so and so? Dare I accuse him? Ought I not to shadow forth to myself that, glad and luxuriating in a short escape from anxiety, his mind over-promised for itself; that, want of combating with his eager desire to produce things worthy of fame, he dreamed of the nobler when he should have been producing the meaner, and so had the meaner obtruded on his moral being, when the nobler was making full way on his intellectual? Think of the manifoldness of his accumulated petty calls! Think, in short, on all that should be like a voice from

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from Heaven to warn thyself against this and this, and call it all up for pity and for palliation;—

(Here, in the middle of a sentence, Mr. Cottle breaks off without any mark or intimation of an imperfect quotation. What remained was but little, and it is strange that Mr. Cottle should not have felt its pertinency. We will supply the omission.)

—'and then draw the balance. Take him in his whole,—his head, his heart, his wishes, his innocence of all selfish crime, and a hundred years hence, what will be the result? The good,—were it but a single volume that made truth more visible, and goodness more lovely, and pleasure at once more akin to virtue and, self-doubled, more pleasurable! —and the evil,—while he lived, it injured none but himself; and where is it now? In his grave. FOLLOW IT NOT THITHER.'—*Rem.*, vol. i. p. 368.

Why was this omitted? Perhaps we shall see.

Mr. Cottle has devoted a considerable portion of his second volume to a detailed exposure of all that he was admitted in confidence to see, or which he could learn, of that unhappy period of poor Mr. Coleridge's life, during which an impatience of the miserable pains and restlessness arising from indigestion and a diseased interior had made him the struggling slave of opium. Mr. Cottle, in his preface, (p. xvii.,) affects (for here again it seems his mere affectation) to suppose that some will 'strenuously denounce all reference to Mr. Coleridge's unhappy passion for opium,'—(if this writer understands the meaning of the word 'passion,' then he utters, as we conceive, a wilful untruth in this application of it,)—'or suggest, if noticed, that it should be expressed in the most general and indefinite terms, so that it should attach to him as lightly as water to the feathers of some bird of the ocean.' But he says, p. xviii.,

'Without pausing to determine whether some minds, from their contracted horizons, may, or may not, condemn all beyond the limit of their own sight, I have aimed to present him (Coleridge) in his true features, and *not* without those disclosures, essential to any life of Mr. C., which claimed impartiality for its basis.'

And he concludes by saying that he has adopted

'that course which accorded with his own sense of right; duly reflecting on, and adjusting, the claims of the dead, the timid, and the public. Such, I believe,' he writes, 'has scrupulously been done; and happy am I to subjoin, that this procedure has met with the full concurrence of many of Mr. Coleridge's oldest and truest friends.* The ultimate appeal is to the reader.'

There

* Can this be the truth, and the whole of it? From the evidently anxious way in which Mr. Wade's name is mentioned in the second volume, p. 63, *note*, and in the table of contents to that volume, we should have expected Mr. Cottle to have aided himself by publishing the names of some others of the 'many' old and true friends of Mr. Coleridge, who have so fully concurred in this procedure. And is Mr. Cottle faithful

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There is a species of wrong-headedness in the moral sense, which is sometimes more hopelessly proof against the suggestions of reason and right feeling than a state of the most open profligacy. We have a notable instance of it here. Unable, or unwilling, to distinguish between the statement and censure of a vice or a weakness, and a pandering to the vilest curiosity by a narrative of the loathsome minutiæ of either, this respectable writer of biography, 'as it ought to be,' in performance, as he says, of a solemn duty, prints and publishes a mass of wretched reminiscences, which, unless sick rooms are to be invaded, and the symptoms and phases of bodily disease recorded for the delectation of the crowd, the least supposable attention to the decencies of life, the most ordinary regard for the awfulness of our common humanity, would have left, where they were found, in the shade. And he does this, as conscience-bound, to deter men and women from 'consuming opium.' As if any human being in this country, and after one notorious publication, could really need any warning upon such a subject, least of all in a form, the only possible effect of which must be to corrupt where it does not disgust! He would write the life of Rochester, and set about warning young men from Rochester's courses by publishing his pocket-book and the items of his apothecary's bill!

But this by the way. If, passing from the abstract character and tendency of Mr. Cottle's procedure in this affair, we venture to ask who or what has given *him* a moral right to deal with the memory of Coleridge, as he has done in these volumes?—the answer is, that '*Mr. Coleridge is a man who, from his intellectual eminence, ceases to be private property, but is transferred, with all his appendages, to the treasury of the public.*' (Pref., p. xviii.) Gracious Heaven! Is it come to this? Is this doctrine to prevail? For the very reason that it may please God to bestow a more than ordinary share of his wonderful gifts of genius and imagination on a chosen individual—is that favoured man to be treated with *less* tenderness and respect than is due by the laws of civilized society to the vulgarest of the species? Is it poetasters and foolish gossips only that may be loved? Does a great man cease to be a man? And if so, are 'his appendages,' his wife and children for example, guiltless, it may be, of his intellectual eminence, to be nevertheless confiscated for his crime 'to the treasury of the public?' Wherefore?—we demand. Is it because a profounder reverence, a more trembling sensibility, may in such a case be naturally supposed to add a keener sense of insult to the

faithful in his report of Mr. Wade's words, in making that gentleman say that '*all* his friends united with him in this opinion?' It may be so; but we can scarcely believe it; and we make the remark in consequence of having heard the direct reverse stated in society since the publication of Mr. Cottle's book.

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outrage and an unusual poignancy to the wound? A restraint is acknowledged during life;—death supervenes, and the children represent the name, and breathe in the memory of their father. Let 'the horizon of their minds' be never so 'contracted,'—upon what moral ground, we repeat, does the intellectual eminence of the parent justify Mr. Cottle in this his barbarous violation of their lawful feelings—surely without their concurrence,—in all probability, in contemptuous disregard of their remonstrances?

But the poor sufferer, in the depth of his remorse, wrote a letter to a friend, in which he 'entreated that after his death a full and unqualified narrative of his wretchedness and its guilty cause might be made public, that, at least, some little good might be effected by the direful example.' It can be no justification to Mr. Cottle, at least, for he confesses that he had fully resolved on doing the worst that he has done, before he was aware of the existence of such letter. But as to the publication of it by Mr. Cottle, he says, 'Mr. Wade handed this letter to me, that it might be made public, in conformity with his departed friend's injunction.' (vol. ii. p. 185.) Now, in the first place, *where* is the injunction to publish this confidential communication itself to be found? Certainly not in the letter in question—the reasonable implication is quite the reverse. But were it otherwise, how do the facts stand? The writer lived twenty years after the date of this paper; he attained, by God's blessing on the medical care of watchful friends, to better health and a firmer tone of body; he became emphatically a great teacher, one—to speak a very simple and notorious fact—to whose influence more men of distinguished powers of mind have owed, and confessed that they owed, their conversion from heresy and even total infidelity to the pure light of Catholic Christianity, than to any other individual of this age: he never concealed his former sufferings or weakness, yet sought every occasion to speak in solemn, though mournful, censure of the melancholy self-exposure contained in the well-known work of a man of genius: he, five years before his death, in the full possession of all his great abilities, made and published his last will, a document of almost awful impressiveness, and thereby he expressly confided to the judgment of his executor, a chosen friend, the task of publishing such of his letters, to be collected from or contributed by his correspondents, *as that friend might deem expedient*. Mr. Cottle asks (pref. p. xxiv.)—not without some insolence of manner—'*who* (sic) can be authorised in hazarding the declaration, equally invalid, that Mr. Coleridge's wishes, with respect to the publication of his *Testamentary Letter* (sic), were ever different from those he had so deliberately avowed?' Repeating our inquiry *where* Mr. Coleridge ever expressed any wishes for the publication of this letter to

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to Mr. Wade, we, in our turn, will ask Mr. Cottle himself, what he thinks would have been the feelings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge if, after entrusting, with a really testamentary voice, to his executor the delicate office of publishing such of his letters as that selected individual *should deem expedient*, he had been told that his old friend Joseph Cottle had resolved to print the letters and communications which appear in these volumes, not only without the authority, but, as we are led to infer, against the respectful, but earnest, reclamation of that accredited representative himself?

One word more. Mr. Cottle will have reason to feel that in what we have been compelled to say upon his book, we have spoken more in sorrow than in anger. He cannot but see, upon a little sober reflection, that if our disposition had been hostile, he has enabled us to gratify it to the full. We might have made him ridiculous—a single page of selections would have been more lasting and effectual for that purpose than the satire of Byron himself. But we have abstained, and do abstain, from availing ourselves of the opportunity. The mistake of a strong desire for the actual possession of literary ability, is not peculiar to Mr. Cottle; and we would wish our remarks to come in a moral tone only to him. Indeed, if these volumes had been couched in the semi-ruffian style of an obscure publication* of a year or two ago, we should have passed them by unregarded; but when 'conscience,' and 'duty,' and 'religion,' are put forth as the inducement and the justification, the matter is different. The profligate savagery of one kind of book effectually works its own rejection with every civilized individual; whilst the smooth tone and pious guise of another may in part conceal, but in reality aggravate and extend, the venom and the scope of its example. A more pernicious instance of the latter kind than these volumes exhibit we do not remember.

* The following vigorous sonnet struck us a good deal in perusing Mr. Moultrie's volume of poems:—

TO THE ANONYMOUS EDITOR OF COLERIDGE'S LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS.

'A gibbering ape that leads an elephant;
A dwarf deform'd, the presence heralding
Of potent wizard, or the elfin king;
Caliban, deigning sage advice to grant
To mighty Prosper in some hour of want;
Sweet Bully Bottom, while the fairies sing,
Braying applause to their rich carolling,
But feebly typify thy flippant cant,
Stupid defamer, who for many a year
With earth's profoundest teacher wast at school,
And, notwithstanding, dost at last appear
A brainless, heartless, faithless, hopeless fool.
Come, take thy cap and bells, and throne thee here,
Conspicuous on the dunce's loftiest stool.'

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ART. II.—*Sermons to a Country Congregation.* By Augustus William Hare, A.M., late Fellow of New College, and Rector of Alton Barnes. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1837.

WE do not often handle matters directly theological; but still there is a class of subjects that lie on the borders, in that debatable ground between literature and religion, in which we hold ourselves at liberty to make inroads; and in something of that doubtful mind, at least, in which Burns took up his pen to indite what might perhaps 'turn out a song, perhaps a sermon,' we now propose to say a few words which may prove theological strictures on the publication before us, or an essay on village-preaching.

We have here two volumes of sermons preached by their author, the Rev. Augustus Hare, to the inhabitants of a small sequestered hamlet in Wiltshire, and published after his premature death as a legacy bequeathed by him to his parish. They are, in truth, as appears to us, on the whole, compositions of very rare merit in their kind, and realize a notion we have always entertained, that a style of sermon for our rural congregations there somewhere was, if it could be hit off, which in language should be familiar without being plebeian, and in matter solid, without being abstruse; that there was no need for the shepherd, in whatever wilderness his flock might feed, to let such 'lean and flashy songs gratè on his pipe,' as are frequently produced under the title of sermons to a country congregation; and that with a little pains a quickening spirit might be introduced into the village pulpit, which should rescue it from the charge of dullness under which it has so long laboured, and render it a more effectual engine than it is, for impressing the people. But 'coughing will drown the parson's saw,' so long as a saw it is,—'the curate will enjoy sweet sleep in his desk, and sweet, the clerk below,' so long as it is the *drowsy* rector that drawls over his head; and no wonder if the congregation is small, whilst it can be said of the vicar, as Sir Walter Scott writes of him, if we remember, in an early imitation of Crabbe,

'Dry were his sermons, though his walls were wet.'

The observations, however, which we have to make on the subject of village-preaching in the abstract, will arrange themselves perhaps most conveniently under the several aspects in which we shall consider these sermons.

Now first with respect to *style*. The *language* then of a sermon to a country congregation should be of *Saxon*, not of Latin or French extraction. Your country congregation consists of the best and the worst educated people in the land, and the sermon should be so constructed as to be as far as possible alike edifying to both.

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The squire needs not to be revolted by its coarseness and vulgarity; or, which is more to be apprehended, be led to esteem it an effusion obviously intended for the poor to follow, and for him to patronize: and, on the other hand, the peasant must not be sacrificed to the refinement of his superiors, nor be made to feel that whatever scraps of saving knowledge come to his share are but crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. But Saxon-English has the merit of being at once acceptable to the highest class, because it is good in taste, and to the lowest, because it is intelligible in meaning; and thus both profit by it. It is the Saxon character of the language of the Liturgy that suits it to every congregation, from the parish-church to the chapel-royal. Were it saturated with terms of Latin or Norman origin, it would not be a whit more fit for a court, and it would be utterly unfit for a cottager. Let no man despise the power of this dialect. Some of the finest bursts in our literature are in almost pure Saxon. Milton is never greater than when he is speaking in it. His noble sonnet on the massacre in Piedmont contains scarcely a word which is not Saxon. His ode on the Nativity is of the same stamp: so are his Allegro and Penseroso. Crabbe's 'Hall of Justice,' and Cowper's 'Cast-away,' each the most powerful copy of verse, perhaps, which their respective authors penned, are monuments of the simple majesty of Saxon-English. But were it less vigorous than it is, it is the speech of the people, and it would be a pitiful ambition in a minister of God to be playing the pedant in the pulpit, and to be painting the window till he has dimmed the light. Let any man read the sermons of Parr, addressed to the good people in Hatton church, and he will see at once that it was as necessary for him to have spoken 'by two or three (sentences), and to have had one to interpret,' as it ever was for man who spake in an unknown tongue of old. It is not, however, pedantry, so much as a want of due attention to the vocabulary of the labouring classes, that renders so large a share of what is provided for them quite useless; and we could name several publications on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge which make no pretensions to learning, and of which the writers are above all suspicion of vanity, and yet which are lost upon those to whom they are addressed, because they do not speak to them in the vulgar tongue. Now it is a merit in these sermons of Mr. Hare that they speak in no other. For instance, on the reasonableness of the duty of obedience to parents—

'What plant from the Indies is so difficult to rear, or needs such constant care and watching, as a delicate, sickly child? Think of the wear and tear in the mother's heart. I have often seen it during that rearing. It is not the child-bearing so much as the child-rearing; it is the watching

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ing the cradle with patient eye, day after day, for hours together; it is the care and fear, and anxiety and weariness, while nursing children through their illnesses, that drives the colour from a mother's cheek, and makes it pale and wan before its time.'—vol. ii., p. 378.

Or, on the Resurrection; thus the sermon opens—

'"Christ is risen!" Such is the greeting in Russia on the morning of Easter-day. In the great city of Moscow, and throughout the whole country, when two friends meet on this morning, one of them says to the other, "Christ is risen!" Among all the customs I ever read of, this to my mind is one of the most Christian and most beautiful. It is the seeing the resurrection of Jesus Christ in its true light, not as a fact which we are merely to believe, because it is written in the New Testament, without thinking or caring much about it, but as a piece of good news to ourselves which we cannot help speaking of for joy. What the Russians then have said to each other on Easter-day for hundreds of years, let me now say to you: let me say to you with a joyful and thankful heart, "Christ is risen!" '—vol. i., p. 282.

The most fastidious hearer could not find fault with such English, nor the most unlettered misunderstand it.

The defect of style against which we have hitherto directed our caution, the use of exotic diction, so fatal to the perspicuity of village sermons, issued from the school of Johnson. The next to which we shall advert, the use of *periphrasis*, from that of Gibbon. Gibbon's fondness for this figure is quite unaccountable, driving him, as it often does, to the clumsy expedient of explaining his own meaning at the foot of his own page, as if the text were to be the puzzle, of which the note was the solution. For example—

'After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the *most stupid*, maintained by the *most dissolute*, and terminated by the *most timid*, of all the emperors, the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke.'*

And then we are told beneath that Claudius, Nero, and Domitian are the emperors meant. In Gibbon this came of affectation; in such humble followers as Hayley (who is profuse in the use of it), of feebleness too, as the tumidity of the limb does but indicate the debility of the system. Affectation is bad enough anywhere; in the pulpit intolerable; and if the preacher, especially the preacher to a country congregation, does not put pith into his words, and 'make them pierce as nails,' they will scarcely find their way through an honest hind's or yeoman's head. Mr. Hare, who, throughout these sermons, gives proof of his intimate knowledge of the poor, derived from pastoral intercourse with them, never bewilders them by any such circumlocution, but goes right to the mark.

* Decline and Fall, v. i., p. 5. 12mo.

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'All extortion,' says he, for instance, 'according to this rule, comes under the eighth commandment. So does the taking advantage of a neighbour's ignorance, or of his necessities, to drive a hard bargain with him. So do all those things which too many reckon fair, such as cheating the king's revenue, *smuggling and buying of smugglers, poaching and buying of poachers*: all these are breaches of the eighth commandment.'—vol. ii., p. 402.

Or again—

'There is hardly a poor person in these parts of England who does not get what our great grandfathers would have deemed to be luxuries. I will mention two of these—*tea* and *wheaten bread*. If any one, a hundred years ago, had foretold that the time would come when every cottage in England would have its teapot and its loaf of wheaten bread, he would have been laughed at as a foolish dreamer. Yet that time is come.'—vol. ii., p. 268.

We have heard preachers in our time who would have flinched from expressions so natural and straightforward; and would infallibly have warned these poor people on the Downs against holding any intercourse with the nocturnal marauder on the main or on the manor; and have suggested to them the gratitude they owed for a fragrant beverage and farinaceous food. And so might Mr. Hare, if his taste had been less correct, and his desire of doing good less earnest; and he would then have had the comfort of thinking, after he had delivered his discourse, that though he had left his Wiltshire peasants in the dark, to be sure, as to the offences they were to shun, or the blessings for which they were to be thankful, yet the dignity of the pulpit, at any rate, had not suffered in his hands.

We next come to the use of *illustrations* in a sermon. 'The country parson in preaching,' says Herbert, 'sometimes tells the people stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations, which though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will remember.' Before the Reformation, sermons abounded in such tales, so much so indeed as to require regulations to correct the excess; as well as for some time after it. But in those days many causes concurred to render discourses from the pulpit more colloquial. The chief preachers were the Friars; men who might take rank with our own Ranters. Their hearers were perpetually coming and going during the sermon, as suited their convenience, the church-door open, and no ceremony used; often, indeed, it was delivered in the open air, at a cross, or from a window. If the audience laughed outright at a passage that pleased them, or coughed

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coughed at one that galled them, no offence was taken, nor any scandal felt; the license of the church being pretty much the same as that of the play-house, for indeed the two reciprocated; the pulpit being always dramatic, the stage often theological. This freedom from all constraint, both of the teacher and hearer, became by degrees abridged; the country clergy rising in rank and education (for immediately after the Reformation they were very low in both these respects), and so growing more fastidious, and a severer influence shedding itself both upon them and upon their people by the progressive ascendency of the Puritan. Accordingly within a century after the downfal of Popery, we find Thomas Fuller—the last man, from natural temperament, one would have thought likely to offer a caution upon such a subject—saying of the 'faithful minister,' 'his similes and illustrations are always familiar, *never contemptible*. Indeed reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.'

Preaching, therefore, now took an opposite tack, and from having been certainly once succulent, by the time of John Wesley had become sapless. This was one cause which rendered the new style of preaching adopted by him and his followers so attractive; the people not staying to examine whether the water wanted filtering, because their throat was dry through the drought which had preceded. The standard, according to which the character of the imagery and diction of the pulpit of modern days was regulated, was not fixed before the divines of Queen Anne's time; as the vocabulary of poetry, according to Johnson, was not determined before the age of Dryden. In both cases, the restraint has been injurious to the subject of it. There was a Doric simplicity,—'wood-notes wild'—in the poets before Dryden, for which the greater correctness, it may be, of those who have since lived, is but a poor substitute; and there was a homely vigour in the sentiments and phraseology of the pulpit of the days of the First and Second Charles, which has been ill replaced by the decorous tameness of later times. Surely it is a morbid taste, and one that requires correction, which would kick at images that satisfied a Barrow; and yet we could point out numbers in his sermons, which would be now rejected by the preacher, even the village preacher, as mean and pedestrian; and whilst such things are, it is not on the tithing-day alone that we have cause to lament that the farmer should be so coarse, and the clergy so fine. The familiar illustration, therefore, by which a subject

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subject is rendered clear to persons slow to apprehend, and interesting to persons hard to be excited, is a figure not lightly to be renounced in deference to the false refinement of the magnates of a congregation—though, doubtless, capable of abuse. We say false refinement; for there are parables both in the Prophets and in the Gospels, against which the same parties might find the same objection. Mr. Hare, therefore, adopts the use of such images with all boldness. The man who does not grow in grace is 'a dwarf in soul;' a spectacle as hideous and misshapen to the spiritual eye, as a dwarf in body to the eye of flesh. (i. 50.) Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than 'dust, straw, and feathers.' (i. 45.) Religion must be learned by practice, not by hearing or reading only; 'it is not by hearing or reading about shoes, that a man becomes a shoemaker.' (i. 97.) You must not be content with spelling and reading a parable, but 'do as the bees do' with a flower, settle upon it and suck out the honey. (i. 39.) 'Laws are like looking-glasses, they may show us our ugliness, but cannot give us new shapes.' (i. 257.) Religious services are the means, not the end,—'the road to London is not London.' (ii. 131.) 'The tooth of a child is easier to draw than that of a man, because it has no fangs; so is it with his evil passions.' (ii. 387.) Easy illustrations of this kind are scattered in profusion throughout these sermons; certainly impart to them an air of great freshness and vivacity; must have had the effect of baiting the pulpit, and gathering a congregation; and no doubt at this moment live in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Alton Barnes, and will be long quoted as the apothegms of their beloved and departed pastor. If in a few instances they may be felt to border on the ludicrous, as where a child is compared to an unfledged angel fallen to earth, and to be restored to heaven (ii. 114), it should be borne in mind that when Mr. Hare wrote these sermons, and still more at the moment when he sanctioned the publication of them, he was occupied with far other thoughts than how to approve himself to those 'who are nothing, if not critical.' Still this is the danger to be guarded against in the use of familiar illustration; and we notice it the rather, lest the imitators of his style of preaching, of which we foresee many, should be led to tread in Mr. Hare's steps, not in the hundred cases where he has trod straight, but in the two or three where he may have trod awry.

There is another suggestion as to village preaching which the publication before us presents. It is a feature in these sermons, and one greatly to be commended, that they make much use of the *less trite* passages of scripture, whilst those which are in the mouths and memories of all, they take for granted are so, and

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rather touch than draw out at full length—*guarda e passa.* For instance, to show that the seed of the heaviest crimes may be lurking in a man's heart when he least suspects it, the case of Hazael is quoted. 'Is thy servant a dog,' says he to Elisha, 'that he should do this great and terrible thing?' Hazael thought at the time that it was impossible for him to commit such a crime as murder; yet the very day after his return to the King of Syria, 'he took a thick cloth and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died.' (i. 290.) Here we have a passage, not recondite certainly, but still not trite, to exemplify the doctrine. Again, in a sermon on Isaiah lxi. 3—'Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord'—occasion would naturally present itself, it might be imagined, for a reference to the parable of the barren fig-tree; and so it does; but Mr. Hare quotes no more of it than the three words of warning with which he closes his sermon, 'cut it down,' (i. 478) satisfied that he thereby touched a spring, and that the memory of his hearers would supply the rest. For he probably considered that the members of a congregation of the Church of England hear certain passages in scripture—the most important passages, no doubt—always once, possibly several times every year of their lives—that those amongst them who have been at weekly or Sunday schools, have learned many such passages by rote—that it may, therefore, be safely presumed that such passages are tolerably familiar to them, and may for the most part be called to their minds by a hint, and that more is superfluous; again, that the Bible is the whole compass of a poor man's literature; and that on this account he is often much better versed in it than greater scholars who are spending themselves upon every work that comes out—that he is therefore frequently not an incompetent judge of the degree in which his minister is master of the scriptures; and that he will be much more likely to listen to him with reverence, when he perceives his range over them to be wide and commanding, than when he suspects his knowledge to be just commensurate with the chapters that occur in the Sunday services.

It is true that the practice for which we are pleading is not that adopted by our Reformers in the homilies. The homilies make long and large extracts from the portions of scripture at present the most popular and best known; but when the homilies were composed, it must be recollected, no portion whatever was well known and popular. Latimer's sermons presume upon an utter ignorance of scripture even amongst the highest class of all. When he preached before the Duchess of Suffolk and her household, a family as likely to be intimate with scripture as any of the time, he relates circumstantially, and as though the passages

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passages would be strange to his hearers, the interview of Jesus with the Samaritan woman, and the death of Ananias and Sapphira. Even the early deliberate writings of the chief Reformers are not without blemishes which betray that scripture was as yet a novelty even with the best informed. 'The Institution of a Christian Man' talks of Jesus being brought before *one* Pontius Pilate; of his being bound fast to a pillar; and of Lot and his *three* daughters; all of them passages revised and corrected in the re-publication of the same work with additions, a few years later, and when the Bible had been more studied, under the title of 'The Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man.' When, however, the Reformation had established itself, it became quite characteristic of the English divines, of Jewell, for instance, eminently, of Hooker, of Sanderson, to have an apposite passage of scripture for everything; scripture being found in their hands a mine which might ever be worked, and never be worked out; and so far from dwelling upon threadbare quotations, such as might occur to any man just as well as themselves, and thus giving token that it was by virtue of a commission that they occupied the teacher's chair, and not by right of superior knowledge, they were perpetually interesting, and very often surprising, their hearers or readers by the dexterous application of texts not commonly produced, but being produced, to the purpose and decisive; stamping the impression they were wishing to communicate more effectually by the smartness with which they struck it in; and creating at once a reverential curiosity about a book which was found to be so full of resources, and a wholesome respect for the character and office of men who could develop them so successfully. But these were divines who had drank deep in the writings of the Fathers, in several of whom this faculty is remarkable; and whilst we may smile at their exercise of it, when they find an argument against the buskin of the player, in that it 'adds a cubit unto his stature,' &c. &c.—we cannot but admire the same research as applied to a more worthy end, when it discovers a number of *subordinate* prophecies relating to the Saviour to come, in passages commonly overlooked; and we think the preacher would only have the more attentive audience, who whilst he did not keep back such prophecies as are the most striking and prominent, as, for instance, that of the Miraculous Conception, contained in the seventh chapter of Isaiah; that of his character and office, in the ninth; or that of his person, reception, and end, in the fifty-third; should nevertheless season his sermon with those more secondary predictions which Tertullian detects, or thinks he detects elsewhere, of his being sent by Pilate to Herod; of the darkness at noonday; of the veil being rent; of the body

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body being missing; of the resort of the women to the sepulchre; and of the charge they received on seeing the vision of angels.*

The observance, therefore, of this rule in the construction of sermons, to presume upon the congregation having some acquaintance with the common-places of scripture, though much to learn as to the remainder, would have the effect of relieving them from that tediousness which naturally attaches to compositions that enlarge upon what we know well, and keep silence upon what we know imperfectly; and though the remark applies to all sermons alike, yet the country parson is he who is likely to offend against it most, being under a temptation beyond others to reckon upon the simple people loving simplicity over much, and thus to dilute his divinity till it is really too small for babes. Baxter, who, as every body must be aware, is for the plainest of all plain-speaking in the minister, nevertheless cautions him with his characteristic good sense, 'lest in fearing to go beyond the present understanding of the people, he teach them nothing but what they know already, and thus entice them to think that he is as ignorant as they, and that they are as worthy to be preachers as he, because they can do as much and as well as he is used to do.'† It is not indeed in the nature of things that a class of persons who delight in a pithy proverb beyond any other, and seldom open their lips without one, can take much pleasure in a thin and threadbare address; and the preacher who is to hold together even the most rural congregation for any long time, must be prepared, with Mr. Hare, to bring out of his treasures things *new* as well as old. It may not be here out of place to add, that the staple of these sermons is rendered still more substantial by their author's theological reading, independently of scripture. We can trace in them, for instance, Taylor, Baxter, and, we think, Hall, not always as works which Mr. Hare was directly quoting, though this sometimes, but which he had digested and made his own, and might draw from, without knowing it; and it will be found in theology, as in all other sciences, that however elementary may be the treatise required, it will be best done by the best-informed man; that the Church Catechism, simple as it seems, could only have been framed by deep divines; and that a village sermon will be most to the purpose, when written by one who, like Mr. Hare, combines with a knowledge of village ways, such reading as would qualify him for a far different audience.

There is another canon to be observed in the composition of a sermon, of which we are reminded by the publication before us,—

* Tertullian, adv. Marcion. iv. s. 42-3, p. 459.
† Cure of Church Divisions.

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to make it preach the gospel as often as possible *through the ordinances of the Church.* It is true that this rule, like the last, applies to all sermons; but like that, it applies to sermons delivered from a village pulpit above all. For the country people have need beyond others that the religious instruction imparted to them should refer to formularies which are familiar to them; the instruction so presented to them being in that case *sorted* for them, and therefore more likely to be profitable to persons whose apprehensions are dull and memories feeble; those formularies serving them for a syllabus, and the lecture seeming no longer a rhapsody without a plan. We believe, too, that nothing would be so effectual to bind the members of the Church together and to disqualify them for dissent, as the systematic observance of this rule on the part of the preacher,—a rule, indeed, which the terms of his ordination vow seem to make obligatory upon him; for by that he pledges himself 'to give his faithful diligence always *so* to minister the doctrine and sacraments, and the discipline of the Church, as the Lord hath commanded, and as *this church and realm hath received the same.*'* Let us not be misunderstood. We are not recommending a crusade from the pulpit once a week against the Separatist: it is the thing furthest from our thoughts; but we would have the minister take every opportunity that presents itself, direct, and more especially incidental, of showing that the Bible and Prayer-Book speak a language one and the same; that a Christian truly formed after the model of the Church of England would hold the doctrines, discharge the duties, imbibe the spirit, set forth in the Word of God; that the component parts of the Christian character dispersed through the Bible are collected and organized in the services of the Church. Thus would the members of a congregation be imperceptibly moulded into the form of Christians and Churchmen at once; and, being so fashioned, would not be adapted to any other frame without feeling that violence was done to them. We would have the minister, therefore, sometimes ask himself, when his sermon is completed, whether it could be delivered as appropriately in the chapel as in the church; and if it could, though the fact might not imply that there was anything in it unsound, it might imply that there was something lacking;—it might be what it was, and something more. The non-observance of this rule in the construction of sermons of late years—for it is impossible to read many of our most popular volumes of sermons, and deny that such is the case,—has tended, we believe, more than anything besides to leave the professing members of the Church a prey to any and every spe-

* See a very good sermon entitled 'The Duty of Liturgical preaching stated and enforced,' by the Rev. R. Parkinson, the present Hulsean Lecturer in Cambridge.

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cies of dissent which might happen to come across them. For, on quitting the Church, they had no bonds to break, no lessons to unlearn, no prejudices to overcome. They were sheep that had been never marked, and were therefore readily lost. The following may not be the best illustrations of the practice we are recommending, which these volumes supply, but they are the first that come to hand, and may suffice:—

'To the end that we may keep Passion-week in a proper manner, by thinking and feeling about Christ's sufferings as we ought to do, the church has appointed the forty days of Lent to be a sort of preparation for Passion-week and Easter, just as it has appointed the four Sundays in Advent to be a preparation for Christmas. For there are two great seasons in the year which it behoves every Christian to keep who wishes to pay dutiful honour to his Saviour, or who would awaken and stir up his heart to a thankful recollection of what Christ has done for mankind. The first season is Christmas, in honour of Christ's birth, to preserve the memory of his wonderful loving kindness in coming down from heaven, and putting on the nature of man. The other season is Passion-week and Easter, to commemorate his love in dying for us, and to celebrate the glory of his resurrection. Both these seasons are so important, and it is of such moment to the welfare of your souls that you should keep them both in a godly manner, that the church has set apart the Sundays in Advent, which come before Christmas, and the forty days of Lent, which come before Passion-week, as a time of preparation for them. The use of such a preparation is plain enough. In the first place, it answers the same purpose that the early bell on Sunday is meant to answer. As that bell calls us to get ready for church, so do Advent and Lent call on us to get ready for Christmas and Easter. When a musical instrument has been laid by awhile, it needs being put in tune, or it will make but sorry music. The minds and hearts of Christians too require to be got in tune before they can bear their part fitly and harmoniously in the services by which the church commemorates the birth, and death, and resurrection of her Lord.'—vol. i. p. 235.

Or in another place—

'I am going to speak to you about the historical books of the Old Testament. By the historical books I mean the book of Joshua, the book of Judges, the two books of Samuel, the books of Kings and of Chronicles, in a word, all those parts of the Old Testament which contain the history of the children of Israel, and relate their dealings and goings on from the time of Joshua, when they first crossed the river Jordan to conquer and take possession of the land of Canaan, down to the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, when Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the Jewish people were carried away captive far from their native land. These are the chief historical books of the Old Testament: out of them the lessons are taken for thirteen Sundays together, that is, for a quarter of the year. Now what do we learn from the book of God during this quarter of a year? Why has our church appointed the fourth part of every year for the reading of chapters from these

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these historical books? What are the chief truths which the great body of Christians are to gather from them? For it must be clear to every one that these chapters would not be read to you over and over again, year after year, unless the church had hoped that the hearing them would in some way make you better. Moreover, it must be clear to you, that a mere knowledge of the names and facts set down in these books can do you no good whatever. That Jehu was the captain who conspired against his master,—that Joram was king of Israel, and Ahaziah king of Judah,—that the prophet Elisha's servant was called Gehazi,—what can it profit a man to know? Facts of this kind are like the beard of the barley; they are the part which comes first in sight, but yields no nourishment. If a person learnt nothing from scripture but a list of names and facts,—such as that Samson was the strongest man, and that Solomon was the wisest,—he would not be a jot the better for his knowledge. Knowledge of this sort may puff a man up with a vain conceit of his learning and cleverness, but most assuredly it cannot edify. One little verse from the Sermon on the Mount would be worth it all. The lessons we are to draw from the histories of the Old Testament are not of names and facts, but of laws and principles. We are to look on those histories as showing us the wires and springs by which God governs the world. . . . . The history of most countries may be likened to a great clock: we see the hands move and hear the hours strike; but we cannot see and examine the works by which the hands are set in motion and the hours are made to strike. With the history of the Jews, however, it is otherwise. In their case God has lifted up the veil which mostly covers his dealings with mankind; he has shown us the inside of the clock and given us the means of observing how the wheels and pulleys act upon the hands. In other words, he has set before us in the Bible how entirely the welfare of a nation depends upon the piety and true religion of the people. . . . . This is the great practical truth to be drawn from the historical books of the Old Testament; and the Church of England has wisely allotted a large portion of every year to a course of chapters teaching it.'—vol ii. p. 35-40.

But besides many such short and passing allusions to the Liturgy, which help to keep it in view of the people, and instil it into their minds not the less effectually, as we have already hinted, because done without form, there is an admirable course of sermons in the second of these volumes, in which the services of the Church are explained, illustrated, and enforced; sermons which it is impossible to abridge, and from which it is not easy to make extracts; and whilst they serve to display the principle we are laying down, they serve also to correct any misapprehension which might arise from a solitary passage in the twenty-fifth sermon on the 'Unthankful Lepers.' In the spirit in which Latimer conveys a notion of Capernaum by comparing it to Bristol or Coventry, and of Jairus the ruler of the synagogue, by supposing him a churchwarden, Mr. Hare explains the Samaritans to be 'Dissenters.'

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senters.' It was the Dissenter, therefore, who turned back to give thanks, whilst (if the parallel be pursued), it would be the Churchmen who went their way. But Mr. Hare does not pursue the parallel; and certainly nothing could be more remote from his intention, when he used this illustration, than to compliment the Dissenter at the Churchman's expense; for Catholic as Mr. Hare's spirit was, every line of these sermons proves that he was not of those, whatever may be the numbers of such, who assert themselves to be no bigots, by a fling at the Church whose Articles they have signed, to whose services they have assented, and whose bread they eat.

It is scarcely needful to add, that every care in the composition of a village-sermon, or indeed of any sermon, will be thrown away, unless the *feeling* of the preacher, his *sympathy* with his hearers, carry his arguments home to them. Without this they are arrows without feathers, and will drop short; and it is not the least merit of these sermons that the interest their author took in the people he was addressing, is radiant throughout them. From first to last they speak from the heart, and therefore go to the heart; the best of eloquence. There is nothing here of 'stand by thyself; come not near me; I am holier than thou,' expressed or implied; nothing of the *procul este profani* whatever; but, on the contrary, Mr. Hare spares not himself whilst he rebukes his hearers; his honesty is remarkable; and from the unembarrassed manner in which he ever deals with his subject, he evidently does not flinch from its recoil. He can afford, though we are sure he would have been the last man to think or say so, to challenge that spirit in a congregation against which Paley puts the younger clergy on their guard; telling them, 'that those who are slowest in taking any part of a sermon to themselves are surprisingly acute in applying it to the preacher.' But Mr. Hare had no traitor within. For instance,

'Now do we really wish for the coming of that great day? Should we be glad to know it was to come to-morrow? If an angel were to show himself at this moment, and to bring a message from our Lord and Master, that to-night at twelve o'clock he will descend from heaven, with the voice of the archangel, with the trump of God, and that we are straightway to be caught up into the clouds, and to appear to-morrow before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of our past lives, —if such a message were to be brought to us at this moment, should we rejoice at it? Yet this, and nothing short of this, is the coming of God's heavenly kingdom. I fear there are very, very few men who can say from the bottom of their hearts, that for themselves, without thinking of their neighbours, they would be truly and heartily glad of this. *I am sure, for one, I could not say it.* I could not say that I desire, without a moment's further preparation, to be hurried before Christ's tribunal. My

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My prayer would be the same as David's: O spare me a little! And your prayer, brethren, would doubtless be the same.'—vol. ii. p. 287.

It does not fall within the plan of our paper, as we have happened to shape it, to speak at any length on the *doctrines* of these sermons. We may just, however, observe that they maintain the corruption of our nature to be very great, but enter into no metaphysical controversies; sometimes representing the image of God as lost (i. 28), and sometimes 'sparks' of the 'original brightness' as remaining (ii. 99). As a consequence of this corruption, they affirm that 'we cannot take one step towards holiness except by the assistance of the Holy Spirit.'—i. 75. They teach justification by faith in Christ *alone* (ii. 440); but they are occupied throughout with Christian duties and dispositions which should be the fruits of faith, so as to be eminently *practical*. They serve under no banner but the Articles, and these Mr. Hare considers framed in a comprehensive spirit, and says of the seventeenth, in a very admirable visitation sermon (the first of the two) annexed to the others:—

'Is it not desirable to have the road so formed that two equally good men may walk abreast in it, the one on the shady side, the other on the sunny; leaving room for the unpolemical Christian to walk humbly and contentedly between them? or, to look at the question from a historical point of view, will any be bold enough to wish that our Articles had been framed in such accordance with either Arminian or Calvinistic notions, as that either Leighton or Jeremy Taylor should have been excluded by them?'—vol. ii., p. 508.

That the intention of our Reformers is here correctly given, we think, has been put beyond all doubt, since the correspondence of Ridley and Bradford on this subject was published by Archbishop Laurence.

On the whole we will venture to press these sermons on the attention of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, as better calculated than any we have met with for parochial lending libraries to circulate, and (what will be acknowledged to be a very great desideratum by all who have sought for such a book to little purpose) for masters and mistresses of families to read to their households on Sunday nights.

In our perusal of these volumes one reflection has suggested itself to us very constantly,—the testimony they incidentally offer to the value of an *endowed* church. Here we have a man of good birth, of perfect education, of ripe scholarship, of easy means, we believe, setting himself down in entire content,—for many passages give token of it,—in a small secluded hamlet in the downs, *vervecum in patriâ*, with no other object in life than how to make all these high qualifications subservient to the intellectual.

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tellectual, the religious, and the temporal advancement of its poor and unlettered inhabitants. Suppose the *voluntary system*, as it is called, to prevail, what is there in the character and importance of such a parish to secure for it a teacher and a benefactor anything like this? Would it be for the public good that such a man, so gifted, should be exchanged, as he almost certainly would be in such a case, for a pastor of the lowest of the people, of mean acquirements, but fluent speech, though not of speech more intelligible than Mr. Hare's; in the pulpit, probably an ignorant and jealous controversialist; in private, a partisan in every village feud and faction, there being nothing in his station to set him above 'the stir of that dim spot;' without taste to civilize, or delicacy to attach, or rank to restrain, or endowments to command respect; so far from having the means to relieve another's wants, himself seeking the priest's office, that he may eat a piece of bread. The exchange would be altogether disastrous.

There is another consideration which has also presented itself to us whilst engaged with these sermons:—the meek, yet dignified, answer they supply to the noisy slanders against the Church that have been long abroad. We would desire no other or better reply to all the assaults upon her with which the House of Commons and the meeting-house have rung alike, than such a peep behind the scenes as these sermons afford, such an insight into what she has been actually about, alone and in quiet, and unobserved, in many a nook and corner of the land, even at the very moment whilst these rancorous indignities have been poured upon her. It was probably about the very time that Mr. Hare was employed in writing and delivering these sermons, and in the discharge of those pastoral labours of love corresponding to them, evidence of which modestly breathes forth in every page, that a rude and rash man had the face to describe our Church as 'destroying more souls than she saved.' But the great bulk of the people who lived in retirement, and had not been poisoned by sectarian jealousy, called scruples of conscience, and who only knew the Church by the blessings they beheld her shedding around their own doors, felt that she deserved better things to be said of her, and at length rose in her defence; rose in her defence, to the surprise of a Government which had thought the lion dead, and to be kicked at discretion. Probably the spirit shown on the subject of church-rates is without example; a whole nation—at least, almost the whole of the nation on whom the burden fell—petitioning their governors by acclamation not to remit, but to retain a tax—and assuring them that individually, little as such an avowal would meet with their sympathy, they would rather pay several

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several shillings a-year than deprive 'the poor man of his rights, and God of his honour.' Without meaning any invidious comparison with the clergy of the towns, whose exertions, often under circumstances of great discouragement, have been most exemplary, but which, being in *oculis civium*, plead for themselves, we may say that no doubt the faithful discharge of their duties by the country clergy, after the manner of which these sermons give proof, had laid up a treasure of good feeling towards the Establishment in country parishes which, though long dormant, awoke at last; and now that it has manifested itself, will check, we trust, an administration like the present from further aggression, by an argument to which they seem alive, that they are biting a file which may break their teeth; whilst on the other hand, it will, we hope, encourage some future administration more friendly to the Church, to legislate for the extension of her usefulness, with the confidence that in so doing they will have the people on their side.

ART. III.—*A Treatise on the Law of Adulterine Bastardy, with a Report of the Banbury Case, and of all other cases bearing upon the subject.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G., Barrister at Law. London. 8vo. 1836.

SIR Harris Nicolas is well known for his historical and antiquarian labours; these he has pursued with a genuine and unwearied zeal, and with a success as ample, perhaps, as the field of inquiry he has chosen could be expected to afford. *The Scrope and Grosvenor Roll*, which we had occasion to notice in a late number of this journal—the excellent publications on the Siege of Caerlaverock Castle, and the Campaign of Agincourt—with a host of other volumes, too numerous even to recite, attest his indefatigable labour. We meet him here on a path more strictly professional, but a path which still runs on the verge of his more favourite study, lying, as it frequently does, within that debatable ground which hardly separates the lawyer from the historian. In his present publication he has given a most complete account of one particular branch of our law; and whether or not all the opinions he puts forth may be acquiesced in, it will be readily acknowledged that he has collected copiously, and thoroughly examined, all the cases and authorities by which our judgment must ultimately be guided on the legal questions here placed before us. Some facts, also, relating to the great case of the Banbury Peerage, though not, perhaps, of a very important character, have been for the first time accurately stated; our author having

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having brought with him, to this portion of his task, the taste and habits of the historical antiquary.

The law which is to decide on the legitimacy of children born in wedlock—which is to fix upon the husband the charges and duties of paternity, and to bestow upon the offspring its municipal privileges—is one of that important class which have a direct and palpable influence on the manners, customs, and morals of a nation. It is one in which all society must feel an interest; it ought to be framed with especial prudence; and is the very last on which any doubt or misapprehension ought to be allowed to remain. In our own country this law matrimonial derives, if possible, an additional importance from the collateral law of primogeniture. Where the possession is contested of so great a property, of so high a rank, of so extensive an influence as fall frequently to the eldest surviving son of our noble families, it becomes a matter of momentous consequence that the rule by which all this accretion of wealth and power is to be determined should have been ascertained and fixed with precision and stability.

This subject, therefore, falls completely within that rule we have prescribed to ourselves in treating of legal topics; and the condition of the law upon this matter of legitimacy is such as to justify us in calling to it the general attention. The case of the Banbury Peerage, decided by the House of Lords in 1813, is supposed to have made, or to have farthered, a great alteration in the principles of our jurisprudence upon this subject. Previous to that case it was generally understood, that in order to bastardize the issue of a married woman it was necessary to prove the absolute impossibility of the husband's having been the father of the child; which impossibility could, it is evident, be established only by proof of certain physical circumstances, a special infirmity of the husband, or absence from his wife during the whole time in which she might have become pregnant.* In the Banbury Peerage case the rule was so far departed from, that evidence of the conduct of parties, as concealment of the children from the husband, coupled with the fact of the husband's advanced age, was allowed to be sufficient ground for pronouncing a sentence of illegitimacy. Thus a high degree of *improbability* was substituted for that *impossibility* which the law had previously required.

Sir Harris Nicolas is very strongly opposed to the decision in this case, and he has supported his opinion with great force and

* Divorce, impotence, and non-access were currently stated to be the three grounds on which alone the illegitimacy of a child born after marriage could be established; but as the presumption against matrimonial intercourse arising from divorce is of a quite distinct and separate nature, and has never been called into dispute, we shall make no further allusion to it in the course of these remarks.

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amplitude. His argument is stated in a clear and powerful style, which proceeds at once, and keeps tenaciously to its subject. Perhaps he has detracted a little from the force of his legal objection by extending his opposition, in the spirit of advocacy, over every part of the case. His object is to dispute the propriety of admitting the concealment of the children as evidence of their illegitimacy; but he does not stop here;—he insists that there is not, in this case, even sufficient evidence of concealment, and attempts to support the credit of those witnesses who were produced by the first claimant of the peerage. This, we think, is wasted labour. Viewed as an historical fact, we hold it beyond a reasonable doubt that the children of the countess were *not* those of the earl. Whether they ought to have been pronounced illegitimate by the law of the land is another question. Here our author advances, at least, on very tenable ground, nor has he lost an inch of that ground by any want of vigilance or assiduity.

Assisted by the list of well-arranged and well-investigated authorities with which we are here supplied, we shall give to our readers a rapid view of the history of our law of adulterine bastardy up to the period when this celebrated case was decided, and then offer a few remarks on the decision it met with.

The law of legitimacy was made, it will be remembered, in the earliest times of English jurisprudence, the field of battle whereon the spiritual and temporal courts contended for mastery. The celebrated expression uttered by the lords conservative of those days, 'Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare,' was provoked by the attempt of ecclesiastics to give to the rite of marriage, in accordance with the civil law, a retrospective operation, so as to legitimate children born prior to the ceremony. The ecclesiastical rule was, in this instance, more charitable to human infirmities, the common law more careful of preserving the honour of families and the dignity of marriage. We apprehend, however, that the principles of jurisprudence, as applied to this individual question, had comparatively little weight with the parliament. They witnessed the encroachment of a clergy who aspired to reign over them in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, and this encroachment they determined to resist.

It is, however, to another branch of this subject that our attention is at present directed—the legitimacy of children born *within* wedlock. An ecclesiastical court naturally paid a peculiar regard to the moral guilt or innocence of parties, and while, as we have seen, it was willing to attribute to the sacrament of marriage, and the penitential spirit that probably had led to it, a corrective and healing influence, it was also, on the other hand, desirous of punishing, by a stigma on the offspring, the crime of adultery in the

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the married woman. A secular court, on the contrary, as naturally adopted the maxim that the mere guilt of the mother should not prejudice the civil rights of the innocent, and repudiated the idea that a man should lose his inheritance by reason of a woman's frailty. The priest strove to detect, the judge to conceal, the criminality of the mother. Each court was naturally led into a different spirit of legislation, and this difference was aggravated by the mutual jealousy of two classes of men competing, as it were, for the reins of jurisprudence.

Meanwhile the common law had never advanced the extreme position that marriage in all cases, and under whatever circumstances, should legitimate; but it clung to the presumption that the husband was the father of his wife's child, and until this was proved to be impossible it paid no heed to the incontinence of the woman, however flagrant. There were then two courts differing from each other, not so much in any general principle, as in the degree of evidence they required in order to bastardize the child—who might be pronounced legitimate by the one, and illegitimate by the other. This circumstance of two different sentences being openly passed on the same individual gave rise to a singular anomaly in the English law. A person might be confessedly born in adultery—confessedly not the child of the husband—and yet be legitimate. This person the law distinguished by a peculiar title, and called him *mulier*. The spiritual court having an admitted jurisdiction in some cases of legitimacy, the court of common law could not entirely overlook its decision, even where it was not final. It was compelled, therefore, to see and acknowledge a truth on which it was resolved not to act. It looked the bastard full in the face, with an undisguised consciousness of the stain upon his birth, but giving him the name of *mulier* passed him on into the ranks of legitimacy.

Bracton is the only one of our early text writers whom it is necessary to quote upon this subject; for Glanville, who preceded him, is silent on this topic, and Fleta and Britton who followed, give only an abridgment or translation of his words. Here are the grounds on which, in the opinion of Bracton, the presumption of the legitimacy of children born in marriage could alone be disputed: 'Et presumitur quis esse filius hoc ipso quod nascitur ex uxore quia nuptiæ probant filium esse, et semper stabitur huic presumptioni, *donec probetur contrarium;* ut ecce, maritus probatur non concubuisse aliquamdiu cum uxore, *infirmitate, vel aliâ causâ impeditus*—vel erat in eâ invalitudine ut generare non possit—vel probatur quod fuit absens per decennium et reversus invenit anniculum—hic qui in domo mariti natus est (licet vicinis scientibus), non erit filius mariti.'—lib. i. c. 9, fo. 6.

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He insists, it will be observed, on evidence derived only from *physical circumstances;* but it must be allowed that neither in this passage, nor in any other that we have found, does he positively reject all moral evidence—evidence, the force of which results from our knowledge of the motives of men. And the laxity of such expressions as *infirmitate, vel aliâ causâ impeditus,* proves that the distinction of more modern times, between absolute impossibility and a high degree of improbability was not present to his mind.*

Bracton, and Britton after him, speak also of legitimation by adoption, or the open acknowledgment of the child. But this doctrine of adoption is introduced only as an additional safeguard to protect the claims of children born in wedlock, and to keep strife and contention out of families. Where a presumption existed in favour of legitimacy, and the husband had treated the child as his own, he was by this debarred from ever after mooting the question of its birth. Assurance was to be made doubly sure. The greatest peculiarity in this old doctrine of adoption is, that the protection it afforded was extended to supposititious children; and if there was a fair presumption that even these were born in the family, and the husband had reared them as his own, he could not afterwards repudiate them. He was considered, we suppose, as having entered into a tacit obligation, both with them and the community, which prevented him from afterwards destroying the hopes and expectations of the one, or the peace and quiet of the other, by agitating the obscure and difficult question of their legitimacy. The words are these:—

'Children may also be sometimes rendered legitimate, as by adoption and by consent and will of the parents; as if the wife of any one shall conceive by another than her husband, if the husband shall receive the child in his house, and acknowledge him and maintain him as his son, he shall be his heir and legitimate; or if he shall not expressly acknowledge him, so however that he do not put him away, or if the husband shall be altogether ignorant, or shall know or doubt, such issue shall be judged legitimate and heir, because born of the wife; so however that it may be presumed that he might have begotten him. And the same may be said of a supposititious birth; and so wherever the common

* Bracton has been suspected of a leaning towards the canon law. Perhaps the following passage will be thought to savour a little of the ecclesiastic:—'Liberorum autem secundùm quod predictum est quidam sunt naturales et legitimi qui ex justis nuptiis et legitimâ uxore procreantur. Item quidam naturales tantùm et non legitimi, sicut sunt illi qui procreantur et nati sunt de legitimâ concubinâ cum quâ tempore procreationis possit esse matrimonium, sicut de soluto et solutâ. Quidam verò *nec legitimi nec naturales* qui nati sunt ex prohibito coitû, ex talibus, videlicet, inter quos non posset esse matrimonium tempore procreationis, sicut sunt spurii, qui ad nihilum apti sunt.'—cap. 30, fo. 64. He will not even allow these unfortunates so reputable a name as *natural children.*

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opinion takes the place of truth (præfertur veritati).'—lib. ii., c. 29, p. 63.

We have no contemporary reports to elucidate the opinions of these early text-writers, and to show how far the law they stated was really acted upon, and how far they were playing, as they sometimes evidently did, the part of unauthorized legislators. The first case which has been *supposed* to bear upon the subject before us is that of *Foxcroft* (Rolle's Abridgment, i. 359), decided in the 10th of Edward I. This case was quoted in the decision on the Banbury Peerage, to prove that the presumption of legitimacy might, in the earliest times, be rebutted, though the absence or impotence of the husband could not be established. Sir Harris Nicolas has satisfactorily shown that this case turned solely *upon the validity of the marriage.* Here is a literal translation of the report:—'One R. being sick and in bed, was married to A., a woman, by the Bishop of London, *privately, in no church or chapel, nor with the celebration of any mass,* the said A. being then pregnant by the said R., and then within twelve weeks *after the marriage* the said A. was delivered of a son, and adjudged a bastard; and thus the land escheated to the lord by the death of R. without an heir.'

Now although these private and sick-bed marriages were held valid by the clergy, and were considered by their penitents as balm to the wounded conscience, yet they were never esteemed by the common law, and could not legitimate the issue born afterwards. In confirmation of this doctrine, the case of *Foxcroft* was evidently recorded. Nor can we understand how it came to be viewed in any other light. No rule is more clear, than that if a man marry a pregnant woman the child shall be legitimate; yet *this* is the rule which, if the marriage were held valid, the case would flatly contradict.

The case of *Del Heith,* which has also been quoted on the subject, turned on the same point, the invalidity of a marriage not celebrated *in the face of the church.* And that of *Radwell,* the only remaining case in the reign of Edward I. (Rolle's Abridgment, p. 356), was the instance of a posthumous child, and was decided on the ground that too long a period had intervened between the death of the husband and the birth of the child, this having taken place 'eleven days after the lawful time allowed by the custom of England for parturition.'

In the reign of Edward II., though we have no cases that bear very distinctly on the subject of adulterine bastardy, we find reported some very absolute dicta from a chief-justice Bereford, who seemed resolved to hear nothing whatever against the legitimacy of a child born in marriage. This judge appears to have been

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been a most valorous champion for legitimacy, and rather than give no father to an unfortunate child, so liberal was he in this respect, that in a case where a woman had married a second time within a short period after the death of her first husband, he is reported to have ruled that her son might choose 'which husband he pleased for his father.'

In the reign of Edward III. the conflict between the maxims of the spiritual and temporal courts is very manifest in our reports. Though the majority of precedents support what we have already represented to be the common law upon this subject, yet there are some of a very different complexion. In the case of Adam Saul, 33 Edw. III., Justice Shardelow is reported to have said, 'If we could find that Alice separated from her husband, and lived with a chaplain or other person, and that John was begotten by such person, and not by Adam the husband, we should adjudge him a bastard.' And Justice Fincheden, in the 40th year of the same reign, supported the same doctrine.

It was in this reign that the maxim of 'the four seas,' as it is called, or that rule of law which required that the husband should be out of the kingdom in order to bastardize the issue of his wife, began to gain a footing. It was originally, we suspect, a creature of the popular mind, and from a vulgar prejudice became transformed into a rule of law. The first intimation we receive of it is from a note added by the reporter to the decision, above quoted, of Justice Shardelow. 'In this,' says the contemporary reporter, 'he spoke against the law, as I believe, if the husband were within the realm.'

In the 7th of Henry IV. (Y. B. pl. 13, p. 9), we find the maxim laid down very broadly by Judge Rickhill:—'If John De C., the husband, was within the seas, the issue was mulier, and heir because he was issue male.' And then he quotes the proverb, 'whose cow his calf.'*

* Our readers will be immediately reminded of the passage of Shakspeare, where King John addresses the brother of Falconbridge:—

'Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who has, you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.'

—King John, Act i. sc. 1.

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The maxim which the law had received, from whatever quarter it came, was now persisted in with great steadiness. The impossibility of bastardizing the issue of a married woman, 'though notoriously begotten in adultery,' is the foundation of proceedings in Parliament, in several instances during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. And in that of James I. the case of *Done and Egerton* v. *Hinton and Starkey* (Rolle's Abridgment, i. p. 358) will serve to present us with the law in its most peremptory shape. On this occasion, the Judges and the Chancellor were unanimously of opinion that, 'If a married woman has issue in adultery, still if the husband be able to beget issue, and be within the four seas, it is not a bastard.'

A few years after this decision, in 1628, Lord Coke's First Institute was published. He states the rule in this absolute form:—'By the common law, if the husband be within the four seas, that is, within the jurisdiction of the King of England, if the wife have issue, no proof is to be admitted to prove the child a bastard, unless the husband hath an apparent impossibility of procreation; as if the husband be but eight years old, or under the age of procreation, such issue is a bastard, albeit he be born within marriage.'—First Inst. 244.

There can be no doubt whatever that Lord Coke described the law as it was administered, in his time, from the bench; but such an interpretation was not likely to maintain its ground. If the legislature had said at once, 'all children born in wedlock are legitimate, and no inquiry whatever shall be instituted into their actual paternity'—and if the rule of the 'four seas' had been a sort of boon or privilege to the naval service, there would then have been an intelligible law. But no such principle as this had been adopted, and courts had required only the most stringent proof that the child who was to forfeit the rights of legitimacy was not the issue of the husband, and the maxim of the 'four seas' was *a rule of evidence*. As such, it was plainly indefensible. A man might be incarcerated for years—he might be dwelling in the remotest corner of the kingdom—in Cornwall while his wife was in Cumberland, and yet because he had not set sail from his native island, he was presumed to have had access to her, and on this presumption was pronounced the father of her children.

Sir Matthew Hale is reported to have given the first blow to this maxim; and at length in the case of *Pendrell* v. *Pendrell*, decided by Chief-Justice Raymond, in the 5th Geo. II., the old rule of presumption arising from being 'infra quatuor maria' was pronounced 'to be exploded.'

But now if this were, as we find it represented to have been, nothing more than a rule of evidence, its expulsion from the courts could

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could not affect the broad principles on which the law proceeded. The rule pointed out the manner in which *impossibility* of the husband's being the father of the child was to be established; the rule being rejected, that impossibility might be demonstrated in other ways; but it was still necessary to be proved. Accordingly in *King* v. *Luffe*, decided by Lord Ellenborough and the three puisne judges in the King's Bench in 1807, one of the Judges (Grose) thus delivers himself:—'It is said that if we break in upon the old rule of the 'quatuor maria,' we must adopt some other line which will be difficult to be drawn. But that rule has been long exploded on account of its absolute nonsense, and we will adopt another line which has been marked out on account of its good sense. In every case we will take care, before we bastardize the issue of a married woman, that it shall be proved that there was no such access *as could enable* the husband to be the father of the child.'

There is not, however, wanting a case in which an opposite doctrine has been held. In *Goodright* v. *Saul*, decided in 1791 (4 Term Reports, 356), the *continuous absence of the husband was not proved*, and a high degree of *improbability* that the husband had access was considered sufficient. But with the exception of this precedent, we may safely assert that in no instance (from the rejection of the maxim of the 'quatuor maria' down to the decision on the Banbury case) has a child been declared illegitimate but on proof of the physical impossibility of the husband's having been its father.

The reader is now prepared to estimate the merit of the decision in the *Banbury Peerage*. We cannot pretend to state any but such material facts of the case as are necessary to display the legal argument: for a fuller detail we must refer to the report in the work before us, which will be found somewhat voluminous, but not at all wearisome.

William Knollys, the first Earl of Banbury, lived in the reign of Charles I., and his Countess figures, after his death, as a malignant and a catholic during the times of the Commonwealth. There was a great disparity of years between them, she being nineteen and the Earl fifty-three when they married. That the two sons, Edward and Nicholas, whose legitimacy, after the decease of her husband, she endeavoured to support, were born in the lifetime of the Earl, and while she and the Earl were living amicably together as man and wife, are facts which have never been disputed. But the Earl was at least eighty years old at the birth of the eldest, Edward, and about eighty-four or eighty-five at that of the youngest, Nicholas; *and from him the existence of these children had been evidently concealed.*

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This is placed beyond a doubt by the following facts. The Earl's patent of nobility had given him precedence over peers of the same rank and earlier creation. This occasioned a spirit of resistance on the part of the House of Lords, which Charles I. allayed by a message to the House, representing, amongst other reasons to induce their acquiescence, 'how that the Earl of Banbury was *old and childless*.' This message was delivered after Edward had been born. Subsequently to the birth of this son and heir the old nobleman settled that estate which was to support the splendour of the family name upon a *nephew*. He also made his will, and settled the residue of his property, without any allusion whatever to the existence of a child. On the death of the Earl the usual inquisition was held, and the jury found that there was no heir to the house of Banbury. Five months after the decease of the Earl his widowed Countess married Lord Vaux.

Eight years elapsed before the Countess set up the claim of these children. A fresh inquisition was obtained, which found Edward, the eldest of them, to be heir to the late Earl of Banbury; and a bill was filed in Chancery to perpetuate certain testimony. Edward died, however, in his minority, and Nicholas, the second son, assumed the title. This Nicholas had hitherto gone, it appears, by the name of Vaux, and on him Lord Vaux settled his property. It is the legitimacy of this Nicholas which his descendant, the claimant of the peerage in 1813, had to establish.

The claim of Nicholas, who used the title of Earl of Banbury throughout his life, to a seat in the House of Peers, was first agitated in 1661. The Committee of Privileges, to whom the matter had been referred, finding that Nicholas was born in the lifetime of the Earl, and at a period when the husband was not only within the realm, but living amicably with his wife, felt themselves bound to report that 'Nicholas was, in the eye of the law, son to William late Earl of Banbury.' The committee came twice to the same conclusion, and the House, fully persuaded, as is evident, both of the validity of his claim at law, and that he was not in fact the son of the Earl of Banbury, proceeded to declare him illegitimate by special Act of Parliament. A bill for this purpose was read a first time, but dropped, from what cause is not known. No writ, however, was ever sent to him.

This Nicholas, whom it was thought necessary in 1661 to bastardize by an Act of Parliament, was pronounced illegitimate in 1813 by the law of the land.

That this decision was in accordance with the law, as understood at the period of the first agitation of the claim, will hardly, we think, admit of argument. It may be said, however, that the courts

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courts were at this period under the dominion of a barbarous maxim, which has since been overruled, and which cannot now be regarded, because, by the very theory of our common law, an error which it thus rejects is pronounced *never to have been the law.*

The more important questions remain, how far the judgment in this case comported with the law, as understood at the time it was pronounced, and also how far it was a prudent decision. They who contend for its propriety, in both respects, might argue, we conceive, in the following manner:—

That the early text-writers, such as Bracton and Britton, although they require very cogent proof of the child not being the husband's, have nowhere laid down that distinct line between *impossibility* and a high degree of *improbability*, which some modern lawyers have drawn;—that this line cannot be discovered in the earlier reports, which are fluctuating and contradictory, until the maxim of the 'four seas' becomes authoritative;—that it is fair to presume that this principle of *impossibility* was the result of that maxim of law, and not that this maxim was a rule of evidence superinduced to point out the manner in which such impossibility was to be demonstrated;—that, therefore, on the expulsion of that maxim from the court, the stern rule of a required impossibility was banished with it, and the law reverted to its originally free and unfettered condition:—

That the Banbury Peerage case presents us with a combination of moral and physical evidence sufficient to satisfy the minds of any twelve, or two hundred men, that the child was not the husband's;—that a line more rigid than this, if there is to be such a thing as adulterine bastardy, cannot reasonably be drawn;—that this case does not sanction any balance of probabilities between the husband and an adulterer, but, taking the husband's case by itself, requires proof, beyond all rational doubt, that the child was not his;—that it would be an intolerable absurdity in the law to proclaim any relief whatever to the husband from the fruit of an adulterous intercourse, if it still fixed the burden on him upon the ground of some bare possibility in *rerum naturâ*—of some far-fetched presumption utterly remote from all human credence:—

That the bare possibility overruled in the case of *Goodright* v. *Saul* was quite as strong—quite as probable—as that which was disregarded in the *Banbury Peerage;* the old age of the husband, in the latter instance, being as near an approach to impotency, as were the circumstances proved in the former to an utter and continuous absence:—

That the importance of having a fixed and steady rule upon this subject is readily admitted, but this certainly is not to be obtained

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tained at the expense of reason and of human feelings;—that even the facts from which *impossibility* of matrimonial intercourse is to be inferred must be proved by evidence which may or may not be sufficient;—that the only method of escaping from uncertainty, is to pronounce every child born in marriage to be unquestionably legitimate: a measure which would, however, incur the necessity of facilitating divorces, for the state of matrimony must by no means be made more onerous than it is:—

That this case, it must always be borne in mind, has not decided that concealment of the child is alone a proof of illegitimacy —or the old age of the husband—or the child's having gone by the name of the supposed adulterer—or the speedy marriage with that adulterer after the death of the husband—or that any one of these facts is sufficient testimony of itself to bastardize an offspring; but that all of them taken together form such a body of overwhelming evidence as it would be irrational to neglect, in favour of some imagined possibility which remains after all, but which cannot for a moment affect human belief.

To this reasoning we may oppose the following:—*That* the law of England never professed to bastardize, in all cases, the issue of an adulterous intercourse, however convincingly proved to be such: that it invented an express and peculiar title (that of *mulier*) for those whom it acknowledged to be improperly begotten, but to whom it nevertheless resolved to preserve the municipal rights of legitimacy: that whatever obscurity or contradiction may be found in the earlier reports, (much of which confusion results from its not being always known in what court the case was decided,) this plain and undeniable fact demonstrates the temper and principles of our law in those remote times, before the maxim of the 'four seas' was invested with judicial authority:—

That, therefore, this maxim being removed, we fall back upon a state of law, not quite so rigidly definite as some perhaps have represented, or as modern jurists have promulgated for their own times, but upon a law which, while it allowed itself in some most palpable cases to pronounce a sentence of bastardy on the issue of a married woman—never proclaimed relief to injured husbands in proportion as they might morally deserve it—never contemplated that the presumption on which it acted would always carry with it the belief of mankind—never even manifested an anxiety to arrive at the real truth of the paternity of a child, but avoided, as much as possible, all approach to so delicate and perilous an inquiry:—

That since the maxim of the 'four seas' has been exploded, in no one case, with the exception of *Goodright v. Saul*, has the issue

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issue of a married woman been declared illegitimate but upon impossibility proved that the husband could have been the father: that the principles on which that case was decided have been flatly controverted by subsequent decisions, where the most convincing testimony has been set aside in favour of a legal presumption arising from a bare possibility: that the case of *Goodright* v. *Saul* was an exception, and ought to have been avoided: that the Banbury Peerage case proceeds still further than its faulty precedent, inasmuch as it is a more hazardous and delicate experiment to draw an inference from the age or conduct of parties, than to found a presumption on evidence not quite complete of the locality of an individual:—

That the admission of this principle of a *high degree of improbability* will infallibly introduce a great uncertainty and a multiplication of suits, there being no measure for a degree of improbability: that, according to the old rule, the circumstances on proof of which the case depended were necessarily few, capable of very distinct evidence, and leading to an indubitable inference; while, according to this new rule, the facts which will be received in evidence are of all descriptions, will oftentimes admit of but scanty proof, and, what is still more worthy of consideration, will often be of such a nature as to yield to different minds different conclusions, according to the opinions they have formed of the proportionate strength of human motives:—

That to fix the burden of a spurious offspring on the injured husband, however repugnant to human feelings, is an unfortunate result which must befall according to either rule of law, because no party has proposed to balance probabilities between the husband or the adulterer, and therefore no party can offer relief to the husband in those cases where the wound is most poignant—where he has been living amicably with his wife:—

That to proclaim the husband free from all charge of paternity if he can satisfactorily prove that he, at all events, was not the father of the child, would be to relieve only the least deserving class of husbands: that it would be a law of ill policy, relaxing the bonds of matrimony—granting indirectly a bill of divorce to all who chose to separate—and entailing an injury upon the children, who would be thus born deprived of their natural claim to protection and support: that, to conclude, the old rule which required proof of the impossibility of the husband's being the father of the child was better law and better policy—better for the courts of justice, and better for the people at large.

We shall terminate these remarks by quoting, which we wish we could have done more frequently, the energetic language of Sir Harris Nicolas. It is thus that he concludes his labours:—

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'The law of adulterine bastardy has thus, it appears, undergone two important changes, without the intervention of any act of the legislature; and the principle of *certainty*, upon which it formerly proceeded, and which the great lawyers of past ages considered it sound wisdom to uphold, no longer exists. Until the year 1717 that principle was so rigidly acted upon, that a child born in wedlock could not be bastardized unless the parties were separated by a sentence of divorce, by evidence of the husband's *impotency*, or of his *absence from the realm* when it was begotten. But as reason and common sense showed that it might be as *impossible* physically and morally, in many cases, for the husband to have begotten the child as if he had been beyond the seas, the maxim of the "quatuor maria" fell into desuetude. Had the alteration rested here, and had the courts continued to demand conclusive and irresistible evidence of the *impossibility* of the husband's being the father, and always presumed sexual intercourse to have taken place, whenever the local situation of the parties rendered it possible, the confusion and contradiction which have since prevailed would have been avoided.

'The next and most important innovation was to allow the presumption of sexual intercourse to be rebutted by whatever evidence a court or jury may consider sufficient to prove that it did not take place, at a time when, if it had occurred, the person whose status is in dispute might have been the fruit of such intercourse; and which, to judge from recent decisions, is *now the law on the subject*. . . . .

'By the law as it is now understood, the *possibility*, not to say *probability*, of such intercourse may give way to any circumstances which a jury may think sufficient to prove that it did not take place. The effect of this alteration in the law is to produce a state of inevitable confusion and contradiction, not only in the verdicts of juries, but even in the rules laid down by judges for their guidance. Of this remark the case of *Morris* and *Davis* is a striking illustration. Two juries came to an immediately opposite conclusion upon nearly the same evidence; and a third jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. The law, as it was stated by one of the judges, does not coincide with the opinion of the other, whilst the judgment of one of the most learned persons that ever presided in a court of justice, to whose decision the case was left for the purpose of avoiding the expense of a fourth trial, is to be the subject of an appeal to the House of Lords! Although judges have in recent times occasionally differed in their views respecting the law of adulterine bastardy, they have always agreed that the evidence must exclude probabilities! Except in cases of physical incapacity or separation, the proof that a husband did not have nuptial intercourse with his wife can rarely, if ever, consist of any other evidence than a variety of circumstances, which, when considered with relation to each other, and to the usual feelings which actuate mankind, may raise such a presumption; but the process of arriving at that conclusion is little else than a "balance of probabilities!"

'If these observations be well founded, they teach that there is no other certain principle, no other method of preventing litigation upon points which involve the most sacred feelings, as well as the property of society,

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society, than to adhere steadfastly and inflexibly to a rule which has been sanctioned by the wisdom and usages of centuries, of not allowing a child born in marriage to be bastardized, except upon conclusive and irresistible evidence as a *matter of fact* that the husband *could not by any possibility have begotten it.* . . . . .

'When the courts will again adopt and adhere to that "plain, sensible maxim" is perhaps doubtful; but it is confidently submitted, that human wisdom has not yet discovered any rule of law on the subject which has produced more practical benefit to morals, or tended so much to the interests, security, and repose of society.'—p. 280.

ART. IV.—*El Teatro Español, ó Coleccion de Dramas escogidas de Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Moreto, Roxas, Solis, y Moratin; precedida de una breve noticia de la escena Española y de los autores que la han illustrado.* 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1817, 1820.

THE history of the rise, progress, and decline of the Spanish theatre must always deserve the attention of every lover of the drama, as it is the rich source from whence the modern stage of Europe first sprung, and to which it has been indebted for very much of its present excellence. It is evident that theatrical exhibitions formed no part of Iberian, Phœnician, or Carthaginian manners;—nor were they introduced into the Peninsula until the age of the Roman Emperors; for when Nero* sent a courier to Cadiz, to offer thanks to the tutelar Hercules for his success at the Olympic Games, the Gaditanians imagined that he had been victorious in battle, being utterly unacquainted with public representations. The extensive ruins of theatres at Merida and Saguntum are sufficient evidence that dramatic spectacles were subsequently exhibited in the Peninsula with Roman magnificence. The *début* of Thalia on the Spanish boards was, however, at an unfavourable moment, when her language had degenerated into indecency and immorality, and far unlike the early tragedy of Greece, which in the hands of Sophocles and Euripides was the vehicle of moral instruction; stately and dignified, speaking the language of heroes, and maintaining the sacred cause of religion, on which it was founded. The license of Aristophanes, and the pantomimic obscenities of Anaxandrides, had lowered this lofty character; but it was degraded to the utmost by the Romans, who, spoilt by conquest, corrupted by peace and luxury, devoid of the elegance of Grecian taste, and biassed by their practical prin-

* Philostratus in vit. Apol. Tyan. lib. v. c. 3.

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ciples, preferred a grosser quality of amusement to the higher gratification of tragedy, which, strictly speaking, they never possessed. They ever appear to have carried out into coarseness, and into extreme excess, whatever pleasures they imported from the Greeks, who were voluptuaries of a far more refined character. Their degenerated stage, and those who professed it, were soon involved in common disrepute, and made subject to legal disadvantages. The severe enactments commenced by Tiberius and completed under Theodosian were powerfully seconded by the Christian clergy, whose rites were ridiculed by Pagan actors, and whose sincere piety was shocked by the licentious representations of comedy, which, in the words of Salvien,* could not be mentioned without pollution, while incest, parricide, and other black crimes, were reserved for tragedy. That such was the drama, when introduced into Spain, we may collect from the denunciations of St. Isidore,† which are as indignant as the reproaches of Lactantius. Christians were exhorted to abhor this invention of Apollo and Mercury as much as they denied the divinity of the authors; 'quod spectaculum odisse debes, Christiane, quorum odisti auctores.' The Gothic monarchs, controlled by their prelates, re-enacted the severe provisions of the Roman code. In the fourth century no actors were admitted into the communion of Spanish Christians unless they first renounced their disgraceful profession. In the eighth century‡ no person who had ever appeared on the stage could be admitted into holy orders, or suffered to handle the consecrated utensils. In a similar feeling the priests of Rome attributed the defeat of Varro, at Cannæ, to the circumstance of an actor having meddled with the exuviæ at a sacrifice to Juno. These laws were continued§ by Alonzo the Wise, the Spanish Justinian, and followed up by all succeeding monarchs of Castille. In after-times, the clergy of Spain set their faces against theatrical exhibitions, which they were not permitted to behold, and which clashed with their own pantomimic 'Mysteries.'

These religious shows, which eventually led the way to the restoration of the legitimate drama, were devised by the Greek church about the tenth century, partly with a view of correcting the vicious stage, and partly to the rendering this powerful organ of popular instruction an appendage to the devotion of the age. As little history was then known beyond that of religious subjects, those exactly were selected which a more enlightened age would

* Salvien de Prov. Dei, lib. v.; de Vero Jud. lib. vi.

† S. Isidori, Etym. lib. xviii. 46, de Comœdis; Doct. et Fid. 28.

‡ Concil. Illib. Canon. 62.

§ Siete Partidas, p. 2. tit. 6. 34; Origen, Epocas y progresos del teatro Español—por Manuel Garcia, p. 20.

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have rejected, as impossible to be treated with adequate dignity and decorum; such sentiments were not in the spirit of that period; the dramatizing matters of faith was quite consistent with a religion essentially dramatic and materializing, fond of appealing to the senses rather than to the understanding; a religion of symbols and allegories, of pomp, show, and music,—that gorgeous ritual so congenial to southern nations. The rise and early progress of such spiritual dramas are ably sketched in the recent History of the English Theatre, by Mr. Collier; and we refer the reader to our article on his book in the 46th volume of this Journal. These *mysteries* were soon spread far and wide by pilgrims, who enacted the miracles of their favourite saints; a vagrant company that, in the words of Boileau,

> ' —sottement zelée, en sa simplicité,
> Joua les Saints, La Vierge, et Dieu, par piété'—

representations which afforded consolation to the devout, and a pretext for revelling to the dissolute. These rude performances formed the beginning of modern drama, in the same manner as the metrical recitations in the Greek villages κατα κωμας proved the origin of ancient comedy. A broad distinction was soon made between the performers of these mysteries and profane actors. Somewhat of this kind had previously existed among the Romans, between the performers of the Fabellæ Atellanæ* and those of the ordinary stage. The churches were soon converted into theatres, the Bible travestied, and degraded into a farce, and, what was as great an evil, the simultaneous representation of incidents from Holy Writ and apocryphal and monkish legends, performed by ecclesiastics, necessarily induced a people unable to read, and whose only means of instruction were derived from these very actors (in their pastoral capacity) to attach the same importance to the forgeries of man as to the word of God, to confound, and be unable to distinguish the one from the other. This tampering with the standard of faith has laid the foundation of that extraordinary admixture of truth and falsehood, the sublime and the ridiculous, which has prevailed to a greater extent, and has lasted much longer in Spain than in other Roman Catholic countries. The Reformation, which gave the four Gospels to the people, the surest antidote to fallacy, swept away from England these mysteries. The last ever performed here was the Passion of Christ, got up at Ely House, in Holborn, on a Good Friday, before Gondomar, the ambassador from Spain to James I. The Italians, less isolated from the world than the Spaniards, and ever prone to laugh at their church, whose errors and scandals were more

* Tit. Livius, l. vii. c. 2.

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immediately under their observation, soon perceived the ridicule of exhibitions no longer adapted to the intelligence of mankind; they were gradually discontinued, and became curiosities for inquisitive travellers. Thus Spence, in his Anecdotes (p. 397), describes one which he beheld at Turin, 'where a damned female soul, in a gown of flame-coloured satin,' entreats, as a favour, to be handed over to the fires of purgatory, for only as many years as there are drops of water in the ocean. About the year 1540, the monks of San Felipe Neri del Oratorio, at Rome, invented a musical variety of *Mysterie*, which was more in harmony with Italian taste. These have held their ground in Protestant England, where, if the Messiah or Creation be no longer acted during Lent, they are at least duly sung and fiddled. The original mysteries, however, still continue deeply rooted in Spain, that store-house of old customs, and are produced in Seville, at Easter and Christmas, to overflowing audiences. They form the common resort of all idle gossips, as similar exhibitions, in the time of Chaucer, had done to our forefathers; the old and young gaze with delight at the Creation of the world—attend with imperturbable gravity to long abstract polemical discussions between Satan and the archangels—and roar with laughter at the Andalusian costumes and provincialisms of the rustic shepherds at the Nativity. The dramatis personæ consist of puppets, which are moved by wires, by a spokesman behind the scenes; the spectators listen without the least intention of offering any insult to the Deity; their *bonne foi* is so sincere that they are unconscious of the absurdity of the scene. Foreigners sneer at their deplorable ignorance; yet scarcely a century has elapsed since Mr. Powell advertised 'a Susannah with a new pair of Elders'—(Spectator, March 16, 1711)—a lady who doubtless was far less objectionable, either in intention or appearance, than the flesh-coloured undress of Madame Begrand, which delighted the tasteful Parisians some twenty years ago. To those who have looked into our early mysteries of Chester and Coventry these Spanish spectacles are still interesting, and will command some respect from all who have any relish for the lucubrations of Warton, Hawkins, Douce, Markland, and Collier.

The most eminent* Spanish authors were occupied in the composition of the different branches of 'mysteries,' which were denominated *autos*, *loas*, and *entremeses*,—the *representazione*,

* Compare Bouterwek, 'History of Spanish Literature,' by Ross, v. i. 213; Sismondi, 'De la Literature du Midi,' v. viii. c. 30; see the collection of 'Autos Sacramentales y al nacimiento de Christo con sus loas, y entremeses,' Juan Fernandez, Madrid, 1675; 'Noche buena y auto al nacimiento,' Cosmo Gomez Texada, Madrid, 1661.

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laudas, and *intermedie* of the Italians. The 'auto sacramental' was a name given in the fifteenth century to a sacred dialogue recited by the choristers of the cathedral of Toledo,

'Comedia a gloria y honor del Pan.'—

not in honour of the Pagan Pan, but of the sacramental bread. 'Comedia,' as in the instance of the Comedia Divina of Dante, had originally a much more extensive signification than the present limited term, 'Comedy.' The *loas* were a sort of prelude or prologue. The *entremeses* were interludes; these dramatic 'entremets' of a more lively character, to which Cervantes first gave a literary form, were introduced to relieve the monotony of a religious mystery, which began to be felt when compared to the more relishing entertainments of the common theatre. The subjects selected at Easter referred to the passion of our Saviour, those for Christmas to his nativity. The latter, under the name of *nacimientos* (the *presepi* of the Italians), are kept up universally in Spain in the chapels of the convents, and among the middling and lower orders, on whom popular customs make the deepest impressions, and the last to be eradicated. The localities are correctly observed; the grottoes, rocks, trees, and manger, the angels, shepherds, and their flocks, are made of terra cotta, and painted; the whole scene is lighted up at night, and is visited by the devout and curious. In private families the arrangement of the nacimientos is becoming a plaything for the younger branches.

To return to the early Spanish mysteries: they were distinguished by Alonzo the Wise* from the 'juglarescas desaposturas,' the Fescennine verses of the troubadour minstrels of Provence, who in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries introduced into Catalonia and Arragon the 'gaie science,' which has always flourished most when nearest to the Pyrenees. The celebrated patron of literature, Enrique de Villena,† whose books at his death were burnt as magical by a monk of Salamanca, induced his cousin, the king, to witness in the free town of Zaragosa the first allegorical comedy ever performed in Spain; and by degrees, under the fostering influence of royal patronage, the infant drama crept down into the stern priest-ruled plains of Castille. In 1474, a play composed by Juan de la Encina was performed before Isabella and her husband Ferdinand of Arragon. The conquest of Granada, which in 1492 left Spain without a domestic enemy, was favourable to the growth of the drama, which has always thriven in the piping times of peace. It took root in Italy after the conquest of Greece, in old Spain at the termination of the civil wars of Rome, in modern Spain after the final defeat of the Moors.

* Siete Partidas, P. i. tit. 6, 34.

† Garcia, Epocas y progresos, 259.

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It had no sooner been launched fairly into existence than the 'erudite party*,' who were better acquainted with the tastes and manners of the ancients than with those of their own countrymen, and who lived at a time when scholars were studying to learn how the Greeks and Romans wrote and thought, rather than to write and think themselves, made an early attempt to 'call antiquity from the old schools of Greece,' and to introduce the unities and the classic form of the drama. Cervantes himself (whose own opinions are expressed by the canon of Toledo) regretted that intelligent censors had not been appointed to check the irregular growth of the national stage; for his ignorant countrymen, hostile to foreign interference and impatient of rule or discipline, had decided the question (very much to their credit) in favour of what they understood, and what they were entertained by. The drama, despised in consequence by the learned, and unbefriended by the clergy (in general the great patrons of art in Spain), fought its usual way, like an unpatronized *parvenu,* by sheer merit; and, if the least classical, certainly was the most original, national, and independent of any in Europe.

Although *the church* was so bitterly histriomastrix, yet the first theatres at Madrid were the property of religious confraternities, and the earliest dramatists were *ecclesiastics;* many of whom, like Geronimo Gabriel Tellez, wrote under assumed names. The earliest regular plays were composed by Bartolomé Torres Naharro, a clergyman of Estremadura. They were written in Italy, and acted at Naples, then under the Spanish dominion. He was followed by Lope de Rueda,† originally a gold-beater at Seville, and afterwards a comic actor and author of first-rate talent; Cervantes, in his interesting preface to his own comedies, speaks of the 'Great Lope de Rueda,' and his forcible acting. He describes the beggarly state of the scenic costume, when the dresses and beards of the whole company were kept in one bag. The management of these properties, the orchestra, and decorations, were improved by another author-actor, Naharro of Toledo, who must not be confounded with Torres Naharro; the bag of Rueda was then exchanged for sundry trunks. Naharro excelled in low comic characters, which he wrote for himself. These authors were succeeded by Cervantes;—this most dramatic of novelists failed in the drama, as his taste approached too nearly to the antique theatre to be successful in Spain; in fact, his Numantia,

* Bouterwek, v. i. 279.

† Lope de Rueda was the Theocritus of Spain. Pastoral poetry, as well as the beauties of nature, have little charms for Spaniards. Lope de Vega remarked, 'el uso de España ya no admite a las rusticas bucolicas;'—Pellicer—Tratado Historico del Histrionismo en España, vol, ii. 79.

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and Trato de Argel, have been compared to the Persæ and Prometheus. This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired, as Walter Scott did before Byron, to immortalize himself by his novels. Lope de Vega (of whom more hereafter) was imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon, and the soft harmonious Guillen de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks, Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Ford among the English. They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. Of their successors few are deserving of mention, besides Moratin, that witty Andalusian, the Molière of Spain—and in our times Martinez de la Rosa, a neatish author, for whose credit and happiness it would have been better, had he never wandered from the flowery paths of comedy, to play a leading part in that awful scene of real life, the bloody tragedy of Spanish Tragalism.

The truest picture of Spanish men and manners, during the important reigns of the three Philips, is to be found in these dramatists, who never could have attained a position sufficiently protected from clerical ill-will, without the powerful patronage, direct and indirect, of the sovereigns, who, however ready to use the church as an instrument to inculcate obedience in their people, seldom tolerated any vexatious interference with their own views or pleasures. Even the bigoted Philip II., when called upon to suppress the stage, referred the question to the universities of Salamancà and Placencia, who rejected the petition; having, no doubt, received a secret direction to that effect from the king, who found, in the low buffooneries of his polichinello Ganaza, a solace ever congenial to chilly, unsocial pride, which, as it can entertain no equal, has no friend, and must be flattered by low company. But, whatever may have been his faults, Philip II. was at least a constant and accomplished patron of all the fine arts. His grandson, Philip IV., an extravagant man of pleasure, set at nought the Cassandra prophecies of his confessor, who connected the downfal of the monarchy with the elevation of the stage. Surrounded with disgrace abroad and distress at home, he passed his inglorious days in the arms of actresses, and in the purlieus of the theatre. He built a private playhouse in his palace, and is said to have composed a play entitled 'El Conde de Sex.' There is no royal road to the drama. It was consigned to the same fate as the Œdipus* of Julius Cæsar, and from which, as Augustus good-humouredly observed, the sponge alone had rescued his own Ajax.† This, the golden age of the drama, was

* Sueton. in Vit. Jul. Cæs. s. 56. † Sueton. in Vit. Oct. Aug. c. 86.

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the leaden and lowest epoch of Spanish history. The son of Philip IV., the imbecile Charles II., handed over to the foreigner the ruins of the monarchy.

The succession of the house of Bourbon, favourable to the cause of the drama generally, proved fatal to the national theatre of Spain. A flood of French fashions, doctrines, and innovations, poured over the affrighted and astonished Pyrenees.* 'Il arrive de France,' writes Jonville to Torcy, 'une infinité de femmes perdues, de gens de sac et corde sans aveu, banqueroutiers, fripons, têtes sans cervelle:' among the latter came bands of critics, who laid down the law for writing plays for others, which they were unable to write themselves—dull 'La Harpes,' who presumed to attune the lyre of Thalia, which they wanted force to strike. Lope de Vega was termed a traitor to the divine unities—Calderon was held to be a barbarian, and ignorant of his own art. A French puppy, attached to the mission of Maréchal Grammont, in 1659, details an interview† with the veteran, grey-headed Calderon, a few years previously:—'A sa conversation,' (he writes,) 'je vis bien qu'il ne savoit pas grande chose, quoiqu'il etoit déjà tout blanc; nous disputâmes un peu sur les règles de la dramatique, qu'ils ne connoissent point en ce pays là, et dont ils se moquent.'

As the genuine drama declined, 'car le dégoût du beau amene le goût du singulier,' a new anomaly was introduced by Philip V., who in his declining age employed Farinelli (the immortalized by Hogarth) to administer unto him those sweet notes of comfort with which David had soothed the troubled spirit of Saul. This modern Orpheus, not content with extracting the royal brains of the father through his Midas ears, performed the same operation, with extended success, on his son Ferdinand VI., and on Barbara his queen. Her princely soul was engrossed by two noble affections, a love for the Italian church and for the Italian opera: she ruled her weak husband, and Farinelli ruled her. He was the musical saint of this *fanatica per la musica;* he was her *primo donno,* and her husband's prime minister; he regulated the weighty concerns of the orchestra, and the lighter labours of the council of Castille. The clergy were reconciled to this royal amusement of sounds, this *vox et præterea nihil.* It was a sort of castrated edition of Lope de Vega, as innocuous and insipid as the family Shakspeares of those accomplished operators Messrs. Bowdler and Plumptree. The people listened coldly to these artificial delights of their French rulers, to warblings far above the comprehension of a Spanish ear, and most unlike both in matter and melody to aught ever written or sung by black-whiskered Spaniard, who thought, like La

* Lord Mahon's War of Succession, i. 27.

† Journal du Voyage d'Espagne, p. 171.

Bruyère,

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Bruyère, 'Je ne scais pas comment l'Opera, avec une musique si parfaite, et une dépense toute royale, a pu réussir à m'ennuyer.' This buskin administration was kicked out by his successor Charles III., for such is the sad condition of despotic governments, where the wisest regulations are only of life-tenure—during the reign of the actual monarch, 'the happy accident,' as Alexander defined himself to Madame de Stael. Charles, who came from Naples, and knew what Italian singers were, turned a leathern ear to his musical wife; he rejected her intercession with the polite remark, 'los capones son buenos sobre la mesa.'* His passion was the chase, 'image of war without the guilt' or danger. The theatres were all closed, except those of Cadiz, Barcelona, and Madrid. At his decease, the profligate wife of his son Charles IV., removed the moral restrictions of her severe father-in-law, under which she had pined; she prepared the way, by the utter degradation of the throne, for the French invasion, and for all those recent political melodrames of folly, falsehood, and cruelty, which, unsettling everything else, have tended to settle the long-disputed struggle between the stage and the pulpit, as far as the existence of *the former* is concerned; although it will probably be some time before the theatre becomes a popular amusement in Spain, or those who make it their profession will be admitted within the pale of social relations.

The opposition of the clergy, although apparently checked, had still operated with a powerful under-current. The patronage of Philip IV. did not extend beyond his court and capital. The priesthood in the provinces never failed to take advantage of any hurricane or epidemic, to renew the crusade and draw a sanitary cordon round the house of Satan. Thus,† in 1677 Don Thyrso Gonzalez succeeded on the approach of plague in preaching his majesty's servants off the boards of Seville; perhaps to mark his difference from the Pagan priests of Rome,‡ who had first introduced the Ludi Scenici on the exactly contrary principle, to divert a pestilence. The annals of Seville abound with similar instances of clerical interference. Thus the theatre was shut up in 1800 and again in 1809. Before the French occupation, the confessors exacted a promise from the devout that they would not even pass through the street in which it was situated. Mendicant friars (the most fanatical of their genus) placed themselves as sentinels at the doors of the dangerous pit. Shortly after the downfal of the 'Sistema' in 1823, the theatre at Cordova was closed because the nuns of the opposite convent

* Baretti's Travels in Spain.—Vol. iii. p. 132.
† Annales Ecclesiasticos de Sevilla, 1748. Prologo y prim. ap.
‡ Tit. Livius, lib. 7, c. 2.

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saw the devil, a light-footed Asmodeus, dancing a fandango on the roof. The Andalusians have long inherited this peculiar association between devil and actor; in the reign of Nero, when a Roman Roscius came to Seville (as Charles Kemble might go to New York), the simple spectators, not so wise as the fox in the fable, were so terrified at his mask, that they fled as if thunderstruck by some demon.* The early laws still operate against the Spanish actor: he is not allowed to wear embroidered dresses, nor permitted to assume the 'Don,' the cherished title of gentility of all classes in Spain.† These legal and social disabilities, in a country where loss of caste is so sorely felt, prevent all who have other means of subsistence from entering into a profession by which they feel self-degraded, and Spain has never produced any great performer worthy to rank with a Garrick, or a Talma, whose overpowering talent could have broken down the cruel barrier of conventional exclusion. They appear to have felt this keenly, for the actors and actresses, like the kings of Castille, have frequently retired from the busy stage into a convent, the victims of 'el desengaño,' that disenchantment of life so peculiar to Spanish temperament; and in their case increased by conscientious compunctions, infamy of career, and possibly by diminution of former applause;

'En las sopas y amores,
Los primeros son mejores.'

The ladies so frequently sinned, sorrowed, and relapsed, that it was a remark among the sage, 'que las Mugeres eran diablos de poco arrepentimiento.' However, the exits of two of the most celebrated were very exemplary; La Calderona, the mistress of Philip IV., and mother to Don John of Austria, died the abbess of a monastery:

'Un Fraile y una Corona,
Un Duque y un Cartalista,
Anduvieron en la lista
De la bella Calderona;—

and the fascinating Maria Baltazara expired in a hermitage near Carthagena, with the reputation of sanctity. The laudable example of these ladies was imitated by Sebastian del Prado (so excellent an actor as to have been sent to Louis XIV. at Paris), who became and died a monk. As there is a full account of these worthies in the second volume of the work of Pellicer,‡

* Philostratus in Vit. Apoll. Tyan. Lib. 5, c. 2.

† Until the reign of Philip IV. the children of an Hidalgo by a wife who had been an actress were held to be illegitimate, and could not inherit real property: by the old Roman laws, Senators were absolutely prohibited from forming such alliances.

‡ Tratado historico de la Comedia y del Histrionismo de España. Madrid, 1804;—an excellent little work, written by the son of the best editor of Don Quixote.

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it will be sufficient to remark that Cosme de Oviedo was the inventor of play-bills; that Francisco Lopez died in 1667, like Molière and Palmer, on the stage; and that 'el viage entretenido,' one of the drollest specimens of Spanish doggrel, was written by Agostino Roxas, whose life on the boards and off seems to have been the personification of the *vida picaresca.*

The character of the Spanish stage, of which they were the ornaments, will be best understood by some examination of the compositions of Lope de Vega, which are better known by reputation than from the actual perusal. They are, moreover, so Arch-Spanish, that, although frequently stolen from by foreigners, they have never been translated. Lope de Vega, 'the star and phœnix of Spain,' 'the prodigy of nature,' &c. &c. &c., was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562. His father was a poet, and Vega, the family name, is one illustrious in the annals of arms and verse. Lope, with that weakness from which the greatest are not exempt, was very proud of the nineteen towers in his armorial bearings; he caused them to be engraved under his portrait, which furnished to the sarcastic Gongora the subject of a stinging epigram. The term Vega is applied by Spaniards to their delicious alluvial valleys, such as those of Granada and Valentia. Lope thus alludes to it in an answer to his critics—

> 'Audax dum Vegæ rumpit scarabæus in hortos,
> Fragrantis periit victus odore rosæ.'

The hereditary turn for poetry broke forth at the age of five: he dictated verses before he could write, and of some merit, for his schoolfellows received them in exchange for their toys. In after life, neither his own pen, nor that of his amanuensis, was ever able to keep pace with the rapidity of his ideas. In his youth he was patronized by the great Duke of Alva, who, like the *grand* Condé, in literary leisure and in the refreshing pleasures of his beautiful gardens, shook off the withering, polluting influence of power and politics, and forgot that fearful career from which (though he entered upon it *with tears*) stern duty to his Church and King had forbidden him to shrink. Lope, it is said, was so afflicted by the death* of his wife, that he embarked with the Invincible Armada, and returned ingloriously to Spain, more like Horace from Philippi, than his namesake Garcilazo de la Vega, one of the few poets ever killed in battle. If the loss of his first wife did not drive him into a battle, the death of his second drove him into a convent. Lope, during his life, was courted and flattered by

* So say all his biographers. The widower tells another tale, that it was banishment by his *new* mistress, when he made use of his sonnets for gun wadding.

> Volando en tacos del cañon violento
> Los Papeles de Filis con el viento.—*Eliza y Claudio.*

princes

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princes and prelates, and loaded with wealth and honours. Of a vain, careless disposition, of expensive, improvident habits, he was poor when gold was heaped upon him, discontented when the idol of the public and his very name, 'a Lope,' become synonymous with perfection—an admirable Crichton. This advocate for bigotry, this dramatist of intrigue, for he was all by turns, in later life became a Franciscan, nay, a familiar of the Inquisition, and was made a Doctor of Theology by Urban VIII. He then fell into that state of morbid melancholy, 'una continua passion melancolica,' so frequently attendant on poetical temperament. His death was hastened by self-inflicted flagellation; the walls of his room being spattered with his blood. He died with tranquillity on the 26th of May, 1635, in the 63rd year of his age, and was buried by his patron, the Duke of Sessa, in the church of San Sebastian, with such extraordinary magnificence, that an old woman meeting the procession, without knowing whose it was, exclaimed in the phrase of the day, 'That is a Lope funeral;'—while the clergy, who (until he had taken orders) had railed against him as the disgrace and pestilence of the age, asserted in their funeral panegyrics; that his writings were as superior to those of Horace and Virgil as his Catholicism was to their Paganism.*

Lope was a true and thorough Spaniard in thought, word, deed, character, national and religious prejudices. He was in complete sympathy with those whose favour he had to gain: he struck the chord of Spanish feelings, and thus obtained such a hold over his congenial countrymen. His unexampled facility of composition was the wonder and boast of his admirers; he was truly, as Cervantes remarked, a monster of literature. The number of his plays is said to have exceeded 2000, of which 500 were printed. His miscellaneous poetical works, alone, fill twenty-one volumes.† The number of his verses is calculated by Garcia to amount to 21,300,000, and to cover 133,225 sheets of paper. This is 'too bad' a specimen of Castillian exaggeration; for at that rate he must have written, during fifty years, some 500 verses a-day, and a comedy a-week; and all according to his flatterers as good as they were numerous. Certainly, if quantity rather than quality be the criterion of poetical merit, Lope is the greatest of bards; but, like Luca Giordano at the Escurial, Lope was only a corruptor of his art by this *fa presto*, this *stans pede in uno*, rapidity.

* Fama Postuma. La vida y muerte del Doctor Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio; por Juan Perez Montalvan. Madrid, 1636. See pp. 6. 9, 14. He was his personal friend.

† The Obras Sueltas of Lope were collected by Sancha, and published at Madrid in 1776. An utter want of encouragement deterred him from a publication of a complete edition of his plays. The original editions are become very scarce. They would amount to twenty-five volumes.

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It was well imagined by the Fray Jayme de Rebulloso, in granting a licence to the publication of the Hermosura de Angelica, to pray that God might inspire Lope to write an auto on the Eleven Thousand Virgin Martyrs of Cologne (who we are proud to say all came from England). This facility of Lope arose much from his use of the octosyllabic metre, which tends to prodigality of verse, as in the case of more than one genius in our own time; also to his licence, latitude, and extraordinary mixture of all subjects, tone, matter, and his utter defiance of all rule, system, fact, chronology, or literary check. In every other branch except the drama Lope was a feeble imitator of others; a versifier rather than a true poet. His epics, pastorals, and novels have been pronounced by the most competent critics of all nations to be absurd, tedious, and extravagant, his taste bad, his style inflated, and encumbered with hyperbolical ornament and antithetical trick. This was less offensive in his burlesque, a style again far from difficult, as images generally appropriated to grave subjects, when applied to the mean and absurd, become at once ludicrous by the mere contrast. Many of his terse couplets in his Gatomachia, a Hudibrastic Quixotic Batrachomyomachia, have passed in Spain into proverbs; yet even that popular work is overdone, for Spaniards seldom know when they have had enough of a good thing. In truth, the stage (with which we have now to do) was the real and only arena for the triumphs of Lope. He who, in the other branches of his art, was content to follow, here led the way without a rival. His plays are pronounced by the generous Cervantes to be a rich, inexhaustible magazine, from whence all the world might select whatever suited them best; and certainly the ore was largely extracted by foreigners, who still turned with respectful interest towards the manners, language, and authors of a nation which had so recently exercised a paramount influence over the politics of Europe.* Dryden, as Spence tells us, (p. 14,) assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had got more from these plays than from all the French and Italian authors put together. Lope pointed out the road to excellence to the stranger; to his own countrymen he was an ignis fatuus, who seduced them from truth and nature—'Magistrum respicientes, Naturam ducem sequi desierunt.' He maintained that the principle in writing comedy was that real life was to form the

* Corneille took his Cid, which Voltaire considered as the first pathetic tragedy ever produced in France, from the Mocedades of Guillen de Castro; and, according to those pleasant wags the French, by so doing, immortalized the name of the Spanish Percy, as at all events he did the proverbial historical accuracy of his countrymen, by placing the scene at Seville, at that time, and long afterwards, in the possession of the Moors.

business

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business of the stage, which was to paint the manners and customs of the time being, and to please the lower classes, by whom the theatre was supported. This he might have done from necessity; for like Horace and Ariosto he set no store on the valueless applause of vulgar fools—the 'profanum vulgus'—'il volgo sciocco.' He inscribed under his portrait this admirable legend from Seneca: '*Laudes et injuriæ vulgi in promiscuo habendæ sunt; nec de his dolendum, nec de illis gaudendum.*' In his 'arte de hacer Comedias' he has explained and defended his motives; for, although every page he wrote was directly at variance with the rules of the 'Erudite School', yet such was the deference then paid to scholastic acquirement, that he was obliged to endeavour to conciliate the opinion of the learned by an apology for trampling under his feet what he professed in his real and better judgment to admire. He candidly admits that, when he sat down to write a comedy, he locked up his classics under six keys, that they might not rise up against him; the unities he gives up as hopeless, on the ground that the energetic impatience of a Spaniard expected to have brought before him in two hours the whole events from the first chapter of the book of Genesis till the day of judgment—

'Une ample comédie à cent actes divers,
Et dont la scène est l'univers.'—La Fontaine.

He confesses that, out of four hundred and eighty-three of his best plays, only six were tolerably regular, and which those six are no critics have ever yet been able to determine. He takes as his motto the Ciceronian remark, 'Comœdia est imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis et imago veritatis,' and in confining himself to that lay the secret of his prodigious success during his life, and of his comparative neglect at present. He drew men and life on too narrow a scale; he painted an epoch, a fashion, a government of the most false, cruel, and treacherous policy; of illiberal bigotry—a court the most selfish, profligate, and unprincipled, with no other character but viciousness, and deserving only to be forgotten. He drew a particular character of men, a *variety* rather than the species, a limited, artificial, conventional compound. They have had their day, and Lope, like them, has strutted his hour on the stage and is heard no more, while Shakspeare, who drew mankind, and raised his theatre on the only durable basis, human nature—unchangeable human nature, the same in all times and places, lives in the human heart as immortal as the principle on which his influence is founded.

It may be alleged in his excuse that Spain at that period was not in a moral condition to understand the highest range of theatrical composition. The Spaniards stood in the same relation to the modern

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modern Italians in which the ancient Romans stood to the Greeks, drawing largely from that foreign source for religion, arts, and literature, but never gifted with their delicate perception of the beautiful, or admiration for the sublime. To this negative disqualification was added the positive depressing influence of the Inquisition, and a chilling despotic government, which tended to debase the national character. No species of literature would have been tolerated which could contribute to excite the nobler and more generous passions, to encourage elevated sentiments, a resistance to tyranny, or freedom of thought or conscience. Even had tragedy been encouraged, it would have had few charms for any people so misgoverned, still less for Spaniards, who, like other Oriental nations (for such they are), are not gifted with a nice sense of pity, pathos, or real tenderness, and are certainly not remarkable for a refined taste or delicacy in their passions; and who have never shown any great abstract love of virtue, or detestation of vice or cruelty. Highly refined, elevated sentiments, can only excite sympathy in those generous bosoms which can feel them. They are certainly not implanted by the brutalizing execution of the auto-da-fe, or the sanguinary spectacle of the bull-fight, which smothers the tender emotions of the heart. The language of feigned affliction sounds tame to those whose ears have drunk the mortal shriek of human agony, and whose eyes have gloated on the convulsive struggles of violent death. Again, a people long oppressed seek rather for scenes of joy than of suffering and fear, those ashes mixed with their daily bread: they seek no fictitious grief who have tragedy at home;

'Joy must have sorrow, sorrow must have joy.'—FAUST.

Tragedy, again, which treats of human nature under its noblest forms, and which invests the thoughts and actions of others with an air of superiority, had less charms for the self-love of the proud Spaniard than comedy, which, ever busy with the imperfections and infirmities of our fellow-creatures, tends to gratify the love for ridicule, which is so akin to that of contempt, and is based in triumph over another. Comedy, on the other hand, which did not intermeddle with church or state, afforded a vent for that turn for popular and private satire in which the Spaniards delight, and for pourtraying the style of life so fashionable at that period, the *gusto picaresco* of those profligate novels written by Spaniards* who had served in the Neapolitan and Roman campaigns. Spanish comedy, like them busy and energetic in its progress, brings all before the eyes, being as full of

* Such as Lazarillo de Tormes, by Diego de Mendoza; Las Patrañas, by Juan de Timoneda; Gusman de Alfarache, by Mateo Aleman; Picara Justina, by Mateo Luzan, &c. &c.

action

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action as the tedious stage of France is of dull description and declamation.

Lope de Vega was precisely the man to carry out this feeling of his day. He was unrivalled in the complicacy and ingenuity of his plots, to which everything is sacrificed; plots so intricate that a stranger follows the labyrinth with difficulty, whilst the Spaniard seizes the clue instantaneously. Lope was distinguished for his fancy, harmony, and matchless command of language, a lively, fertile imagination, and an epigrammatic turn of expression. He is not so remarkable for delineation of character as for odd, droll traits, positions, and ludicrous events, which surprise and amuse. His dialogue sparkles with repartee; he possesses entirely the secret of inspiring his audience with a sustained interest and curiosity. He delighted in overcoming difficulties both of language and circumstances; his knowledge of history, as well as of human nature, on a large scale, was limited—and his portraits of men present a melancholy picture of Spanish morality, a tissue of intrigue, and of jealousies arising rather from vanity and pride than real love; an utter indifference attached to adultery and assassination, and to the disgrace of being guilty of the darkest crimes; bad faith in love and politics, unrestrained by laws of morality, and barely so by those of honour or even good taste; a farrago of imbroglios, contrivances, plot, counterplot, adventure, and rendezvous, which no one but a Spaniard could devise or defeat. The success of his compositions was aided by the happy costume of the period; the *capa* and *espada* (the cloak and sword), from whence they took their name —the sword for the encounter, the cloak for the disguise. Comedy was thus most admirably and correctly dressed, when tragedy was barely and inadequately got up. A correctness in theatrical costume in drama founded on foreign subjects required an acquaintance with history and antiquity, an intercourse with other nations, and a degree of wealth, which could not be expected from the Spanish stage at that period.* Such was Lope de Vega, the painter of passing manners and events; whose wit (like that of Ben Jonson) has become comparatively pointless, and whose works slumber on the shelves. Lord Holland,† his able biographer, had only read fifty-six of his plays; the flippant Sismondi, thirty-six; we ourselves can lay claim to no such diligence, and no Spaniard has probably looked into so many as we have perused.

* The opera at Paris, where costume is most carefully studied, one of the most expensive and most frequented spectacles of Europe, is compelled, like the ancient Greek tragedy, to depend upon support from the government.

† It is with pleasure that we refer our reader to the comprehensive account of the life and writings of Lope de Vega by Lord Holland; than whom few persons are more intimately acquainted with Spanish literature. It is the work of a critical scholar and a man of taste.

Such

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Such was the character of the Spanish stage. It has shared in that general decline of dramatic talent which of late years has come over Europe. The standing comedies have given place to melodrame, to light vaudevilles, and farces borrowed chiefly from Paris, which is to Europe now, in theatrical matters, what Madrid was in olden times. These 'Sainetes' have been adapted to the national tastes and manners, and are admirably acted by the Spaniards, for no people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour than all classes in the Peninsula, from the sober, sedate Castillian, to the gay, frivolous Andalusian. In performing these farces they cease to be actors; it appears to be only a part and parcel of their daily life: while they fail entirely in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mouthing and French gesticulation. The principal character in these lighter afterpieces is the 'Gracioso,' who has superseded the 'Introitu,' the clown or rustic, who in the older, less artificial Spanish plays spoke to the audience and explained what was going on—a sort of substitute for the Greek chorus. This 'gracioso,' an actor of the Liston or Keeley stamp, is always on the best terms with the pit, says and does what he likes, interlards the dialogue with his own witticisms, takes advantage of anything of the moment, and is altogether a very amusing and important personage.

It will not be expected that the theatres of Spain, unpatronized by the wealthy, should present either magnificence in structure or splendour in decoration: these are reserved for the convents and churches. The theatres are small, ill-contrived, and badly lighted, meagrely provided with scenery and those gorgeous properties which in England have supplanted Shakspeare. There are only two playhouses at Madrid, both situated in narrow, inconvenient streets, like our Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and like them built on land which once was the property of a religious corporation. These two buildings occupy the identical sites of those erected originally in the reign of Philip II.

As the internal arrangements of the theatres of Europe have been copied from these Spanish models, the preceding remarks would be incomplete without a short account of their original construction and improvements. About the year 1567 some devout personages established a religious association or guild for charitable purposes and the support of a hospital, entitled 'La Cofradia de nuestra Señora de la Soledad:' another institution, almost contemporary, was 'La Cofradia della Sagrada Pasion,' a fellowship of flagellants, whose members alternately held lights, in order that the self-inflicted scourgings, by being seen, might not be evaded. Our Lope would have been a worthy associate of this society. In the year 1572 the sites of the rude theatres of that time

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time were given to these corporations by the Cardinal Espinosa.* The heinousness of tolerating the theatre was salved over by this compromise—the end justified the means: the sick were cured and the needy clothed with the proceeds of this impure source. On the same principle the modern bull-fights contribute largely to the public hospitals. These sites then consisted of two open court-yards—*corrales;* corral is the Spanish term for any farm-house enclosure for cattle, and long continued to be synonymous with a theatre. The representations, like those of Thespis of old, took place by day and in the open air; till the overflowing audiences attracted and the great profits realized by the Polichinello of Gavasa, enabled that enterprising manager, about the year 1574, to cover over his court-yard with an awning, and finally to build up an enclosure with masonry. Thus Lope de Vega and Shakspeare are indebted to Punch for a clear stage, and have repaid the favour by tripping up the heels of their benefactor, and turning him out of his own house into the street.

The new theatre was divided into several parts: the court-yard itself, which was paved and provided with movable benches, was called the Patio—the common name for the open court of the Hispano-Moresco dwellings—the pit, the parterre—to which women were never admitted. This was the place of resort for the critics, who sat in judgment on author and actor; that formidable band was known in those early times by the nickname of 'Los Mosqueteros,' the musqueteers, from the vollies of their fatal hisses, 'the deep damnation of their bah!' The grandees and wealthy sat to the right and left on the sides, above the pit, in the windows of the houses which looked over the court-yard, which in many cases were private property, and belonged to the owners of the houses. To this day, whenever a royal bull-fight is given in the Plaza Mayor, at Madrid, that square becomes a theatre, and all the windows and rooms which look into it are taken possession of by the authorities, as was the case in 1833, at the memorable *jura*—the taking of the oath of allegiance to the daughter of Ferdinand. These places in the early theatres were called 'ventanas' (windows), 'aposentos' (rooms); many retained their *jalousies* and the 'reja,' the iron-grating so universal to Spanish houses, whence the '*loge grillée*' of the French. Such was the origin of boxes and private boxes.

In the centre of the house, above the pit, was a large, open gallery, or lower gallery, which is still called by the name of 'La Tertulia,' a name given by the Spaniards (who are fond of and happy in such nomenclature) to the quarter selected by the

* The original documents have all been discovered, and are quoted at length by Pellicer.

'erudite

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'erudite party,' among whom, at that period, it happened to be the fashion to quote Tertullian. Above the boxes, to the right and left, are two galleries, destined for women only, and into which no man is allowed to enter, and doubtless the fate of any rash intruder into this hornets' nest would be more melancholy than that of Acteon or Orpheus. This separation of the sexes, and placing them aloft, is in accordance with the regulations of Augustus, at Rome. Their quarter is called *la cazuela* (the pipkin, the stewpan), from the hodgepodge, or mixture, therein congregated; it was also called '*la jaula de las mugeres*' (the women's cage). They all go there, as to church, dressed in black, and with *mantillas*. This dense assemblage of sable tresses, raven hair, and blacker eyes, looks at the first glance like the gallery of a nunnery; that is, however, a simile of dissimilitude, for let there be but a moment's pause in the business of the play, there arises such a cooing and cawing in this rookery of turtle-doves, such an ogling, such a flutter of mantillas, such a rustling of silks, such telegraphic workings of fans, such an electrical communication with the pittites below, who look up with wistful foxite glances on the dark clustering vineyard so tantalizingly placed above their reach, that all ideas of seclusion, sorrow, or mortification are instantly dispelled. The jealous wives in patrician boxes as ill brook the star-gazings of their truant spouses as in the Roman days, when Cynthia cautioned 'her own Propertius'—

'Colla cave inflectas ad summum obliqua theatrum.'

This *cazuela* is open to all classes of females, who are dressed alike, and considered to be incognito; independently of the 'mixed company,' there is that letting out of the rake at heart—(which Pope might perhaps have said all *Spanish* women are, without exposing himself to severe criticism)—the boldness, frolic, and sauciness which break out when two or three flirts are gathered together, and support and encourage each other, when the individual feels herself lost in the number, particularly when she is safe, and out of danger of immediate reprisals. In a word, these galleries are the Pandora's Boxes of mischief, a *spectaculum in spectaculo*:—the genius of Lope, fertile in intrigues and adventures, must bow before the real comedies and tragedies which are cooked up in this *cazuela*,—it is out of the frying-pan into the fire:

'El hombre es fuego, la muger estopa,
Viene el diablo y sopla.'

Anglicé—

'Woman is tow, and man is fiery stuff,
Then comes Old Nick and gives a little puff.'

Nothing can quiet the *cazuela* like the sound of the castanet. The

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The dance, the bolero—'La salsa de la Comedia'—the essence, the soul, the cream of the night's delight; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous: it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of countless women. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again. The glitter of the gossamer costume of Andalusia was invented for this dance; the sparkle of gold lace and silver fillagree adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent form-designing *saya* heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry, which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter her serpentine flexibility. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly to each other, and start into life. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their up-raised arms. *C'est le Pantomime de l'Amour.* The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden; who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment, and grow into the earth. It carries all before it. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. Away, then! with the studied grace of the French *danseuse*, beautiful but artificial, cold and selfish as is the flicker of her love, compared to the impassioned *abandon* of the bewitching Andaluza! Dear, delightful Sevilla! immortal in the memories of those who love the drama, the song, and the dance! The land of Don Juan and the Barbiere!—Alas, poor Figaro!—Othello's occupation's gone!—regenerated Spaniards, advancing with the intellectual progress of a reforming age, are venturing on the difficult and dangerous operation of self-shaving; the *montanes** is now the oracle of gossip;—and female *chalanes*† are the 'light-heeled mercuries' who do those errands of Cupid, 'because they know no better,' which none did better than thee!

'Our friend Don Juan' is no imaginary personage; he really did exist, and was an Andalusian Majo of rank. *En su Patria ninguno fu profeta.* Poor Juan is not honoured in his country, and no Spaniard has ever given a local habitation and identity to a name at once historical and European.

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* The small Asturian grocer and chandler's shop.

† Women who have access to all houses on the pretence of supplying the inmates with gloves, fans, laces, perfumery, and other little indispensable necessaries to female beauty and comfort.

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Don Juan Tenorio was bred and born a gentleman, 'a true hidalgo.' His father, Alonzo Jufre Tenorio, was a distinguished admiral in the service of Alonzo XI. He died in battle, and, like Nelson, near Trafalgar. His fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail, was opposed to seventy men of war of the Moors. Alonzo, in sending him a re-inforcement of six ships, had let slip a remark, that if the infidels escaped it would be the fault of the admiral; the old seaman was so nettled that he bore down almost alone on the enemy, and having lost a leg, was killed fighting with his sword in one hand and his flag in the other.* He left by his wife Elvira several children. Alonzo Jufre, the eldest, was created by Pedro the Cruel (son to Alonzo XI.) Alguacilazgo,† or governor of the gate of Visagra at Toledo. Garcia,‡ his brother, took the part of the bastard, Henry of Trastamara, and was one of the few prisoners given up by the Black Prince to the vengeance of the legitimate king. Teresa§ the sister, continued to occupy the family mansion at Seville (granted to the Tenorios at the conquest) until the year 1369, when it was confiscated by Don Pedro because 'she had spoken ill of him,' a somewhat severe punishment for a lapsus linguæ of female scandal. He gave the house to the nuns of San Leandro, who built the present convent on the site. The noble author of Don Juan turned the ancient monastery of Newstead into a house of revel, while the real scene of the *petits soupers* of the real Don Juan, by an anticipated retribution, had been purified to more hallowed purposes. It is probable that the admiral (his father) was a brother of Juan Tenorio, the comendator of Estepa, whose sons, Juan (the name runs in the family), Melindo, and Pedro, were banished by Don Pedro. This last, Pedro,‖ was afterwards the celebrated Archbishop of Toledo. The armorial bearings of the Tenorios, as blazoned in an old MS. of the Order of the Banda, are, *or*, a lion rampant *purpure*, charged with three bends checky *argent* and *azure*. Juan, the hero of our tale,—

'In Seville he was born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women;'

a city described by the historians¶ of that time as more alluring and seductive than Capua itself—little Juan was the spoilt child of the testy admiral; he was an early associate of the licentious Don Pedro,—a congenial disposition united the prince to the subject, who was, moreover, related to Maria Padilla,** the

* Cronica del Rey Alonzo XI., pp. 211, 212.
† Cronica del Rey Don Pedro, p. 101.
‡ Annales de Sevilla, Zuniga, vol. ii. 171.
§ Annales de Sevilla, vol. ii. 177.
‖ Mariana, lib. xvii. 19.
¶ Cronica del Rey Don Pedro, 36.
** Annales de Sevilla, ii. 126.

favourite

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favourite mistress. Don Pedro created Juan a Knight of the Banda,* and appointed him his *repostero, i. e.* his chief butler, thus confiding to him the important charge of the cellar, an office which he doubtless appreciated. The first lord of Don Pedro's treasury was Levi, a wealthy and intelligent Jew, a Jew-d'esprit; and from this little premium these extravagant youths extracted gold and treasure, until, having broken his bank, they put him to a cruel death. Lord Byron's Don José, Doña Julia, and Doña Inez, who knew our Lope and Calderon by heart, authors born, by the way, some three centuries afterwards, are purely fictitious characters. His lordship paid as little attention to historical facts as a Beaumarchais or Rossini. The Admiral and his wife lived on most excellent terms; in fact, he owed his death to the confidential communication of the king's speech from his affectionate spouse.† The number of Don Juan's amours, 'Noch in Spanien ein tausend und drei,' precludes all attempt to ascertain who Doña Julia was; that class of 'bella mal maridada' was never rare in Seville,—whose beauty, and accomplishments, and warm affections make them the admiration of everybody except their husbands.

We have met with no historical account of what became of Don Juan—whether the chief butler of Pedro was hanged like the chief baker of Pharaoh—or whether the last scene, which hands him over before his time to the devil, be correct; such an auto-da-fé dénouement would be quite in character with Spanish habits and their dramatic mysteries. It will grieve those worthy persons to whom this reprobate has given just cause of uneasiness, to hear that the original play, the source of all the evil, was composed by Gabriel Tellez, a monk of the order of Merced;‡ who published it at Madrid in 1634, under the assumed name of Tyrso de Molina. It was called 'El Burlador de Sevilla, o El Convidado de Piedra' (the Wag of Seville, or the Guest of Stone); a fragment of a Roman consular statue, near the Alameda vieja at Seville, is still called 'El Convidado de Piedra,' in allusion to the statue invited to supper. The play became as immediately and universally popular among adults as its hero's puppet-rival Punch, that rogue, who beats constable, wife, and devil, has been, and ever will be, among children. The Spanish play was translated into the Italian, and improved upon in French by Molière. His Festin de Pierre was acted at Paris on the 15th February, 1665. Molière was so severely attacked for the laxness of the morality,

* One of the earliest orders of knighthood, and instituted by Alonzo XI. Don Juan was admitted at the third chapter ever held.—See 'The Theater of Honor,' by A. Favine, p. 166. London, 1623.

† Cronica del Rey Alonzo XI., c. 212.

‡ Antonio, Bib. Nova. i. 510.

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that, having in vain—('confess and be hanged')—cancelled the the more objectionable passages, he at length was compelled to write his Tartuffe to silence the animosity of his critics. Mozart adapted to music a comedy of Beaumarchais, and produced a composition in which the humorous, pathetic, and grand are combined, to a degree which the Opera was previously considered incapable of sustaining: his biographer, the euphonously named Schlictergroll, has pronounced him the Shakspeare of music. Of the masterly but unequal Don Juan of Lord Byron it is needless to say a word—either in its praise or dispraise.

We propose to offer a few remarks, in conclusion, on another branch of dramatic entertainment, which is very popular and prevalent in Spain, and becoming more so every day, since the downfall of despotism, the restoration of civil and religious liberty, and the blessing of the last new constitution have elevated Spaniards to the rank of free, liberal, enlightened citizens, and men of sense —we mean the very philosophical, sedate, and moral masquerading at the carnival.

The word carnival is Italian. The Spanish term is 'las carnes tolendas.' The institution is most ancient, and is alluded to as *carnis privium* in the Mosarabic ritual. It is a preparation of moral and physical cachesia, on which the homilies and fastings of Lent are to operate. In despite of the deplorable abuses, it is almost of a religious observance among Spaniards, who cast off dull care and give way to pious mirth as vigorously as any good Pagans—

> Dii quoque, ut à cunctis hilari pietate colantur,
> Tristitiam poni per sua festa jubent.*

Even in the days of Ferdinand, when the coward rulers were so tremblingly alive to any assemblage of the people, and apprehended the hatching of plots in balls and festivities, they never dared to prohibit the time-hallowed buffoonery of Barcelona, for Catalonia is the land of the masque. In Spain, these masqueradings are not confined to the period of the carnival; they form part of all public rejoicings, whether the birth of an Infanta, or the celebration of a tutelar saint. Masquerading is to the Spaniard what the saturnalia were to the Roman slaves; it is an outpouring of all the pent-up gravity, decorum, economy, and etiquette—dulce est desipere in loco. All ranks and ages plunge into the temporary delirium with the genuine and boisterous mirth of school-boys let loose to play. That the same feeling prevails in Lisbon may be collected from a remark of the fastidious Beckford:—'Two or three of my servants accompanied my tailor to the *fête*, and returned enraptured with the

* Ovid, Ep. ex Pont., ii, l. 9.

affable,

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affable, pleasing manners of *the foreign milliners and native nobility.*'—*Italy and Spain*, vol. ii. let. 15.

At Granada the masquing begins in the day, and it is interesting to behold the city of the Moor and the fairy Alhambra re-peopled with the turbaned Saracen—a very favourite disguise among the Spaniards. At Seville the masquing takes place at night, which adds to the illusion of a tinsel dress and painted vizor. The pit of the theatre is boarded over level with the stage, and the whole interior thrown open to the public, with a communication continued to some neighbouring café or restaurateur. The excellence and high breeding of the Spanish character are conspicuous in these moments of freedom and disguise, where liberty, unaccustomed liberty, hovers on the verge of license; there is no excess in refreshments, no violence or rudeness of behaviour, no coarseness of language, no breach of decorum, no offensive remark towards the authorities, who even if unpopular mingle unmasked among the motley crowd. All meet to be amused, and with a sincerity and good-nature that forgives the ever fond display of precaution in Spain, when the staff of the alguazil and the sparkling bayonet of the sentinel would affright timid, innocent mirth, like the skeleton of the Egyptian banquet. It is a remark of Warton's on the old Masquerades* of our Henry VIII., that it was no part of the diversion to display humor or character;—their chief aim was to surprise by the exaggerated oddity of the vizor, or the singularity and splendour of the dresses. Thus few attempt in Spain to sustain a character; one unvaried question is addressed to all in one unvaried squeak, 'me conosces?' (dost thou know me?) always in the familiar *tu*—a question which, when addressed to a stranger, who would not know them without any disguise, is somewhat difficult to answer. These interesting interrogations in the midst of a tremendous squeeze, recal the remark of Madame de Stael on our intellectual London assemblies, 'dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.' It will readily be imagined that there are squeaks and questions—φωναντα συνετοισι—which are perfectly intelligible, fraught with wit, pregnant with meaning, and sweeter than the strains of Farinelli himself. Spanish nationality shows itself in the dresses; few characters are assumed unconnected with themselves or their history. They are Romans, Goths, Moors, Spanish knights,

* The Pompa of the Romans. Such a masque was given at Madrid in 1833 by the municipality, in which mythological and allegorical subjects were represented by torch-light, in the court-yard of the palace. Mascara by some is derived from the Spanish 'mas cara,'=plus quam facies. The etymology of Ducange is the more probable; from 'masca,' a witch, to terrify, surprise.

Don

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Don Quixotes, or arrayed in the picturesque costume of their different provinces, especially the Majo of Andalusia, a dress, which is hoisting the signal of fun and frolic, of 'sal canela y requiebros.' A happy trick was played off at Granada on the custom-house officers of the barrier. A party entered on horseback masked, and in the full costume of the Andalusian contrabandistas—and laden with a large cargo; such they really were, and a considerable booty was smuggled into the city undiscovered. No attempt to ridicule anything connected with government or religion would be tolerated, nor is it ever thought of. Among the Romans, even these awe-inspiring* matters were made subject to masquerading mockery. No women are allowed to assume the male attire, which in the days even of Juvenal† was infamous. The fair or rather the dark sex generally verify the sneer of Pope—'most women have no characters at all.' They are simply guided by what they think the best becoming to their air and figure. Their roguish black eyes which sparkle beneath spiritless, lackadaisical, fixed-featured, varnished masks—and their pretty little feet in embroidered Cinderella slippers, which peep beneath the deep-fringed *basquiña*, cannot, however, be disguised. When the face of woman is covered, her heart is bared; a mask gives courage, and conceals a blush; prudery flings aside her fetter. Their disguises are sedulously concealed beforehand, lest some Marplot should spoil the jest by breach of confidence.

Those who know the town and are known in it, if they can brave a confessional, go unmasked, and meet plenty of good-natured friends, who tell them their peccadillos and 'relacioncitas,' yet all in a good-humoured way, quite parliamentary, and meaning no offence. Husbands and wives keep sedulously apart, for if recognized together, they would become a butt to the malice of the masquerade, and be informed of all those little family secrets which are so often (and happily) known to all the world, except the parties the most interested. Masquerades given in private houses are conducted with much caution; a confidential friend is placed in the 'Zaguan,' the door porch, to whom the Coryphæus of each arriving party, 'la comparsa,' unmasks, and gives the number of those introduced under his wing, and for whom he is responsible. In spite of all precautions, accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and wolves steal in, in the fleeces of Merinos. Many houses are open to receive masks on the same evening in different parts of the town: the company go from one to another, with tambourines, castanets, and guitars,

* Apuleius, Metam. lib. xi. p. 244. † Juvenal, Sat. vi. 251. Deut. xxii. 5.

dancing

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dancing and singing, 'quien canta sus males espanta,' frightening and vexing the dull ears of the owls, who are never to be amused, and inquire with Ovid—

Cur vagus incedat tota tibicen in Urbe,
Quid sibi personæ, quid stola longa volunt?
Fast. vi. 654.

Those who are 'at home' provide no manner of refreshment, unless they intend to be covered with glory, 'salir muy lucido;' space, light, and a little bad music, are sufficient to constitute a 'función de carnaval,' to amuse these merry, easily-pleased souls, and satisfy their frugal bodies. With those who by hospitality and entertainment can only understand eating and drinking, food for man and beast, such hungry proceedings will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. These matters depend much on latitude and longitude. The stomach faints and the spirits flag in our dull, damp, chilly, sea-coaly country, the renowned land of beef, beer, and liberty. 'Liberty (according to a very great authority) is a poor substitute for a fine climate,'* and we will venture most respectfully to add, for a good carnival at Seville.

Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No ha visto una meravilla!

Art. V.—1. *Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée, par Leon de Laborde et Linant. Publié par Leon de Laborde.* Gr. fol. Paris, 1830. pp. 87.

2. *Journey through Arabia Petræa to Mount Sinai and the excavated city of Petra, the Edom of the Prophecies.* By M. Leon de Laborde. 8vo. London, 1837. pp. 331.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the mention—incidental as it was—which we made towards the conclusion of our review of 'Keith on the Prophecies' (*Quarterly Review*, vol. liii. p. 144) of M. Laborde's splendid volume on Arabia Petræa, which, amongst much curious but less important matter, gives us a detailed description of that wonderful city which Burckhardt had discovered amongst the mountains of Edom—that '*monumental miracle*' as we ventured to call it—which beyond all hope—suddenly re-appeared, as it were, in the wilderness—a new *vox clamantis in deserto*—to proclaim the *literal* and *visible* fulfilment of some of the scripture prophecies, which had hitherto

* 'Essay on National Character. By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings,' p. 51. (1824.) Viz. Lord John Russell—whose lodgings were not then in Downing Street.

appeared

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appeared the most obscure and incomprehensible. Although we on that occasion produced in Doctor Keith's quotations from M. Laborde, and added from our own consideration of the subject, ample confirmation of the general scope of the prophetic denunciations against Edom, we intimated our intention of returning, at a future opportunity, to a more general examination of M. Laborde's work, with the intention of giving our readers a detailed and topographical view, not merely of the miraculous city of Petra, but also of the whole journey of M. Laborde through the Sinaic peninsula—a tract so imperfectly known, yet so interesting and important in scriptural history. We were, however, induced to defer executing this intention by learning that a *translation* of the work was in progress, which was likely to be, in many views, more suited to our purpose than the original, which, from its unwieldly size and its confused and desultory arrangement, is altogether unfitted for common use. M. Laborde had separated his materials into three distinct parts—first, an Introduction, which contains a general historical and statistical view of the ancient and the actual state of the Arabian peninsula; secondly, a series of rather superficial Notes, in explanation of the numerous drawings, made by him and M. Linant, of the principal objects which they fell in with; and, lastly, a succinct Itinerary, or, as he calls it, *topographical journal* of their route, as far as Petra, where it is discontinued, just at the moment when it was most wanted. We cannot understand why this order, or rather disorder, was adopted, and why the transactions and objects of one day and one spot are thus scattered into different and distant pages of an unmanageable folio. M. Laborde states, indeed (p. 73 and *passim*), that he intends to publish a regular narrative of his journey, more *carefully considered, better arranged,* and in *a more convenient form.* This announcement on the part of the author is a candid admission of the defects of his book in its present state; but why, with such an opinion and such an intention, he should have given to his imperfect sketches so magnificent a size and form, seems to us unaccountable—particularly as seven years have now elapsed since the publication of his great volume, and we have not heard of the appearance of the better digested work which we were promised. Whatever may have been M. Laborde's motive for this inconvenient mode of publication, the loss of the English reader is considerably diminished by the translation now before us, which, though it cannot, of course, be expected to supply the defects of the original work, has remedied two of its most striking inconveniences by bringing together into one view the *disjecta membra,* and by reducing to a portable size and a readable narrative the

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the different divisions of the desultory folio. We do not mean to say that the translator's use of the materials is always that which we should have advised—far from it; nor has he strictly followed out his own principle, of working up all the parts into a continuous whole; for he has, we know not why, omitted the majority of the dates of time and place furnished by the *topographical journal*. There are several other objections* of detail which we could make; but on the whole this publication is a considerable improvement on the unwieldy disorder and extravagant expense † of the original, of which it contains the whole substance, and almost every sentence, while it elucidates the text with extracts from, and references to, the travels of Burckhardt, Henniker, Irby and Mangles, Bankes, &c.—on several points which M. Laborde, *en attendant* his better digested narrative, had treated too slightly. Nor has the work suffered any injury, in point of *embellishment*, from the considerable reduction in the size and the inconsiderable diminution of the number of the graphic illustrations —*all* that have any interest or beauty (and, indeed, rather more) have been copied; and the excellence of the execution, both of the lithographies and the wood-cuts, appear to us, notwithstanding their diminished size, to be, in almost every case, equal, and in some, superior to the originals. The most important omission is of the plates which affect to exhibit the topographical details of M. Laborde's route; but these are so confused, and sometimes so inconsistent with the narrative, that the book is really better without them. So much for the English volume. We shall now pursue the general subject.

Our readers are aware that several travellers, who had heard from the Arabs strange accounts of architectural ruins of great beauty and extent in the desert, had endeavoured to reach them, but in vain. The inhospitable prohibition first addressed by the Edomites to Israel, '*Thou shalt not pass through*' (Numbers xx. 18), and afterwards reiterated against themselves as a penal denunciation, '*None shall pass through it*' (Isaiah xxxiv. 10), appeared to be still in full force. Seetzen, Mr. Joliffe, and Sir Frederick Henniker, successively failed. But the time was at last arrived when it pleased God to reveal the full and perfect

* The *translation* is on the whole very well done, but in some few places the translator has mistaken the author's meaning, as, in p. 106, he mistakes a species of rabbit, called the *oueber*, or *weber*, for the *gazelle*. This whimsical error was occasioned by an ambiguity in the original, which says that the Arabs went out to hunt the gazelle, and came back triumphantly with four *animals* they had captured—these animals the translator supposed must needs be gazelles, but in fact they were *webers*.

† We believe that the subscription price was about 10*l*. The London price is 12*l*.

accomplishment

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accomplishment of a long line of prophecies, and in 1811 Burckhardt, under the name of *Sheik Ibrahim*, and in the disguise of a poor Arab, at last succeeded in obtaining, with great difficulty and danger, a hasty glimpse of the wonderful valley of Petra, which exceeded all that the Arab rumours had promised, and at once cleared away all the clouds and difficulties which had hitherto involved the divine denunciations against Edom. Incited by Burckhardt's success, and the important consequences with which this signal discovery was pregnant, Captains Irby and Mangles of the British navy, with Messrs. Bankes and Legh, resolved in 1818 to endeavour to penetrate the wilderness of Edom: they accordingly set out on the 6th May from Jerusalem, and after a violent resistance from one party of the natives, which was overcome by the perseverance of another whose protection the travellers had obtained, they succeeded, on the 24th May, in reaching the city of Petra, situated in a complication of rocky glens, called by the general name of *Wady Mousa*, or the valley of Moses. Their stay was abridged to two days, and their observations much circumscribed and impeded by the jealousy of the neighbouring tribe. Captains Irby and Mangles printed and distributed to their acquaintance, but have not *published*, an account of their travels, in which this visit to Petra formed much the most striking feature; Mr. Bankes is said to have made drawings of the chief objects, but only one of them has reached the public.* We cannot comprehend why our ingenious countrymen left to M. Laborde the *éclat* of revealing the details of these extraordinary scenes to the world: but so it is.†

M. Leon Laborde—the son of Count Alexander Laborde, known in the literary world as the author of 'Travels in Spain,' and some other works—being at Cairo in 1828, after having just completed a tour in Egypt, conceived the project of visiting Arabia Petræa, and especially its capital: he naturally wished to have a companion in his tour, and proposed to associate himself with 'some Englishmen whose enterprizing disposition harmonised with his own;' and joint preparations were accordingly made; but 'difficulties connected with the future publication of their notes were found insuperable,' and the intended partnership was abandoned. At this moment, M. Linant, a Frenchman, who seems to have been, as well as M. Laborde, a skilful

* In Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

† The translator has inserted in his second chapter the account given by Captains Irby and Mangles of their expedition to Petra, which, as a verbal description, is much better than that of M. Laborde.

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draughtsman, arrived from Upper Egypt, and he and M. Laborde presently came to an understanding with each other, and agreed to make the tour to Petra together.

We shall not occupy our space with more of M. Laborde's preparations for his undertaking than the description of his party and escort—

'Toualeb, of the tribe of Oualed Said, who was well known to M. Linant, was sent for to Sinai: upon my part I engaged Hussein, whom I had often met at the Greek convent in Cairo, and whose appearance inspired me with confidence in his integrity. These two persons were charged with the whole of our arrangements. We directed them to procure for us two other Arabs as guides, men of character and firmness; and also nine dromedaries. M. Linant took with him, moreover, an old friend of his, who had the care of his house at Cairo, M. Petit-Jean, a veteran *décoré* of the grand army; who, after having gone through the campaigns of the Revolution, as well as those of the empire, including Waterloo, was among the first of the Europeans who were employed to drill the negroes and Fellahs, and to teach them military manœuvres in the camps of Assouan. His was one of those iron frames upon which fatigue, wounds, and maladies appeared to have left no trace: his very soul seemed bronzed, and devoid of all faith except in the temper of his good sword, and the charms of a good dinner. Petit-Jean was, in fact, a character such as our nation alone, and our twenty-five years of war, could have exhibited. During our journey he was an unfailing resource in danger, an active auxiliary in all our exigencies, and, even when circumstances proved most adverse to our hopes, his cheerfulness seemed inexhaustible. My dragoman also attended me, the good-natured and faithful Bellier, of whose excellent qualities I had in this, as well as in my former journies, the most satisfactory experience. We employed a Berber for menial services.'—pp. 42, 43.

'On the 25th February, the Tobrats, our Arab guides, made their appearance in front of our house, with nine dromedaries, which knelt down at their command. The whole street was in confusion. The cries of the animals, mingled with the equally hoarse shouts of the Arabs and the passengers, gave peculiar animation to the scene.'—p. 51.

The party thus described accomplished the journey to Suez in four days, and arrived at that town in the evening of the 28th. That night the dromedaries forded the Red Sea—

'Some writers suppose that it was by this ford the Israelites traversed the Red Sea. It appears to me, that the ford in question is too near the northern shore to be rendered consistent with the recorded history of that event: it is much more probable that they effected the passage at a place *much more to the south*, where the Arabs *frequently cross the gulf, even at the present day*, as I think I can show; but these observations would require too much extent to be introduced here.'—p. 70.

Of this *southern ford* we find no subsequent mention, and we could not have a stronger instance of the unsatisfactory style of M. Laborde's observations, than that he should have treated in so loose

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loose a way such a very important geographical fact—not giving us the least indication of the part of the Red Sea where this ford is to be found, but only adding, that he meant in a future work to show that Ayoun Mousa—*the fountains of Moses*, which are near the ford of Suez, could *not* have been in the line of the march of the Israelites. We know not what arguments M. Laborde may have in store on this point, but we think we may venture to assert that the *fact* on which we suppose his theory rests, namely, a ford *much to the south of Suez*, is wholly unfounded. First, no other traveller mentions such a ford, and in the particular circumstances in which Burckhardt found the country when he returned by the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, such a ford would have been of so much importance, that it must have been mentioned; but, moreover, the East India Company have lately published an admirable chart, made from actual survey by Captain Moresby and Lieutenant Carless of their navy, by which it appears that there is nothing like a ford anywhere to the southward of Suez, there being a depth of water in the middle of the whole gulf of from twenty to forty fathoms. About four or five miles south of Suez, nearly opposite *Ayoun Mousa*, the shores approach a little, and there is about eight fathom water at that part—but eight fathom (forty-eight feet) is no more a ford than eighty fathoms; and besides, according to M. Laborde's *hints*, the pretended ford must have been *much* to the southward, in which direction, as we have said, there is nothing like one. We, on the contrary, after an attentive consideration of the Scripture narrative and of the local circumstances, are inclined to fall in with the general opinion that the Israelites crossed *in the neighbourhood of Ayoun Mousa* either at the eight-fathom strait we have just mentioned, or more probably at the *still existing ford*—which is only occasionally practicable—and where, though M. Laborde's camels crossed, those of Pococke and Burckhardt could not, and were therefore obliged to go round the head of the gulf.

Pococke and Bruce do not, as we recollect, notice this *ford*, and seem to believe that the Jewish passage was effected at what we, after the late survey, have called the *eight-fathom* strait, though Bruce says it is *fourteen* fathom deep. But Niebuhr and Burckhardt, and other modern authorities, argue that the passage was made at the existing ford. As this question is not only of great interest in itself, but has lately given rise to an important theological discussion, perhaps we shall be forgiven for developing the reasons which incline us to the opinion of Niebuhr and Burckhardt. The question is one of very grave interest.

Though Bruce does not particularly mention the *ford*, yet he

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he discusses the question (which had been put to him) whether the passage might not be accounted for by the action of the Etesian winds, or other *natural* causes. On this he remarks—

'That we are told in Scripture that the passage was a miraculous one; and if so, we have nothing to do with natural causes: if we do not believe Moses, we need not believe the transaction at all, seeing that it is from his authority alone that we derive it. If we believe that God made the sea, we must believe that he could divide it when he sees proper. It is no greater miracle to divide the Red Sea than to divide the river Jordan.'—*Bruce*, vol. i. p. 235.

And we know that persons of a graver authority even than Bruce have been offended at any attempt to explain scriptural miracles, and particularly that of the passage of the Israelites, in connexion with *any natural* causes; 'because,' say they, 'it was *as easy for the Almighty* to pass his people through the widest and deepest parts of the sea, as the narrowest and most shallow.' But we think this doctrine—which abstractedly is undeniable, and which we do not mean at all to deny—may be pushed too far, and that it might lead to a dangerous misconception of the true character of the scriptural miracles—which are distinguishable from the wide and general operations of Omnipotence, by being special and exceptional, and produced *by and for particular occasions:* the faith in them is therefore not invalidated, but, on the contrary, fortified by tracing the particular circumstances which called for and accompanied the special interference. Let us examine the proposition in its strict application to this particular case, and we shall see into what a labyrinth the doctrine of divesting miracles of all local or personal appropriateness would lead us.

We are told that the short and direct road of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan would have been through the country of the Philistines; but from that they were 'turned' on account of the superior military skill of the Philistines, and directed towards the sea-shore (Exodus xiii. 17, xiv. 1). Now it would have been *as easy for the Almighty* to have so intimidated and weakened the Philistines, or to have so encouraged and strengthened the Israelites, that the latter might have been enabled to follow the direct road, as to have passed them through the Red Sea. This, however, it was not His pleasure to do, and He turned them back to the sea-shore, where Pharaoh, hearing 'they were intangled in the land,' was induced to pursue them with his characteristic obstinacy, and so to consummate his own fate. Again; it would have been *as easy for the Almighty* to have passed the Israelites over the gulf *per saltum*, and to have consumed the Egyptians by fire, or buried them in the sands of the

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the desert, as to have overwhelmed them in the sea; but such was not His pleasure. It seems, as far as human reason may presume to guess at the motives of Omnipotence, that He designed that Pharaoh's destruction should be, in a certain degree, his own act—one at least which, had his heart been less obdurate, he might have escaped; and it seems, further, to have been the Divine will that each of the whole series of miracles attending on the exode of the Israelites should be—as indeed all miracles whatsoever seem to have been—limited to the occasion in hand—to an adequate manifestation of the Divine power, with as little further disturbance of the general laws of nature as might be. God leads the Israelites into a barren land, whose condition even at this day testifies that they could not be subsisted without a miracle—into an arid desert, where water could only be obtained by the supernatural gushing of the rock. When Jerusalem was to be (as miraculously foretold by the prophecies) overthrown, the Almighty did not disdain to use the Romans as His instruments; and the most signal of the miracles of our Saviour himself—for example, the change of water to wine, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the miraculous draught, &c.—seem to have regarded existing events and localities. Miraculous—passing human power or imagination—they all were; but performed under circumstances of time and place reasonably appropriate, and likely to produce the greater effect from their connexion with the natural sympathies of those for whose benefit or instruction they were performed: and this, we think—on the deepest consideration we can give the subject—will be found to be the only mode in which miracles could be made to operate beneficially on such beings as it has pleased God to make us. God might have created us *automata*, acting by an unerring rule or instinct; or he might have made us the subjects of a perpetual miracle by ordering all our volitions and movements by a constant and immediate interposition. He has done so, *in some degree*, with the inferior creatures and the vegetable world; but, since it has pleased His Divine wisdom to constitute *man* with a *free-will* swayed between human passion and infirmity on the one hand, and by spiritual hopes and aspirations on the other, it is clear, even to human *reason*, that it would be totally inconsistent with our nature that the direct and visible interference of the Deity should supersede our personal volition, or be exerted beyond the individual case which He might think worthy of a special dispensation. It might have pleased God in the first days of the world to have averted the original Fall, and to have made his creatures perfect from the beginning—in short, to have made a *different* world, inhabited by a *different* species of creature; but in

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in such a world, and so peopled as ours actually is, neither human reason nor human fancy can imagine any other mode of theocracy than that under which the Scriptures lead us to believe that we have been managed—that is to say, by very rare direct interferences, and by an approximation, even on such supernatural occasions, to the general rules of what is called *nature*—that is, the scheme established by God from the beginning, for the creation, preservation, and government of his creatures. It is *therefore*, in our humble view, not merely consistent with, but indispensable to, a rational faith in the Scriptural miracles, to connect them with the *natural* circumstances in which they were performed.

To these general observations some others, more local and circumstantial, may be added. The ichnography of the Red Sea was well known to both the Jews and the Egyptians. Moses was as familiar with one shore as the other, and had probably crossed the ford of the sea more than once; and when he found that he could not venture to force a passage through Philistia, he would naturally have directed his course to the next nearest passage; and Pharaoh—finding that the Jews had taken this direction, and knowing the difficulty and short duration of the ford at any time, and its precariousness in bad weather (they were now in the equinox)—resolved to take the chance of overtaking them there. Indeed, considering the whole account, there seems no other reason why Pharaoh should have marched to the *particular part* of the coast where he found the Israelites, than that he had some previous reason to suppose that *thereabouts* they intended to pass. Nor is it easy to believe that he should have been so insane, or his people so infatuated, as to have plunged into the awful defile of waters, if they had not had some expectation, arising from their previous knowledge of the locality, that they had a chance of being able to cross.

Again; the Red Sea can be approached from the interior, on either side, only by certain valleys and passes. Unless it had pleased God to alter the whole face of nature, the Israelites—even if they had not been in such numbers and so incumbered—could neither have reached nor left either shore but through such passes—and Bishop Pococke makes no doubt that they travelled by one of the *usual roads* leading from Cairo to the *north part* of the Red Sea.—(p. 151.)

And again; the way, if we may use the expression, across the ford, or the sandy shallows of the gulf in the neighbourhood of Suez, is comparatively smooth and practicable—while in the depths of a coralline* sea the surface would be so uneven, so tangled, so

* Bruce says, 'Large trees or plants of coral spread *everywhere* over the bottom of

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so impervious, that the Israelites, with their women, children, cattle, and beasts of burthen, could not possibly have passed within any reasonable time; nor could the Egyptians have thought of following them with horses and *chariots* into such an impracticable chaos. So that if the Israelites had passed through the depths of the sea, or anywhere, indeed, but towards the head of the gulf, the whole face of nature must have been extensively changed, and an *hundred miracles* have been necessary instead of *one*.

All this is placed in a still stronger, indeed, an irresistible light, by the analogous case, to which Bruce alludes, of the miraculous passage of the Jordan under Joshua:—

'And it came to pass when the people removed from their tents'—[on the left bank]—'to pass over Jordan, that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap; and those that came down towards the [Dead] Sea failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood firm on dry ground, in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground.'—*Joshua*, iii. 14-17.

Here is a miracle of exactly the same kind as the passage of the Red Sea; yet it is certain that the Jordan was *fordable*—for the men of Jericho had previously pursued Joshua's spies 'into the *fords*' of the river (Joshua, ii. 5); but the *ford*, like that of the Red Sea, was not practicable at all times, nor, within any given time, for such a multitude. At this period, too, it was peculiarly difficult; 'for,' says the Scripture, 'Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest.'—(*ib.*) The Almighty might have dried up all Jordan, and the Dead Sea also—but He was pleased rather to conduct His people to the *ford*, and to limit His miraculous interference to the necessity of the case; and so far is He Himself from discountenancing inquiries into the locality and limited extent of the miracle, that He commanded that stones should be set up, both on the shore and in the stream—

'That this may be a sign among you, when your children ask in times to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord.'—*ib.* iv. 6-7.

Yet the place thus marked by God was a *ford*; and is to this day a ford, varying, however, in difficulty, according to the season—Captains Irby and Mangles crossed it with considerable danger

of the Red Sea.'—i. 237. Pococke states that the *madrepores* grow so thick and high as to be dangerous even to ships; and Finati, speaking of his voyage on the Red Sea, says that the water was so transparent that he amused himself by observing the peculiarity of the depths beneath him, 'where weeds and corals grow to such a size and so disposed as almost to have the appearance of groves and gardens.'—(Life of Finati, vol. i. p. 142.)

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(as did also some plundering Arabs, who were in pursuit of them), at the very season in which we are told (1 Chron. xii. 15) that David's allies crossed over to join him, notwithstanding the height of the water. Why, then, should it be interesting and edifying to trace the scene of this miracle to the *ford of the Jordan*, and yet the contrary to suppose the earlier and analogous miracle to have been performed at the *ford of the Red Sea?*

From all this we conclude that it would in no degree derogate from a due respect for Almighty power, to believe—as all tradition seems to assert, and as all the localities warrant—that the passage of the Israelites was made at a ford, miraculously rendered practicable at a season and for a period, when it was not naturally so; and we have been induced to offer these considerations, because we are convinced that reason will be best satisfied, and faith best confirmed, by admitting that miracles were not mere vague exhibitions of Almighty power, but were limited to the occasion, and suited to the circumstances—nay, that they were sometimes a mere *extension* of a natural incident—such an extension being, the moment it *passes* nature, as miraculous as an event *wholly out* of nature. Because an event is *miraculous*, it does not follow that it must be *unreasonable*—on the contrary, we believe that reason, and not vague and credulous enthusiasm, is the true road to faith, and eventually to salvation.*

We, therefore, do not hesitate to express our conviction that the passage was effected *near Suez*, because those localities seem, in our judgment, to agree better with all the proceedings of the Israelites, both previous and subsequent to the event, than any other part of the coast; and we cannot see that Scripture authority is at all impugned by those who suppose, with Niebuhr and Burckhardt, that it happened at the present ford. If M. Laborde could designate his southern ford, we should revise our opinion, but this we are confident he cannot do.

M. Laborde, who deems it a sufficient reason to take little notice of a place if 'it does not offer an object for the pencil,'—(p. 76)—throws no new light on the march of the Israelites. He makes, indeed, a few occasional observations, but professes to reserve for his promised work a detailed dissertation on that point: we, however, cannot omit a very curious particular, which seems to prove that the march was along the sea-shore as far as a valley called Wady Garendel,† the line followed by Pococke, Niebuhr, and

* There is a very curious passage in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. p. 122, which records a tradition of the inhabitants of the shores of the Red Sea, that *on one occasion in ancient times* there had been such a reflux of the sea that one portion of the bottom was left dry, while in other parts the waters were proportionably elevated.

† The word *Wady* is probably from the same root as the Latin *vadum*—a passage

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and Burckhardt, and, in a great part, by Laborde. Pococke and Niebuhr had found at Garendel a station which agreed, in distance and other circumstances, with *Elim*, the place of the 'seventy palm trees and twelve springs,' the second (that is, the *fourth day's*) resting-place mentioned by Moses; but Niebuhr had not found the bitter fountain of *Marah*, which was the first halt of the Israelites on the third day, and which, therefore, should have been met before *Garendel*, supposing *it* to be *Elim*. This, of course, threw some doubt on Niebuhr's conjecture, with those who did not know that Pococke, who, like Niebuhr, identified Elim and Garendel, had discovered a salt well, near a place still called *El Marah*, which lies between Ayoun Mousa and Garendel, at the proportionate distance which *Marah* would occupy between the ford above Ayoun Mousa and the station at Elim. And Burckhardt, who seems not to have been aware of Pococke's statement, when following the same direction sixty years later, also found, what is, no doubt, the same *bitter* well, though he calls it *Howara*. We need not solicit our reader's attention to the value of such fortuitous concurrences of testimony, given without any reference to the conjecture, which it tends so forcibly to corroborate.

But we must follow M. Laborde:—he, as the other travellers did, struck into the mountains to the left or eastward, and arrived at the singular collection of Egyptian tombs and funeral monuments at *Sarbout el Cadem*, first discovered by Niebuhr, of which M. Laborde has given both general and detailed views, and which Sir Frederick Henniker, (quoted in one of the translator's notes,) with true English simplicity and force, describes as a 'temple and a variety of upright stones—the *tout ensemble* resembling a [ruined] church and churchyard.'—(p. 83.) This resemblance is exceedingly strong in M. Laborde's drawing. His account of these ruins is as follows:—

'We reached the funeral monuments, which rise like so many apparitions in the midst of this strange and gloomy wilderness. The first appearance of these tombs astonished us; consisting as they did of stones standing up, carved in the Egyptian style, and placed amidst solitude and silence, without any connexion whatever with the neighbouring desert. . . . These remains, doubtless of great antiquity, occupy a space of about seventy-five paces in length, by about thirty-five in

—which, though it usually means a *ford* across a river, is sometimes used for the *bed* of the river, as well as for any other *passage*. Most of these *Wadys* are the beds of torrents. But *this* Garendel, which runs up from the shores of the Red Sea into the hills, must not be confounded (as is done by the translator, p. 140) with another Garendel at the eastern side of the peninsula, which descends from the neighbourhood of Wady Mousa into Wady Araba. Neither Burckhardt or Laborde make the distinction between these two Garendels, which they probably thought too obvious to require notice, as they are distant from each other full two degrees of longitude.

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breadth. The grave-stones, about fourteen in number, are partly thrown down; a few are still standing, and their fronts, which are much fretted by the northern blasts, still exhibit the traces of hieroglyphics. They vary in height from five to eight feet; in breadth, from eighteen to twenty inches; and in thickness, from fourteen to sixteen. We observed here, also, a wall belonging to some inclosure; a portion of a sanctuary, and of a small temple; some sepulchral chambers; a small building, the roof of which is sustained by a pilaster; the fragments of some Egyptian statues mouldered by time; and some square capitals, presenting on each side the graceful head of Isis, with elongated eyes and oxen ears. . . . . I wandered for some time amidst the heaps of ruins that lay around, and sketched many of the details, in order that nothing should escape my attention. But they were in such a state of disorder, that I found it difficult to obtain an accurate idea of the forms in which they appeared when fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. I have copied from them, however, two sets of hieroglyphics, which may, perhaps, serve to fix the date of these monuments.'—pp. 79, 80-3.

These two specimens are very perfect—the stones themselves are exactly the shape of, though somewhat higher than the head-stones of a country church-yard in England, and some of the figures are so clear, that if we ever discover a certain key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, the inscriptions will be as easily read as a page of our Review. M. Laborde asserts that they are the reliques of a colony of Egyptians whom he, somewhat gratuitously, supposes to have settled here for the purpose of working certain mines, of the existence of which he speaks very positively, but without, as we understand him, any other proof than that the rocks in the neighbourhood are stained with oxide of iron, and exhibit indications of the presence of copper. We do not partake his opinion: these ruins seem too costly and too extensive for the mere cemetery of working miners; and considering the peculiarly interesting region in which they are found, we should feel grateful to any proficient in Egyptian inscriptions who could give us anything like an explanation of them. Who can say that they would not throw some important light on profane or even sacred history?

From this M. Laborde directed his course along a great glen called Wady Cheick, which—with Wady Feiran running down westwards towards the gulf of Suez, and Wady Zackal, which runs south-east towards the Elanitic gulf, the north-eastern arm of the Red Sea—forms a path across the Sinaic peninsula. We shall give one sketch of the interior of this rocky desert:—

'While returning by Wady Cheick we traversed, at the embrochure of a ravine, a narrow passage formed by an isolated rock in the middle of the valley. This place is called *El Boueb*. The sides of the valley become wider as they get lower, disclosing to view a high mountain, through which there is no passage except a narrow opening between two perpendicular walls of great height. At an angle made by two turnings

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of this gigantic defile, the point where its seclusion protects it from the rays of the sun, and the voice of man and the cry of the camel are reflected back in sonorous echoes, stands a remarkable isolated rock seven feet in height. Our Arabs dismounted silently from their camels, and approaching it, passed the right hand over its surface, which is rendered smooth by the frequency of these touches, and then drew it back again to the forehead, crying out, "El fatha," the usual invocation during journeys and dangers of any description. Our cattle having stopped, as if they had been accustomed to the ceremony, we followed the example of the Arabs; and our gravity during this religious formality pleased them much. The spectacle of our caravan halting in the midst of this magnificent defile, representing as it did a striking trait in the manners of the desert, was highly picturesque; but it was a scene which demanded a more skilful pencil than mine to paint it to advantage. Tradition relates that Moses rested on this stone, while he was still a shepherd, meditating his projects for the deliverance of his brethren, and the conquest of an entire country, and that he was disturbed from his reflections by one of the goats of the herd of Jethro, which happened to be straying about. Another version of the story fixes upon this stone as the resting-place of Mahomet, while he was still a camel driver, and on his way to Syria. . . . . .

On quitting this passage, the traveller perceives Mount Sinai, whose prominent point is overhung by the mountain of St. Catherine, which is more rounded in its form. They were both then capped with snow, and their dark bases seemed to bring out their whitened summits in bolder relief upon the azure ground of the sky. We emerged from Wady Cheick, and after having crossed the ridge of a mountain, which forms a grand point of intersection between two declivities, we descended into the valley of Zackal, which continues on to the gulf of Akaba. The route on which we now entered was the most singular that the imagination can picture. The valley, shut in within a width of about fifty paces by masses of granite, of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet in height, which often rose like perpendicular walls even to their very tops, exhibited the appearance of a Cyclopean street, the ravines branching out from which, on each side, seemed to be adjoining streets, all belonging to some ancient and abandoned town. The extraordinary shape and immensity of the masses accumulated on the right and left were calculated to terrify, and almost overwhelm the mind; an effect which was not a little augmented by the enormous fissures that occurred here and there, presenting huge fragments which had tumbled from the summit of the mountain. The silence prevailing all round us was that of the grave: the wind was unheard amidst these almost subterraneous passages; the sun touched with its golden hue only the most elevated points; and the tranquillity of the place would have been undisturbed, had not every step and every sound of our voices been re-echoed from the steeps on each side as we pursued our way.'—pp. 86-90.

Through these valleys the traveller, leaving Sinai to the right, descended to *Dahab*, on the Elanitic gulf, and thence pursued his way

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way northward along the uninteresting shore to Akaba, a town or rather fort at the head of the gulf, which is now generally called by its name. Akaba consists of a few houses protected by the fort, which M. Laborde calls a citadel, built probably by the crusaders, who have left us still more massive evidence of their sojourn in an extensive fortress on an island near Akaba, called by M. Laborde *Graia*, but on the last charts of the Red Sea *Juzerat Faroun*. By a visit to this island—(where M. Laborde, though he could only reach it on a raft and stark-naked, was so puerile as to plant the *French flag*—an exploit which would have justified his arrest, and a prohibition of his further proceedings)—and by some other excursions in the neighbourhood, M. Laborde diverted—dully enough, it would seem—the time (from the 12th to the 24th of March) which he was obliged to wait for the return of a message, which he had sent to *Akmed Raschid*, the chief of the Alaouins, the most powerful tribe in these parts, for permission and an escort to visit *Wady Mousa*. At length the messenger returned, bringing with him, not as was expected, Akmed Raschid, but one *Abou Raschid*, the brother, and three or four younger men, nephews of Akmed, together with an old chief called *Abou Djazi*, who seemed to be the first in rank and importance. As the practicability of visiting Petra is a matter of considerable interest, and as it seems to be the impression of M. Laborde and of all former travellers, that whether it is to be approached from the south by Akaba, or from the northward by Jerusalem and Kerek, these Alaouins are the people to be dealt with, we shall be more copious in our extracts on this point than would be otherwise necessary:—

'The first question was put on our side, our object being to know if we could go to Wady Mousa mounted on our dromedaries. Abou Djazi assured us that we could; adding, at the same time, that he would be answerable for them, and would look upon them as his own. We would, undoubtedly, have been perfectly satisfied with this promise; but our Tohrats forthwith proceeded simultaneously to exclaim, and to protest that they would not enter a territory where they had no guarantee for their safety. On the other side, the Alaouins vociferated that they had nothing to fear, inasmuch as engagements were made in their behalf in the presence of the governor and the topschi (the gunner of the fort). "And," cried out Hussein solemnly, standing up at the same time, "if one of our party be killed, we shall have two Alaouins in exchange." Upon this the clamour became still louder; each man was anxious to take part in the discussion, and ranged himself on one side or the other. We knew not how to obtain a hearing; and to put an end to this uproar, as our Tohrats no longer listened to us, we arose and returned to our apartments, doubting whether some obstacles to the completion of our journey might not proceed from our own guides. They followed us; but

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but judge of our astonishment when we were alone, on seeing them break out into a burst of laughter, saying that all this clamour was nothing more than a *ruse*, in order to compel the Alaouins to pay strict attention to their promises, and to establish, before setting out, all the conditions of the bargain in the most positive manner. They added, that they had quitted Cairo to accompany us during our journey, and that they risked not only their dromedaries but their heads if it failed. We paid no further attention to the submissiveness which they showed on this occasion; they had already accustomed us to it, and we had no reason to think it insincere. It only remained for us to admire the tactics by which they contrived to conceal their real fears under the mask of simulated passion throughout this discussion. The whole of this comic scene, so characteristic of the manners of these tribes, served as a lesson to us for the future, teaching us to extract all the benefits we could from the "hubbub wild" of these Arabs.'—pp. 129, 30.

We suspect that M. Laborde did not discover the real motive of this squabble—that assigned by the Tohrats is evidently insufficient, and indeed absurd. The sequel will probably induce our readers to be of our opinion:—

'We then returned with all due gravity to the divan, having, as we wished it to be supposed, succeeded in persuading our guides to come to terms; and it was arranged that we should go to Wady Mousa, to Mahan and Shobek, in short, to every place under the authority of the Alaouins. Old Djazi seemed, however, dissatisfied with our wishing to visit Shobek; alleging that he was unwilling to conduct us thither, as his people had killed one of its inhabitants the year before, and he was apprehensive of reprisals. We were, nevertheless, upon the whole, well pleased with the frankness and civility which these people exhibited on this occasion; and we had nothing more to insist upon, except a clear understanding as to the time we were to remain at Petra. We were resolved on having this point fixed beforehand, and to make it one of the conditions upon which the liberality of our reward should depend when we returned. A sojourn for any time in the valley of Mousa was denied to all our predecessors; but it was the only means by which we could hope to render our journey useful. We did not intend merely to see Petra, but also, as our Arabs said, to carry it away in our portfolios. This matter was attended with as little difficulty as the others. "Please God," exclaimed old Djazi, "you shall remain there twenty days—a month if you like!" No bargain was made as to the amount of pecuniary compensation we were to give; that was left over for future settlement, according to the discretion of each party. Our departure was fixed for the next day.

'A conversation arose about the travellers who had preceded us to Wady Mousa. We questioned our new friends as to Burckhardt's visit: they did not remember having seen or heard of any Frank at that period. We the more admired the circumspection of that celebrated traveller, who had thus succeeded so well by his costume and manners in deceiving a people who are always on the watch for strangers. We next spoke

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spoke of the Europeans who had penetrated ten years before into the mysterious valley, under the guidance of their relative *Akmed* Raschid. We alluded to the journey of Mr. Bankes and his companions, of whom we were anxious to hear some details. But we no sooner entered on this subject than we found it was peculiarly disagreeable to the Alaouins. There was a confusion in their replies, which clearly gave us to understand that they wished we should pass to some other topic. They seemed to be in the presence of witnesses before whom they were desirous of keeping their mouths shut. Djazi himself made no answer at all. We did not discover the reason for this mystery until afterwards.' —pp. 130-2.

On a subsequent occasion, when old Djazi was out of hearing, one of the young men gave them the following account of Mr. Bankes's visit :—

' " That Christian," said Akmed in a low voice, which he accompanied so well by his animated countenance, " came one day from Karak to the tents of my uncle, and said that he wished to go to Wady Mousa to see the old buildings. Akmed Raschid said in reply, that he would conduct him thither, and that he might remain there as long as he pleased. Old Abou Djazi, however, who at that time commanded nearly the half of our tribe, and was not upon good terms with us, learned at Gaza, where he happened to be, that Akmed was about to accompany a European to Wady Mousa. Having resolved on preventing Akmed from doing any such thing, he quitted Gaza, induced the Fellahs to join him, and persuaded them that the only object which the Frank had in view was to take away the treasures which he might find in the place, to dry up all the wells, and to prevent the rains from ever falling there again. They were thus prevailed upon to oppose his entrance into the valley; even our uncle was told that he should not put his foot within Wady Mousa. Seven days passed in discussions upon this subject, in demands on one side, and refusals on the other. At length the Christian said to Akmed Raschid, 'They have guns, so have you; let us see who is the stronger, and let us go on.' Our uncle complied with his suggestion; he directed all our horsemen to mount their horses, and we forced an entrance into the valley in spite of the guns of the Fellahs and their hollow rocks. But as we were continually annoyed by the inhabitants as well as by Abou Djazi's people, we were under the necessity of quitting the valley the day after, and we brought away the Christian with us, who regretted our premature departure very much." ' —pp. 144-146.

As M. Laborde seems to have seen the work of Captains Irby and Mangles, we are surprised that he does not notice some inconsistencies between his account and theirs. In the first place, the protector of the English officers was not called *Akmed* Raschid, but *Abou* Raschid; and from the personal description that each party gives of the Arab whom they both call *Abou* Raschid, it is hardly possible to doubt that it was the same person; and M. Laborde,

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Laborde, in the early part of his work, repeatedly (pp. 35 and 46) calls the chief to whom he was to apply *Abou*, though he within two or three pages changes the name, without assigning any reason, to *Akmed*. It seems also that the person who opposed the party of Captains Irby and Mangles was not called Abou *Djazi*, but Abou *Zeitoun*, who was one of the Wady Mousa people—and that a man called Ebn *Jarzee*, who probably is the same person whom Laborde calls *Djazi*, appeared rather to act as a mediator between *Abou Raschid*, the friend of the travellers, and *Abou Zeitoun*, their adversary. The conclusion we incline to draw from all this is, that the self-same parties who had presented themselves to the English, now, at the interval of ten years, offered themselves to the French travellers—with a mere change of the characters they were to act —*Djazi* being now the protector, and *Raschid* a sulky spectator: perhaps the rivals may have so divided their district, that the one profits by travellers from the *north*, and the other by travellers from the *south*; or may not the squabbles of all kinds which these people exhibited in both cases have been got up for the occasion with some view to intimidation or extortion? One thing seems certain—that provided travellers (in addition to personal precautions—the best of which is to have it well known that they have little property with them) will steadily resist the payment of the rewards to the guides till their *return*, the valley of Petra may be as safely visited as any part of Palestine or the Sinaic district.

On the morning of the 24th March they set out from Akaba about mid-day, and pursued their course nearly north, along a great valley—in all respects resembling the bed of a dried-up river which might be supposed to have once fallen into the head of the Gulf of Akaba. This is called the *Wady Araba—the valley of the wheel or chariot*:—it has probably derived its name from its having been, in all times, the great and only level passage into *Arabia* from Palestine and Syria, and from it perhaps the region itself has its ordinary name.

This remarkable valley, of which Burckhardt was the first modern European discoverer, opens some interesting speculation on another event of sacred history, of the most remote period, and yet still of great curiosity and interest—the miraculous destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. If there be any scriptural relation which has more than another excited the ridicule of scoffers and the doubts even of the sober, it is this—which appears so much out of the course of nature, and so little vouched by any local evidence, as to have exceedingly perplexed the best expounders of the Pentateuch. We do not say that the discovery of Wady Araba can explain the details of that stupendous

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stupendous miracle; but it proves, we do not hesitate to affirm, that *some such* great and (except as a miracle) unaccountable convulsion of nature did actually occur; nay, we will go further, and say, that it seems to us that there are at this moment existing the evident proofs of a miraculous interference, in all respects according with the scriptural narrative. Our readers are aware that the river Jordan, which takes its rise in the chain of mountains called *Anti-Lebanon*, flows down to the plain, where it spreads out into a lake, called the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee, after which it becomes again narrowed to a river, and flows through a tolerably fertile plain till it again expands into what is called the Dead Sea, which has now no visible outlet, and which therefore is salt even to bitterness, and has some other remarkable qualities, arising as well from its being impervious, as from the nature of the surrounding and subjacent soils. The basin of this sea was supposed to have been *naturally* formed, by its being enclosed by mountains on all sides, save where the Jordan enters it; and the constant flow of the water of the Jordan was supposed to be dissipated partly by exhalation, and partly, perhaps, by some secret subterranean outlet. This is, no doubt, the present state of the country; but it seems equally certain that this state of things did not always exist. Those who have travelled round the southern boundary of the Dead Sea found that it ended in a bay, beyond which it occasionally overflowed some marshes, which marshes, being bounded by a range of hills nearly parallel to the sea-shore, prevented the escape of the waters on that side. So Captains Irby and Mangles saw it:—

'Leaving this hill'—[down which they descended into the valley where the Dead Sea ends]—'the plain opens considerably to the south, and is bounded, at a distance of about eight miles, by a sandy cliff, which runs directly across and down the valley of Ghor, thus forming *a margin for the uttermost limits of the Dead Sea to the southward, when its waters are at their greatest height.* We were told that the plain on the top of this range of cliffs *continues the whole way to Mecca.*'—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 353.

These intelligent observers, we see, had no idea of an outlet in this direction; and—although several modern writers concluded that the waters of Jordan, *if* ever they had flowed to the sea, must have taken this direction—yet no one, we believe, before Burckhardt, suspected that this was the valley of Jordan; and, indeed, Burckhardt himself, who *crossed* but did not *follow* this valley Araba, makes only a general observation upon it,—

'That it is a continuation of the *Ghor*, which may be said to extend from the Red Sea to the sources of the Jordan.'—p. 441.

But he does not state that it is obviously the ancient bed of the Jordan,

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Jordan, through which the river must have at some period actually flowed, till it threw itself into the Red Sea at Akaba.

Now let us observe what the Scripture says, when Lot was desired by Abraham to choose whatever portion of the country he might prefer for his own abode—

'Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the *plain of Jordan*, that it was *well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah*, even as the garden of the Lord, *like the land of Egypt*.'—*Gen.* xiii. 10.

And one part of this plain of Jordan was called the *valley of Siddim*, 'where,' says the Scripture, 'is now the SALT *Sea*,' (Gen. xiv.)

Here we have a clear statement that the Jordan flowed through fertile plains—even as the *Nile waters Egypt*—and that, where the *Salt* Sea now spreads its fetid waves, there was once the beautiful and populous valley of Siddim. What, according to all the earlier *local* evidence, could seem less credible than this? And where on earth is there a greater natural contrast than between the lifeless shores of the Dead Sea and the teeming banks of the Nile? Yet it now seems indubitable that such must have been the original aspect of the country before it pleased God to alter its face by a great convulsion.

Hear what M. Laborde tells us—

'This valley of the Jordan, *Wady Araba*, which was for a long time unknown, though discovered again by Burckhardt, who traversed it to some extent,—[this is mistranslated, it should be—*who crossed it*,]—has never been fully explored by any European traveller. I have described its direction and appearance to a distance of about twenty-two leagues, [sixty miles—above half its whole length,] and no doubt can now remain, I imagine, that at a remote period the Jordan flowed through it to the sea. This opinion harmonises perfectly with the account we have in Genesis of the interruption of the course of the river. . . . . .

'Without discussing the different opinions of authors, some of whom hold that, in the course of nature,—others that, through the indignation of the Omnipotent,—the slime pits were ignited, which are mentioned in Genesis, xiv. 10, it appears evident, that they were the origin of the volcano which destroyed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the plain between them; and that they formed, by the irruption of volcanic matter, a large basin into which the Jordan precipitates itself, thus ceasing its course towards the Red Sea. Afterwards, subterraneous drains, as well as a considerable evaporation always going on, have prevented this species of tunnel from overflowing.

'Wady Araba, since it has been deserted by the river, has become encumbered in some parts with heaps of sand; but enclosed as it is between mountains of granite and porphyry, there can be no doubt as to its natural and ancient direction.'—pp. 260-262.

Colonel

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Colonel Leake, the ingenious editor of Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, had, from his author's observations, come to the same conclusions; but M. Laborde's more extensive examination leaves no doubt of the exactness of the scriptural description of the country prior to the formation of the Asphaltic Sea, and of the consequent probability (setting aside for the moment the Divine *revelation*) that it was formed by some such accident as the Scriptures relate! We cannot pursue all the details of this interesting subject; but there is a slight circumstance which has not been before noticed which we think deserving attention—the part of the valley where the Jordan now *enters* the Dead Sea is called *Ghor*, and the continuation of the valley at the other end of the Dead Sea, now an arid desert, is *also* called *Ghor*. Ghor we know is a *descriptive* name for one class of valleys;* but nothing in nature can be more dissimilar than the present appearance of these two places: is it not therefore probable that the descriptive appellation dates from the time when the whole was one fruitful valley, and that the name of *Ghor* has survived the circumstances under which it was originally given?

M. Laborde now again fell in with the track of the Israelites through the desert, and every step, as far as he describes it, affords a confirmation of the accuracy of the Scripture narrative:—

'When the Israelites were defeated by the Amalekites and the Canaaneans, and refused admission into the country of the Edomites, they descended into Wady Araba, the way to the Red Sea, in order to *turn* Idumea. Already wearied by the continued privations which they experienced during an expedition that appeared at first so inviting, from the fertility of the countries they passed through, on arriving in this valley their sufferings were still further augmented by the multitude of serpents which assailed them on all sides. The fact thus recorded in the Scriptures is fully confirmed by the report of the Arabs, who told us that scorpions and serpents abound in this part of the desert, as well as by the vast numbers of those reptiles which we found two leagues to the east of this place, on our return to Akaba.

'These reptiles are expressly mentioned in Deuteronomy:—"Who led thee through the great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water? who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint?"

'In the book of "Numbers" mention is made of Mount Akrabbim, that is to say, of the mount of scorpions, situated to the south of the Dead Sea:—"And your border shall turn from the south to the ascent of Akrabbim, and pass on to Zin." The same name occurs in Joshua,

* Habitacula autem gentis Lot—mare fetidum usque ad Baisan et Tiberiadem vocatur *Ghaur* (*profundum*), quia videlicet est planities quædam inter duos montes. —*Geog. Nub. à G. Sionita et J. Hesronita*, Par. 1619, p. 111.

and

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and in the book of Judges. The mountain took its name from the quantity of serpents found in its neighbourhood. It is not necessary to go into any detail here as to the various researches of which the serpent has been the subject: it will be sufficient to state, that the "fiery serpents" are so called, in a metaphorical sense, from the burning effect of their bites.'—pp. 138, 139.

The travellers had now reached that part of Wady Araba whence a series of rocky defiles leads to the capital of Edom. They were within sight of Mount Hor, where Aaron was buried, and on its top discerned an edifice which in all ages has been venerated as his tomb. It was probably in this immediate neighbourhood that Moses entered into his unsuccessful negotiation with the Edomites. The proceedings of the Israelites are accurately, though succinctly, described, by the editor of Burckhardt, in a passage which the translator of M. Laborde has very properly subjoined to the scanty notices of his original:—

'In the course of their residence in the neighbourhood of Kadesh, the Israelites obtained some advantages over the neighbouring Canaanites; but giving up at length all hope of penetrating by the frontier, which lies between Gaza and the Dead Sea, they turned to the eastward, with a view of making a circuit through the countries on the southern and eastern sides of the lake. Here, however, they found the difficulty still greater; Mount Seir of Edom, which, under the modern names of Djebal Shera, and Hesma, forms a ridge of mountains, extending from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akaba, rises abruptly from the valleys El Ghor and El Araba, and is traversed from west to east by a few narrow Wadys only, among which the Gheoyr alone furnishes an entrance that would not be extremely difficult to a hostile force. This perhaps was the "highway," by which Moses, aware of the difficulty of forcing a passage, and endeavouring to obtain his object by negotiation, requested the Edomites to let him pass, on the condition of his leaving the fields and vineyards untouched, and of purchasing provisions and water from the inhabitants. But Edom "refused to give Israel passage through his border," and "came out against him with much people, and with a strong hand." The situation of the Israelites, therefore, was very critical. Unable to force their way in either direction, and having enemies on three sides, (the Edomites in front, and the Canaanites and Amalekites on their left flank and rear,) no alternative remained for them but to follow the valley El Araba southwards, towards the head of the Red Sea. At Mount Hor, which rises abruptly from that valley, "by the coast of the land of Edom," Aaron died, and was buried in a conspicuous situation, which tradition has preserved as the site of his tomb to the present day. Israel then "journeyed from Mount Hor, by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom," .... and then issued into the great elevated plains which are traversed by the Egyptian and Syrian pilgrims on the way to Mekka, after they have passed the two Akabas. Having entered these plains,

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plains, Moses received the divine command, "You have compassed this mountain long enough, turn you northward." '—*Burckhardt, Preface,* pp. xiv.-xvi.

This supposition M. Laborde, who travelled the same road, fully confirms. But he was now able to make his way into the heart of Edom, which had been denied to the Israelites. He struck out of the Wady Araba to the right, or eastward, and, after winding for some time through a rocky desert, which resembled 'a chaotic sea, the waves of which had been suddenly petrified,' he reached Petra:—

'We arrived from the south, and descended by a ravine. By advancing a little in that direction we commanded a view of the whole city covered with ruins, and of its superb inclosure of rocks, pierced with myriads of tombs, which form a series of wondrous ornaments all around.'—pp. 152, 153.

It would be utterly impossible, within our limits, or, indeed, within any limits without the assistance of numerous plates, to convey any adequate idea of this wonderful place. Our readers must therefore be contented with a general description extracted from Burckhardt, Mangles, and Laborde, the latter of whom, however, is very deficient in the narrative and topographical parts; thinking, we suppose, that his admirable drawings superseded the necessity of any great detail in his text: but that is not quite the case; for there are several points in which we find it very difficult to reconcile his plates with the explanation which accompanies them.

It has been always known that the Nabathean Arabs, the Edomites of Scripture, possessed a capital city, known under the name of *Petra*—the *rock* or the *rocky*—which is as perfect a description of the identical place as a *name* can be. The accounts which the ancients give us of Petra are but meagre. Ptolemy gives only its name as one of the cities of Arabia Petræa, but assigns its geographical position with tolerable correctness :—

'Pliny states that "the Nabatæi inhabit a city called Petra, in a hollow somewhat less than two miles in circumference, surrounded by inaccessible mountains, with a stream running through it. It is distant from the town of Gaza, on the coast, 600 miles, and from the Persian Gulf 122."*—[*Nat. Hist.* vi. 28.] Strabo says, "The capital of the Nabatæi is called Petra; it lies in a spot which is in itself level and plain, but fortified all round with a barrier of rocks and precipices; within, it is furnished with springs of excellent quality for the supply of water, and the irrigation of gardens; without the precinct, the country is in a great measure desert, and especially towards Judæa." [*Strab.* l. xvi. p. 779.]'—p. 16.

* The figures here must be transposed. Petra is four times as far from the Persian Gulf as from Gaza.

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We are informed by Diodorus that about 310 A. C. Athenæus, the general of Antigonus, and subsequently that monarch's son, Demetrius, invaded the Nabatheans; the first, after plundering the town, situated *on* a *rock*, during the absence of its inhabitants at a *neighbouring emporium*, was himself surprised and his army cut to pieces; the second was glad to give up the siege of the rock after a negotiation—but it seems to us doubtful whether this *rock* was *Petra;* because, first, says Diodorus, ἐπὶ πέτρας τίνος, which Rodoman renders '*in rupe quadam,*'—*a certain rock,*—though he afterwards translates the same form, as if it were a proper name, *ad Petram:* secondly, that it is stated that there was a steep *ascent* to it made by hands, οὔσας μίας ἀναβάσεως χειροποιη τοῦ (Dio. Sic. xix. 724): and thirdly, that the details of the two attacks do not at all agree with the localities of *Petra,* but rather with those of *Kerek,* (a word also signifying a *rock,*) the *Mons Regalis* of the middle ages. The great *emporium* at which, it is said, the inhabitants of the *rock* were absent when Athenæus took it, may have been Petra. Dean Vincent collected evidence that Petra was a great commercial emporium :—

'"The capital of Edom or Seir, the Idumæa or Arabia Petræa of the Greeks, the Nabatea considered both by geographers, historians, and poets, as the source of all the precious commodities of the East" (*Com. of the Anc.* ii. 263).'—p. 17.

Arrian, or whoever wrote the Periplus of the Red Sea, tells us that Leuke-Come is the port whence people go to Petra, εἰς πέτραν, and not, as Diodorus always has it, εἰς τὴν πέτραν. Pompey is said to have marched against it. In the reign of Augustus, Ælius Gallus was sent to plunder, it is said, the country. Trajan besieged and took the city: and Arabia Petræa becoming a Roman province, Petra continued to be its capital.

This, we believe, is nearly all that classic literature tells us of Petra, in which there is no intimation of the *peculiar features* of this city; of these nothing was known before the visit of Burckhardt, who first discovered this existing proof of the fulfilment of the prophetic denunciations against Eden—

'*that it should become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill. Though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord.*'—Jer. xlix. 7—18.

That these words could apply to a city, which, even in the reign of Trajan, was the capital of a Roman province, and then and long before the busy emporium of all the commerce of the East,

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East, who could imagine? Nay, did not the very expressions seem to all our previous ideas vague and inconsistent? How was *pride of heart* shown by dwelling in the *clefts of the rock*, by *holding the height of the hill*, and by making the *nest as high as the eagle?* Generally speaking, such kind of habitations were only resorted to by those who could find no others, and these expressions were therefore considered merely as *typical* of arrogance and obduracy. St. Jerome himself, in his commentary on these passages, is perplexed by this apparent inconsistency—'*quumque habites in speluncis imò in cavernis, humilis et pauperculus*;' and does not hesitate to call the allusion an '*ænigma.*' (*Hieron. op. omn.* iii. 1458. Ed. 1704.) Whereas it turns out to be literally descriptive of the habits of the people, and of the local features of the cities of Edom.

Petra itself occupied a valley or dell many hundred feet lower than the surrounding country; the sides of this dell are for the most part stupendous walls of bare rock, so precipitous, that the only entrance to the valley is by a chasm or ravine, through which the brook of Wady Mousa has forced its way, and which is as narrow as any lane in the City of London, while its lateral walls are everywhere higher than the cross of St. Paul's, and sometimes twice as high. This gigantic lane opens into an irregularly shaped area about a mile wide, and a mile and a half long,* the surface of which is very unequal, though, *compared with the neighbourhood*, Strabo might be justified in calling it a plain. Over this area, and into some collateral ravines was spread the ancient city, of which vast fragments are strewed around, but nothing remains standing but an isolated and much-defaced column of one temple—parts of the walls of another, with fragments of its frieze, entablature, and pilaster—and three ragged piers of a triumphal arch of a very florid style: there is also a theatre, the seats of which being cut out of the solid rock, are tolerably perfect. The jealousy of the Arabs did not allow either Mr. Bankes's party or M. Laborde to make any researches among the ruins that cover the valley—but the fragments themselves testify that the original edifices were of the most sumptuous character:—

'That part of the valley which presented a level space the inhabitants sought to extend as much as possible, in order to construct upon it a continuation of their forum, or rather a grand avenue, bordered on each side by sumptuous monuments. Hence the river passes under a vaulted

* M. Laborde's plan makes it about 1400 yards by 1000; but from some of his incidental observations we conclude it must be much more.

covering,

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covering, and the square extends over both banks, the pavement being formed of large slabs. The collection of temples and tombs which were to be seen from that place all round the horizon must have presented a most magnificent spectacle when Petra was in its glory. . . . . We continued our course through the ruins of these monuments, which time and man, who is also an active destroyer of his own works, had scattered in confusion. Amongst them we easily distinguished a colossal temple, whose entire destruction appeared to be spontaneous, for its ruins were placed in an order analogous to the positions which they had occupied in the building. Here are columns whose different component parts from the base to the capital follow each other on the ground, and near the latter are the entablatures as well as the cornices which it had sustained. Here also are seen the foundations uncovered, which seem waiting for the first layer of stones. It looks like a *vast pile asleep ready to get up.*'—pp. 160-162.

But these magnificent remains are at Petra secondary and subordinate objects. The rocky precipices which inclose the valley and its ravines present an aspect infinitely more striking and extraordinary—for not only do they exhibit, even at inaccessible heights, innumerable excavations in the surrounding cliffs, but the face of the rock itself has been cut into a great variety of architectural façades, all wonderful, and some of singular beauty; and behind each façade the interior rock has been hollowed out into chambers of greater or less size, but quite plain, and bearing no analogy to the somewhat florid magnificence of the exterior. These countless excavations are generally considered as *tombs*, and certainly most of the interiors that have been visited seem by their small and unadorned features to sanction that supposition, and to justify Captains Irby and Mangles in calling the valley '*a vast necropolis*;' but the inspection of all the travellers, including even M. Laborde, was so hurried and superficial, that there is little evidence on this point beyond the difficulty of imagining any other use to which these excavations could be applied. But besides the scriptural description of the Edomites as 'dwellers in the clefts of the rock,' there is abundant evidence that some at least of these excavations were human residences. St. Jerome, in his commentary on the remarkable prophecy of Obadiah against Edom, says—in explanation of the text, *thou who dwellest in the clefts of the rock*—'This refers to the nature of the place; for the inhabitants of the whole southern region of Idumæa, from Eleutheropolis to Petra and Aila—which is the possession of Esau—have small dwellings in caverns *(in specubus habitatiunculas)*, and on account of the too great heat of the sun, use this subterraneous shelter.' (*Hieron. in Abdiam. ubi supra.*) And Edrisi—commonly called the *Nubian Geographer*—

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(Climate iii. par. 5, p. 110, Ed. 1619) gives a perfect description of the site of Petra, under the name of Hagiar* (a rock), and adds, 'that the *houses* were excavated in the rock—*domus excisæ in petrâ*;' and although this, as Captains Irby and Mangles remark, 'could not be *universally* true, as is evident from the great quantity of stones employed in the lesser kind of edifices which are scattered over the whole site; yet it is true that there are grottoes in great number which were certainly not sepulchral.'—p. 426.

Some of these grottoes were, from their internal distribution, obviously dwelling-places, but none of this class of excavations seem to have any remarkable external decoration. This is natural; the rich inhabitants would prefer building a commodious house at probably less expense and trouble than would be required to carve an architectural front to an inconvenient cavern—though the passage before quoted from St. Jerome leads to a conjecture that some of these architectural fronts, which accord so ill with the character of *tombs*, may in fact have been *summer-houses*, in which the rich occasionally enjoyed subterranean shelter from the excessive heat. But many of the excavations are certainly tombs, for they have niches and cells of the size and shape suited to receptacles of the dead, and two have inscriptions—one at least of which seems to prove *that* particular monument (and by inference others of the same kind) to be sepulchral.

'We found here a Latin inscription in three lines, carved on a tablet, *the only inscription we discovered at Petra*. It is of importance, as it gives the name of the officer, Quintus Prætextus Florentinus, who died in this capital while he was governor of this part of Arabia. It appears to be of the time of Adrian, *or* of Antoninus Pius. The sepulchral chamber, like the others, does not contain any kind of ornament, and seems to have been intended not for a single individual, but for a whole family.'—pp. 179-89.

This extract is an example of the very loose way in which M. Laborde's notes are sometimes made—he calls this 'the *only* inscription discovered in Petra,' though he had just before (p. 165) given us an account of 'a *Greek* inscription' which he had copied, but could not translate; and he makes, we see, several statements about the date and purpose of this Latin monument, without saying whether he derives them from the inscription or not. Why did he not give us a copy of the inscription? and why did he not also favour us with a fac-simile of the 'Greek inscription' which he says he copied? For though he and his Parisian friends have not been able to decipher it, others might be more fortunate; and we need not say of what extreme importance and interest, as regards the

* Dr. Vincent says that Edrisi calls Petra, *Thomud*. This seems to be an error—Edrisi says, '*Hagiar* est arx pulchrè sita inter montes, in quibus comorebatur *familia Thomud*,' &c. (*ubi supra.*)

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monuments of Petra, these probably contemporary inscriptions must be. The omission, therefore, of them in a work of this kind, which gives so many inferior details, seems to us very strange, and it is the more to be regretted because the account given of them by M. Laborde does not correspond with that given by the English travellers of the only two which *they* saw, and which were neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, nor any, to them, intelligible language. We suspect, however, that what M. Laborde calls *Greek* is what the English gentlemen describe as 'well cut and in wonderful preservation, but the form of the letters such as none of them had ever seen before, except Mr. Bankes, who thought them similar to those scratched on the *Gibel Mokatteb*, or Written Mountains, near Sinai;'—of which we shall see something by and by.

M. Laborde, both in his text and on the face of his engraved plan, distinctly tells us that the ravine down which the torrent of Wady Mousa forces its way, and through which Burckhardt and Mr. Bankes' party both arrived, is 'the *only* entrance into the valley'—which is another strange inconsistency, as it was not by *it* that M. Laborde himself either entered or left it—nor amidst his profusion of sketches does he give any idea of his own route *in* or *out* —though if it was, as he seems to imply, more difficult than the ravine through which the other travellers passed, it must be exceedingly remarkable The truth, we suppose, is, that the eastern ravine is the only *road*, or remains of a *road*, by which the city can or ever could be approached, but that there are passes both from the south (by which M. Laborde came) and other points, down which men and even camels and horses can scramble. Burckhardt says, that 'the way to Gaza from Wady Mousa proceeds *westward* by Mount Hor and the tomb of Aaron, and though very difficult for beasts of burden, is still frequented by the people of Maan and the Bedouins.'—(p. 430.) As M. Laborde has not given us any indications of his route, we will, with the assistance of Captains Mangles and Irby, lead our readers down the ravine—the common, if not the only, *road* into Petra.

On the higher level of the country, a few miles eastward of Petra, rises from a copious spring the stream of Wady Mousa. It flows at first through a cultivated valley, which by degrees narrows itself to a mere chasm, descending between stupendous precipices to the city. The way at the bottom of this cleft seems to have been once regularly formed or paved with large stones, though it is now broken up and encumbered by rocks rolled down by the torrent, which in floods must be very violent; there are in the sides of the rock evident remains of watercourses and dams made to conduct and regulate the course of the stream for the use of the town below. The

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The excavations of Petra commence in the upper valley, a few hundred yards below the spring. Many doorways are visible cut upon different levels in the face of the mountain, and along the road side are architectural monuments fashioned out of the rock—one of these is a wide façade of a rather low proportion, loaded with ornaments in the Roman style, but in a bad taste, with an infinity of broken lines and unnecessary angles and projections, and multiplied pediments and half pediments, and pedestals set upon columns that support nothing. It has more the air of a fantastical scene in a theatre than an architectural work of stone, and the English travellers who saw it—(which, unluckily, M. Laborde did not, at least he does not mention it)—thought, that for unnecessary riches of decoration and poverty of conception, it resembled the style with which Borromini debased Roman architecture about two hundred years ago. After passing this and some similar monuments—which form as it were a suburb to the town—the sides of the valley become still more precipitous, with high detached masses of rock standing here and there, hewed into the shape of towers:—the greater number of these face the road, but some stand back in the wild nooks and recesses of the mountain. At last the valley narrows into a ravine, and as the traveller proceeds, the natural features of the defile grow more and more imposing at every step, and the excavations and sculptures more frequent on both sides, till at last it presents a continual street of what the travellers call *tombs;* beyond which the rocks, gradually approaching each other, seem all at once to close without any outlet. On a nearer approach, however, one narrow and frightful chasm was discovered, through which the stream finds its way, and which was, say the English travellers, '*anciently* the only avenue to Petra *on this side.*' It is impossible to conceive anything more awful or sublime than this approach; the width is nowhere more than just sufficient for the passage of two horses abreast; the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from 400 to 800 feet in height, and they often so overhang, though without meeting, that the sky is intercepted and completely shut out for a hundred yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern. The grottoes at each side of this deep glen—running east and west, and thus sheltered from the sun, and refreshed with the perennial fall of water—would be delightfully cool, and afford just the kind of *habitatiunculas propter nimios calores* mentioned by Jerome.

'Here and there large slabs indicated the ancient pavement, which conferred upon the ravine, though at present so savage in appearance, and encumbered by ruins, the character of a fine avenue created by nature, and improved to magnificence by the skill and industry of man.

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After making many turns through this almost subterraneous street, the rocks at the top nearly touching each other, and after having already felt a degree of admiration which seemed incapable of being exceeded, we were enchanted by the view of an object which I should in vain endeavour to describe. A grand triumphal arch, erected over the ravine after the fashion of the ancients, who usually constructed similar arches at the entrance to their cities, boldly spans the two lofty walls of rock on each side. The savage wildness of the situation has no parallel. The impression which it produces at the moment of entering this almost covered way is inexpressible.'*—p. 172.

This half subterranean passage continues for nearly two miles; the prospect to which it opens towards its termination we shall give in the words of the English travellers, because M. Laborde's course was in the opposite direction, and he himself tells us that the 'impression is much greater to those who arrive by the proper entrance:'—

'We followed this sort of half subterranean passage for the space of nearly two miles, the sides increasing in height as the path continually descended, while the tops of the precipices retained their former level. Where they are at the highest, a beam of stronger light breaks in at the close of the dark perspective, and opens to view, half seen at first through the tall narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints or weather stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour, which was warmed, at the moment we came in sight of them, with the full light of the morning sun. The dark green of the shrubs that grow in this perpetual shade, and the sombre appearance of the passage whence we were about to issue, formed a fine contrast with the glowing colours of the edifice. We know not with what to compare this scene; perhaps there is nothing in the world that resembles it. Only a portion of a very extensive architectural elevation is seen at first; but it has been so contrived, that a statue with expanded wings, perhaps of Victory, just fills the centre of the aperture in front, which, being closed below by the sides of the rock folding over each other, gives to the figure the appearance of being suspended in the air at a considerable height; the ruggedness of the cliffs below setting off the sculpture to the highest advantage. The rest of the design opened gradually at every pace as we advanced, till the narrow defile, which had continued thus far, without any increase of breadth, spreads on both sides into an open area of a moderate size, whose sides are by nature inaccessible, and present the same awful and romantic features as the avenues which lead to it: this opening gives admission to a great body of light from the eastward. The position is one of the most beautiful that could be imagined for the front of a great temple, the richness and exquisite finish of whose decorations offers a most remarkable contrast to the savage scenery which surrounds it.'—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 419.

* A view of this arch over the ravine is given in the Landscape Illustrations to the Bible.

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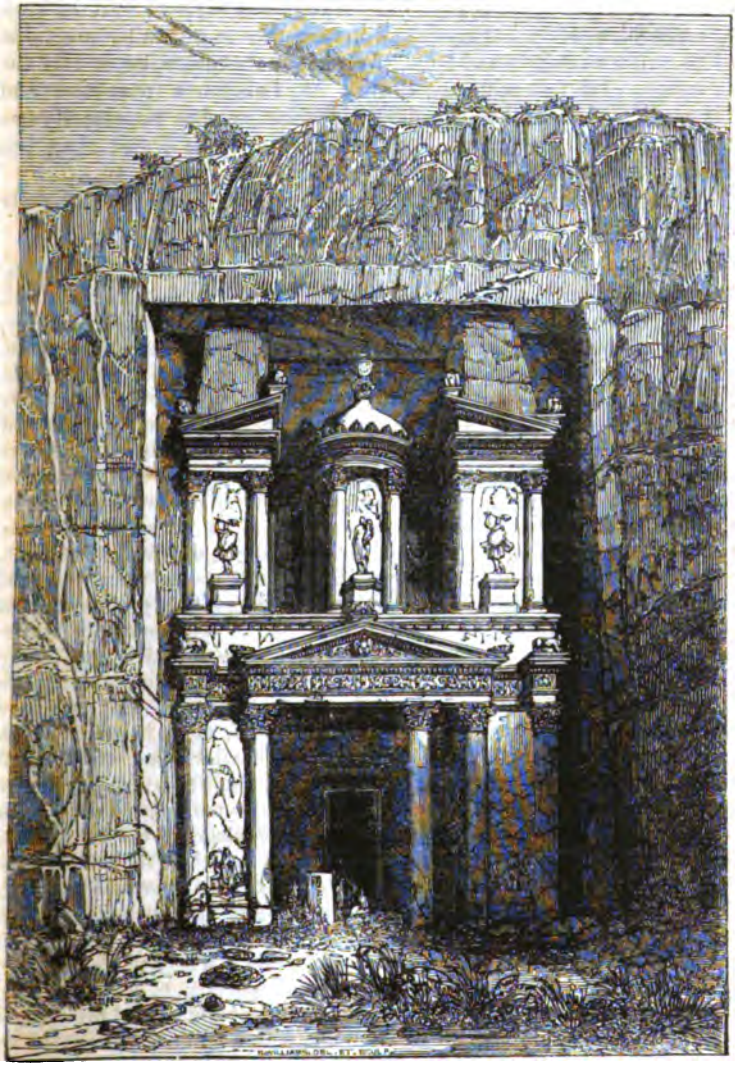
The monument here denominated a *temple*, and which Laborde supposes to have contained the tombs of its founders, is now



called the *Khasne Faraoun*, or *Treasury of Pharaoh*, and is the most important object now remaining in Petra, both in original

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nal elegance of design, and in its preservation. M. Laborde and his companion have drawn it with great diligence and skill, giving views front, oblique, and interior, plan, elevation, section, and restoration; but he has given no verbal description, and, indeed, any verbal description would be inadequate to give a precise idea of so extraordinary an object. We have, therefore, copied in the foregoing and following wood-cuts, M. Laborde's front *view* and his *section* of the Khasné, which, inferior as they necessarily are to the original plates, will give a better idea of Petra than ten pages of description.

With these before them, our readers will have no difficulty in understanding the account of the English travellers:—

'It is of a very lofty proportion, the elevation comprising two stories. The taste is not exactly to be commended, but many of the details and ornaments, and the size and proportion of the great doorway especially, to which there are five steps of ascent from the portico, are very noble. No part is built, the whole being purely a work of excavation, and its minutest embellishments, wherever the hand of man has not purposely effaced and obliterated them, are so perfect, that it may be doubted whether any work of the ancients, excepting perhaps some on the banks of the Nile, have come down to our time so little injured by the lapse of ages. There is, in fact, scarcely a building of forty years' standing in England so well preserved in the greater part of its architectural decorations. Of the larger members of the architecture nothing is deficient, excepting a single column of the portico: the statues are numerous and colossal. Those on each side of the portico represent, in groups each of them, a centaur and a young man. This part of the work only is imperfect, having been mutilated, probably, by the fanaticism of early Christians or Mussulmen, directed against idolatry, and particularly the human form. In the upper tier the figures are females; two are winged, and two appear to have been dancing, or much in action, with some instruments lifted above their heads, of which that on the left hand appears to be the Amazonian bipennis. Unfortunately, the centre figure, which was doubtless the principal one, is too much defaced for her attributes to be determined; nor is there anything in the ornaments that could enable us to discover to what divinity the temple has been dedicated. The principal chamber of the interior is large and remarkably lofty, but quite plain, with the exception of the door-frames and architraves, of which there are three, one at the further end, and one at each side, all opening into small and plain cells. There is also a lateral chamber on each side, opening from the portico, of a rude form. The centre of the superstructure, which comprises the second story, is a circular elevation, surrounded by columns, with a dome surmounted by an urn. This latter has not escaped or failed to excite the covetouness of the natives. We heard of it as the deposit of a vast treasure, "Hasnah el Faraoun" (Treasure of Pharaoh) as far as Jerusalem; and that it

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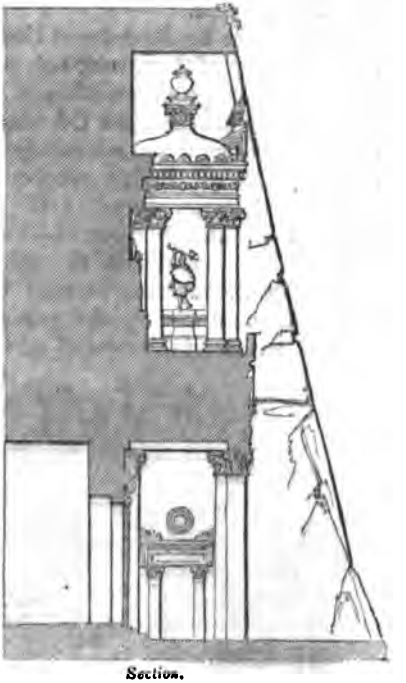
it had been repeatedly aimed at by musket shot there are evident proofs in the marks of bullets in the stone. No one, however, seems to have succeeded in arriving at it by climbing, which would indeed be a difficult task. The green stains on either side would lead to the supposition that the handles had been of bronze. It is doubtful whether one of the perforations by a musket ball does not show that the urn is hollow. Above the monument the face of the rock is left overhanging; and it is to this that the excellent preservation of its details is to be ascribed. The half-pediments, which terminate the wings of the building, are finished at the top with eagles, which, combined with a style of architecture differing little from the Roman, can leave no doubt that this great effort of art is posterior to the time of Trajan's conquest.' — *Irby and Mangles*, pp. 419-421.



Section.

There can be, we suppose, no doubt that these gentlemen are right in their idea that this work is of the time of Trajan, or later. The style is even more florid than anything we know of that day; but if that be so, a majority of these sculptured mountains must be equally modern; for the same style may be said to run through all; and in two remarkable instances, the very form and distribution of the *Khasné* have been repeated—once rudely further on in the valley—and again on a still larger scale than the Khasné itself, in a grand façade called by the Arabs *El Deir*, or *the Convent*, situated beyond the valley to the north, which the English travellers were not permitted to visit, but of which M. Laborde gives us a perfect drawing. Its general character is, as we have just said, that of the Khasné, but of greater dimensions, with less unity of design, and less elegance of detail. Indeed, on the latter point we are inclined to suspect the details of El Deir were *never finished*, for the capitals of the columns seem to us to be in the state in which Ionic capitals are now to be seen in stone-yards, before the volutes are worked out; and the same may be said of the plain circular pallets between the tryglyphs of the

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the frieze, which are capable of being sculptured into either wreaths or pateras.

But whatever be the dates of *these* monuments, the *city* itself, of which the finest of them were only *suburban* ornaments, must have already been of great wealth and splendour, and probably, from the early days in which the Edomites inhabited the mere 'clefts of the rock,' had gone on advancing (under occasional vicissitudes) in importance, till, having reached its acmé of grandeur, it was, *we know not how,* reduced to the state of desolation denounced against it in the Scriptures—the sculptured mountains only remaining to contrast with the ruins of the city, and to testify additionally the accomplishment of the prophecies. In order to explain more clearly the mode in which these works were executed, we insert the view of an *unfinished* tomb or temple.

'This affords a clue to the plan which was pursued in the construction of the other monuments. The rock was at first cut down in a perpendicular direction, leaving buttresses on each side, which preserved their original form. The front, which was thus made smooth, was next marked out, according to the style of the architecture adopted for the purpose; and then the capitals of the columns were fashioned. Thus the monuments of Petra, so peculiar in their appearance, and so different in many respects from other ruins of antiquity, are still more strongly characterized by the extraordinary mode in which they were constructed, the workmen beginning at the top and finishing at the bottom.

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bottom. It was, in fact, necessary to proceed in that way, by separating from the rock the upper part of the column in the first instance, allowing the weight of the material to rest on the ground until the monument was completed. With respect to the tomb in question, it seems probable that the great expense of the work, exceeding perhaps the means of the family to which it belonged, caused them to give up the idea of completing it externally.'—pp. 156, 157.

Opposite the Khasné the defile widens so as to afford an area about fifty yards wide, in front of the temple, after which it resumes for three hundred yards its narrow and awful character, with a variety of sculptured tombs, or at least grottoes, 'both Arabian and Roman,' on each side. This pass conducts to the theatre already mentioned:—

'And here the ruins of the city burst on the view in their full grandeur shut in on the opposite side by barren, craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys, like those we had passed, branch out in all directions. The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented, altogether, the most singular scene we ever beheld. We must despair to give the reader an idea of the peculiar effect of the rocks tinted with most extraordinary hues, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, whilst their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface.'—*Ir. & Man.* pp. 35, 6.

If an eye-witness thus despairs of conveying to his readers any adequate idea of this wonderful scene, we can have no excuse for attempting any further details, and we therefore must content ourselves with saying generally that those details are not more curious in their individual character, than interesting and important in elucidation of the Scriptural denunciations against Edom.

We need not repeat the observations which we have already quoted and made on this latter branch of the subject; but we can most conscientiously say, that the discovery of this singular place seems to us to be the clearest and most unquestionable confirmation of Scriptural prophecy which has occurred since the destruction of Jerusalem. We are aware that some persons do not see this matter in the same important light, and think that works so comparatively recent as the days of Trajan or Adrian can have no relation to the ancient prophecies. We confess we do not understand this objection. It seems to us that the *greater* and the *more recent* the civilization, the more difficult is it to explain this vast change from causes merely natural; and what *natural* differences are to be found between the days of Trajan and our own? These monumental remains are at least proofs of the population, wealth, and magnificence of a city, of which now nothing is to be traced but what the prophets emphatically call *'the stones of emptiness and the line of confusion.—They shall call the*

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the nobles thereof to the kingdom, and none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing—and thorns shall come upon her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fastnesses thereof, and it shall be an habitation for dragons [scorpions], *and a court for owls.*' —Isaiah xxxiv. 11-13.

In the centre of the valley, towards the west side of the town, stands a lofty, conical rock, very difficult of access, and crowned with ruined buildings—probably the *Arx* specially mentioned by Jerome and other writers, a kind of acropolis—where 'they *held the height of the hill, and made their nest as high as the eagle's*;—but I will bring them down *thence, saith the* LORD, *and Edom shall be a desolation*' (Jer. xlix. 16, and Obed. iii.)—and He *has* brought them down, and Edom *is* a desolation—and this once proud acropolis is a heap of such undistinguishable ruins—*such a line of confusion, and such stones of emptiness*—that none of the travellers were able to ascend it, or even to select any portion for description either by pen or pencil.

But it was moreover distinctly foretold that the cities of Edom should—after at least one desolation, and a subsequent restoration—be made desolate *again, and for ever.* '*Whereas* EDOM *saith, "we are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places,"—thus saith the* LORD *of hosts—"They shall build, but I will throw down."*'—(Mal. i. 4.) This remarkable prophecy would have no meaning, if the cities of Edom had not been *restored* at a period long subsequent to the last of the prophets. Nor should it be forgotten that these prophecies do not apply to the city of Petra alone—they apply to the whole land of Edom; and we shall see presently that there are scattered over the desert the remains of numerous *cities*, which afford as certain, though not—as yet, at least—such striking and picturesque evidence of the fulfilment of the prophecies, as Petra itself. We have already said that we do not approve the zeal which endeavours by straining texts on one hand, and facts on the other, to establish the *literal* accomplishments of what were probably meant as *general* denunciations; but it is remarkable that some of even the minutest circumstances of the Divine denunciations seem to be still in existence and operation. We do not doubt that the prophecy—being, as it unquestionably is, *accomplished in all its parts*—may be considered as exhausted; and, as we before said, if the valley of Petra were now to become as much frequented as the valley of Chamounix, it would not derogate from the prophetic truth already fulfilled; but Dr. Keith may be excused for observing, that *up to this day*, in spite of all the efforts which various travellers have made, the denunciation, '*and none shall pass through it*,' is unimpaired. No one seems to have yet *passed through it*, and all the visits—even M. Laborde's

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borde's, which was the longest—have been only feverish halts, crippled and curtailed by frequent danger and constant alarm: but this, though curious, does not seem to us to be of any real importance—the phrase '*none shall pass through*,' is not, we think, to be taken in the mere literal sense that a common traveller or a wandering Arab should not be able to find his way through the valley. Nor do we suppose that at any time there existed a *road* right *through it*—the great ravine was, to all appearance, the main passage both *in* and *out*. The prophecy was pronounced against Edom when it was a great and flourishing emporium, the heart and *thoroughfare* of all the traffic between the eastern and western world: it was in that sense, and to that state of affairs, that the denunciation must have been pointed, and it was, when uttered, as significant in its local meaning, and as incredible as to its future accomplishment, as a similar interdict would now be against Cheapside, the Pont Neuf, or any other channel through which 'the great tide of human existence flows.'

M. Laborde seems (for his account is, as we have already observed, somewhat obscure) to have left the valley by the way he entered it. He did not visit Mount Hor, nor *the tomb of Aaron*, as the English travellers had been able to do; but if he could not do so without sacrificing some of the time dedicated to his beautiful drawings, we will readily admit that he was better employed—as there was on the summit of Hor little to delineate, and nothing to tell that the English travellers had not already told. Yet we wonder that he should not have felt a strong desire to visit personally, when so near it, the scene of an event—the earliest, we believe, in the annals of mankind to which an exact *local identity* can be authentically assigned. It is clear that M. Laborde, though he does not enter into any details on the subject, was during his stay in this neighbourhood under constant and considerable apprehensions from the jealousy of the *Fellahs*, the tribe to which Wady Mousa *territorially* belongs; and though he boasts that he and M. Linant had passed an entire week where Burckhardt could pass only a few hours and Mr. Bankes's party but two days, yet he incidentally confesses that 'they endeavoured by every means to conceal their arrival,' (p. 159)—'that their movements were circumscribed by fear of the Fellahs,' (p. 174)—and that they 'departed furtively' (p. 190) 'and in haste,' (p. 195) 'without having ventured' (p. 175) to visit either the curious works which the English travellers had seen at the eastern entrance of the great ravine, or the tomb of Aaron, which our countrymen had explored. We notice all this because, though M. Laborde, in his anxiety to surpass his predecessors, slurs it over, it is an important consideration for future travellers; and as these

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these Fellahs of Petra have intercourse with Gaza (p. 201), it seems not unlikely that this latter city would be a better point of departure from Petra than either Kerek or Akaba, whence Messrs. Bankes and Laborde were obliged to proceed, under the guidance of the *Alaouins*, who seem to be in rivalry, if not in hostility, with the Fellahs. It was from Gaza that Messrs. Strangways and Anson reached Petra, as it is said, without difficulty, and under the guidance of a single Arab.—(p. 132.)

On quitting Wady Mousa, M. Laborde proceeded in a southern direction, and soon reached the valley of Sabra, which is a smaller Petra:—

'We had scarcely proceeded an hour's distance down the rapid declivity of Wady Sabra, leading our dromedaries after us, when the supporting walls, ruined buildings, and well preserved benches of a theatre attracted our attention. . . . . The ruins of Wady Sabra, as well as those of Wady Pabouchebe, indicate these places to have served as suburbs to the capital,—the young swarms sent forth from the parent hive. Had we been enabled to explore the whole of the valleys in the neighbourhood of Wady Mousa, we should, doubtless, have found on all sides similar establishments, which the enormous population of Petra sustained.'—p. 195.

This is remarkable. The prophets had not only denounced the desolation of the capital, but of the neighbouring *cities*.

'*Set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophecy against it. I will stretch out my hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate; I will lay thy* cities *waste, and thou shalt be desolate. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy* cities *shall not return.—Thus saith the Lord* GOD *to the mountains, and to the hills, and to the rivers and to the valleys, to the desolate wastes,* and to the cities that are forsaken, *which became* a prey and derision to the residue of the heathen that are round about—*surely have I spoken against the residue of the heathen,* and against all Idumæa!'—Ezek. xxxv.-vi.

Mount Seir—still called *Mount Shera*—is the range of hills which M. Laborde was now traversing; but what and where are these *cities?* Who had heard of them? The sceptics laughed, and the commentators were perplexed at the idea of CITIES, numerous and flourishing, in a stony desert which can hardly feed a tribe of Bedouins.* At length Volney reported (ii. 317) that 'he had heard from the Arabs of Bakir and the people of Gaza who go along the pilgrim's track to Maan and Kerek, that there are to the south-east of the Asphaltic Lake, within three days' journey,

* The whole of this country is very thinly inhabited. 'I believe,' says Burckhardt, 'that the population of the entire peninsula, south of a line from Akaba to Suez, does not exceed 4000 souls,' p. 560. The district north of Akaba, in which Petra stands, is even still less populous. Between Akaba and Petra M. Laborde did not hear of a human being but the small tribe of Wady Mousa itself.

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upwards of *thirty* ruined towns entirely deserted—several of them have large edifices with columns that may have belonged to the ancient temples, or at least to the Greek churches.' These reports the subsequent travellers in Idumæa had partly confirmed, and finally, M. Laborde's researches and testimony leave no doubt as to the numerous and once splendid but now desolate *cities* of Edom. In this very place, Sabra, there exists a monument of art and luxury, for which even the evidence of Petra had not prepared us :—

'One of the ruins of this ancient town, which may be said, however, to be of a higher order, and to display a greater degree of skill in its arrangements, is the theatre, or, as I call it, the *Naumachia*. It was not without surprise that we discovered in Arabia Petræa, in the midst of the desert, a naumachia for naval games. The inhabitants, annoyed every year by the torrents in the rainy season, which ravaged their plantations, bethought themselves of erecting barriers against them to restrain their violence. Considerable traces of these works may still be seen extending across the valley. Observing that a part of the waters discharged themselves through an adjoining ravine, they took advantage of it in order to prevent them passing away. . . . . A reservoir was hollowed out from the rock, and benches were left in relief, cut with great regularity. . . . . The overflow of the reservoir was conducted by a pipe into the arena of the theatre, which was hewn perpendicularly to a depth of eight feet. Being coated with mastic, which is still well preserved, it would contain the water for the naval games, a singular entertainment in the midst of the general aridity of the desert.'—pp. 196, 7.

From Sabra M. Laborde returned to Akaba along the ridge of the hills which form the eastern side of Wady Araba, a course nearly parallel to his former route. On arriving at the top of a mountain, called El Nakb,* M. Laborde was struck by a panorama of rocky desert, 'the sad and mournful character of which,' he adds, 'it is difficult to represent even with the aid of a pencil; the strong and lofty language of Ezekiel is alone adequate to the description of this mighty desolation.'—(p. 198.)

Such is the evidence of an eye-witness, to whom no suspicion of superstitious credulity can attach.

Again; falling in with some cultivated spots in this rocky wilderness, he says :—

'The wonderful fertility of these rare patches of earth, in the midst of a steril country, seemed intended to remind us that one day that region had been happy, before a powerful hand had weighed so heavily upon it.

'There is to be found at Kerek a species of bearded wheat, that justifies the text of the Bible against the charges of exaggeration of

* Any steep declivity is called by the Bedouins *Nakb*. (Burckhardt, p. 537.)

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which it has been the object; and the vines, also, of this country, of the fruit of which we saw some specimens, account for the enormous grapes which the spies sent out by Moses brought back from the places they had visited.'—pp. 203, 204.

These grapes, we find from the specimen copied by M. Laborde, to be an inch and a half in their longer, and seven-eighths of an inch in their shorter diameter.

As he approached the town of Ameimé, about half way between Petra and Akaba, he fell in with another object of art:—

'We observed with astonishment, as we pursued our way down the mountain, the ancient aqueduct which conveyed the water from the wells of Gaha and Guman to the town of Ameimé, which was built in the plain on the road from Petra to Aila. This aqueduct, extending beyond three leagues [nine miles], follows the level of the surface of the country, above which it never rises. It could only have been by attending most carefully to the undulations of the soil, and by a remarkable proficiency in the scientific operations for taking levels, that the projectors were enabled to succeed in preserving a regular descent for the waters over so great a distance.'—pp. 206, 207.

Nothing of any particular interest occurred in the remainder of his route to Akaba, nor in his farther journey, till he reached Mount Sinai, and here he has little to *tell* that had not been already told by former travellers. His *plates*, however, of the Convent of Mount Sinai (commonly, and by M. Laborde, called the Convent of St. Catherine, but really dedicated to the *Transfiguration*), as well as those of Mount Sinai itself, and of the *Gibel Mokatteb*, or Written Mountains, are exceedingly interesting. We must make a few extracts from the explanations of these plates for the use of those readers who may not have the accounts of former travellers in their recollection, and we shall subjoin a few observations on one or two important points which occur in the narrative:—

'Continuing our course towards the north, we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents that flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge, we perceived the Convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a prolongation of Sinai; and in the distance extends the plain where the people of Israel encamped on their journey through the wilderness. . . .

'The convent of Sinai is built in an oblong form, and has only one great gate, which opens to the north-west. . . . . The walls are of unequal height, as they follow the inequalities of the earth. . . . . As the principal gate is always barricaded, [*walled up*, we believe] to prevent surprises on the part of the Arabs, whoever wishes to enter the convent must take hold of a cord, and allow himself to be drawn up to a window thirty feet high, formed in the wall, which looks towards the north-east. . . . . 'The

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'The window, which is the only entrance,—the cord, which is the only communication with the external world,—give to the whole of this building a grave and solemn appearance. When I was drawn up by means of this machine, I felt the same impression as if I heard the creek of the hinges of a large door which closes on the visitor who enters through curiosity a state prison. . . . . .

'When we entered the convent we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy-looking monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect, to which no artificial addition has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed is far from being uniform: clouds frequently lower over this peaceable horizon. During my sojourn there, a pilgrim received a ball in the thigh, skilfully aimed at him by a Bedouin, who thought he was paying off one of the monks to whom he owed some grudge. He had remained some time on the watch for his prey, upon the top of one of the rocks which command the walls. The convent was all in alarm, for their disputes with the Bedouins seldom proceeded to the extent of bloodshed. A parley was held; and, doubtless, the affair was arranged after my departure.'—pp. 228-239.

The convent is situated on the side of 'Mount Horeb, which,' says M. Laborde, 'forms a kind of breastwork from which Sinai rises, the former being only seen from the valley, which accounts for the appearance of the *burning bush* on *that* mountain and *not* on Sinai, and the spot of this miraculous appearance is supposed to be included in the walls of the convent.' We are aware that it is a common opinion that Horeb and Sinai are merely different names for the same mountain; though some believe that they are rather different *parts* of the mountain; and in the appropriation of these names M. Laborde follows Pococke, and what are, we believe, thought the best authorities. But we confess ourselves to have considerable doubts on this subject, which—however presumptuous they may seem to be at this day—we will venture to state—they have been suggested to us by a comparison of Laborde's and Burckhardt's accounts of the rock shown as that from which Moses produced the miraculous gush of water.

M. Laborde says:—

'Descending by the ravine which separates Sinai from Mount St. Catherine, we found, amidst numerous traces of the veneration formerly paid to all these places, the stone from which Moses caused water to spring forth by the command of God.'—p. 244.

And he subjoins the passage from Scripture which relates the miracle:—

'And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of

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of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim: and *there was no water for the people to drink.*

'Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the Lord? . . . . .

'And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go.

'Behold, I will stand before thee there, upon THE ROCK *in Horeb;* and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.'—pp. 244, 245.

Pococke and Shaw both saw this stone, and do not state any *local* objection to its identity. On the contrary, Pococke states that the vale in which it stands is 'certainly the valley of Riphidim' (i. 143), and Shaw says of the holes or water channels which its surface exhibits, that 'neither art nor chance could by any means be concerned in the contrivance of these holes, which formed so many fountains.'—(*Obser.* 352.) There can be no doubt, that if this were the miraculous rock, this part of the Sinaic range would be *Horeb*, or conversely, if this were *Horeb*, this block might be the miraculous rock; but Burckhardt, besides observing that the tradition was discredited by the fact that the openings by which the water was supposed to have gushed were obviously factitious and forgeries of the monks, raises a still more important objection. 'In this part of the peninsula,' he says, 'the Israelites could not have suffered from thirst; as the Upper Sinai is full of wells and springs, the greater part of which are perennial; and on whichever side the pretended rock of Moses is approached, copious sources are found within a quarter of an hour of it' (p. 579); and there are two fine springs within the convent, which are as near to the plain in which the Israelites must have encamped, as the rock in question.

Now, as the miracle was certainly performed in *Horeb*, this objection would place *Horeb* at a certain *distance* from *Sinai* and its water-springs; and that such was the fact seems clearly stated in the Scriptural account of the progress of the Israelites. '*They pitched in Rephidim, where there was no water;*' and Moses '*smote the rock in Horeb.*'—(Exodus xvii. 2-6.) *Rephidim* and *Horeb* were therefore the same or nearly adjoining places, and thereabouts was the battle with the Amalekites. But after that battle the Israelites continued their march. '*For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness, and there Israel camped before the mount.*'—(Ezek. xix. 2.) Thus it is clear that *Rephidim*, and of course *Horeb*, must have been, *at least, one* day's march from Sinai. All this seems quite clear;

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clear; whence then the general, and we believe up to this moment unquestioned opinion, that Horeb and Sinai are the same? First, there is the text in the third chapter of Exodus, ver. 1, which states that Moses, during his exile from Egypt, '*led his flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to* HOREB,' where God appeared to him in the burning bush, and gave him his mission for the deliverance of Israel. Secondly, the text from Deuteronomy, in which Moses tells the people that 'the *Lord our God made a covenant with us in* HOREB,' (v. 2,) meaning, as is evident in the sequel, the delivery of the Law on Mount *Sinai*. Thirdly, the text in 1 Kings, viii. 9—that there was '*nothing in the ark but the two tables of stone, which Moses put there at* Horeb, *when the Lord made the covenant;*' and another, ib. xix. 8, that Elijah journeyed from Beersheba *forty days and forty nights unto* HOREB, *the mount of God.* All these and other similar texts seem to imply that *Sinai* and *Horeb* were the same—which is contrary to the import of the former passages, and to the *fact* of the abundance of water near Sinai.

The only attempt we know of to reconcile these apparent inconsistencies is an incidental suggestion of Doctor Hales, who, although he says that 'this famous mountain is called *indiscriminately* in Scripture *Horeb* and *Sinai*,' yet immediately adds an important distinction—'*Horeb* seems to be the general name of the whole mountain, signifying "*a desert*;" *Sinai* appropriated to its highest summit.' (*Analys. of Chron.* i. 407.) This explanation, which still identifies the *place*, is not consistent with the *march from* Horeb *to* Sinai, or with the springs near Sinai; but if, on Doctor Hale's hint that *Horeb* is the *general* name for a *desert*, we suppose it to belong—not to one mountain or part of a mountain, but—to the whole *Sinaic district*, the difficulties* are considerably lessened if not altogether removed, and all passages seem reconcilable. There is a remarkable text, and one of great authority, which seems to support this conjecture. St. Stephen, in his apologetical address to the Jews (Acts vii. 30), states the miracle of the *burning bush*—which, as we have seen, occurred in *Horeb*—to have happened 'in the *wilderness of Mount Sinai*'—

* The chief difficulty is that the scene of the burning bush in '*Horeb*' is called also '*the Mountain of God*,' and '*Holy Ground*,' terms which are held to be *appropriate* to Sinai; but this seems not quite conclusive. At the time spoken of (long before the Exode) *Sinai* itself had no claim to be called 'Holy Ground,' or 'the Mountain of God;' and though no doubt it might be so called by anticipation, yet it is clear that the place where that miracle was performed was called '*Holy Ground*' with respect to the actual presence of God on that occasion, and without any reference to the long subsequent events which made Sinai also 'holy ground.'

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ἐν τῇ ἐρήμῳ τοῦ ὄρους Σινᾶ—thus making *Horeb*, and—*not* 'Sinai' but—'the *wilderness* of Sinai,' synonymous. But, however this may be, it is, we think, clear that there is no sufficient warrant for calling, as M. Laborde and, we believe, most modern travellers do, one of the shoulders of Mount Sinai by the distinctive title of *Horeb*—and still less for assigning the miracle of the water from the rock to that very part of the mountain where natural water abounds: particularly as Dr. Pococke found another rock—also traditionally believed to be the scene of the miracle—which does lie in the line of the Israelite march, about the distance that *Rephidim* probably was from Sinai. Pococke believing the rock in Sinai to have been that of the *first* miracle mentioned in Exodus, ascribes to the more northern rock the *second* miracle mentioned in Numbers xx. 11, though it seems clear that the latter event did not take place in this neighbourhood. But the truth is, that it is idle to look for any existing traces of *these* miracles—none can remain; and the holes and channels which pious fraud has cut in both those rocks, to imitate apertures worn by water, are not merely obvious but idle forgeries; for there is no warrant for supposing the water to have flowed long enough to have worn channels in stone.

We have dwelt upon this point because, when every new discovery in the Holy Land seems to afford additional proofs of the exact truth of Holy Writ, we could not but feel some degree of surprise and vexation at Burckhardt's weighty objections against the received locality of *Horeb*—objections to be met only by showing, as we hope to have done in some degree, that the tradition which M. Laborde adopts, and Burckhardt overthrows, does not rest on the authority of Scripture; but that, on the contrary, the plain interpretation is, that the miracle took place at some considerable distance from the water springs of Mount Sinai.

We shall now make a summary of M. Laborde's 'pilgrimage' to the summit of Sinai:—

'None of the monks were disposed to accompany me; they lent me therefore one of their Arabian servants, a sort of Helots among the Bedouins, to be my guide as well as to carry the provisions which were necessary for this fatiguing journey. I fastened myself to the rope, and the windlass being turned round, I was gently deposited at the foot of the walls. The rope was rapidly drawn up again to assure the poor monks that they were perfectly isolated in the midst of this hostile desert. . . . . .

'Our course towards the summit of Sinai lay through a ravine to the south-west. The monks had arranged a series of large slabs in tolerably regular order, which once formed a convenient staircase to the top of the mountain. The rains, however, have disturbed them, and, as no repairs

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repairs had been for a long time attended to, the stairs were in many places in ruins. Just before reaching the foot of Sinai, immediately after quitting Horeb, the traveller sees a door [way] built in the form of an arch; on the key-stone of the arch a cross has been carved. . . . .

'An affecting custom used to take place near this door: one of the monks of the convent employed himself there at prayer, and heard the confessions of the pilgrims, who when thus nearly at the end of their pilgrimage, were not in the habit of accomplishing it until after they had obtained absolution.

'We passed another similar door before arriving at a small level spot, whence we discovered the summit of Sinai, and the two edifices which surmount it. One is a chapel, the other is a mosque. . . . . We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting at each cleft or salient part of the rock, to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes—Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation.

'I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creeds which they once professed with so much ardour.'—pp. 238-243.

On his descent from the summit, he passed, as we have already seen, by the rock of Moses, in the valley between what he calls Horeb and Mount St. Catherine: but it is strange that he does not so much as allude to the celebrated Sinaic inscription, nor to any of the numerous inscriptions which former travellers found in the immediate neighbourhood of Sinai.

He now proceeded on his return to Suez, winding round Mount Serbal, and descending to the shore of the Red Sea through the celebrated Wady Mokatteb, or valley of the Written Mountains. It was in 1722 that these inscriptions were brought into notice by the superior of the Franciscans, who, on his return from a pious visit to Mount Sinai, was astonished to behold the two fronts of the rocky valley covered for the length of an entire league with ancient inscriptions. 'These mountains,' he says, 'are called Gebel el Mokatteb, that is to say, the Written Mountains; for, as soon as we quitted the mountains of Faran, we passed along others, during a whole hour, which were covered with inscriptions in an unknown character, and carved in these hard rocks of marble to

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a height which, in some places, was from ten to twelve feet above the surface of the ground; and, although we had amongst us men who understood the Arabian, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, there was not one of us who had the slightest knowledge of the characters engraved in these hard rocks with great labour, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink. Hence it is probable that these characters contain some profound secrets, which, long before the birth of Christ, were sculptured in these rocks by the Chaldeans or some other persons.' This description M. Laborde found accurate, except only as to the nature of the rock, which, instead of being hard, is, in fact, crumbly freestone. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, published the Prior's narrative, and offered a reward to any traveller who should bring back copies of the inscriptions. Pococke and Wortley Montague brought over copies of some of them. In 1762 Niebuhr was sent by the King of Denmark to explore Arabia, but especially to copy the inscriptions on Wady Mokatteb—subsequently, other travellers made transcripts, and at last Mr. Grey published, says M. Laborde, 187 inscriptions in the Transactions of the Royal Society; but no satisfactory attempt has been hitherto made at deciphering them: and judging from the rude and irregular forms of what seem to be letters and the disproportionate and childish sketches of men and animals with which the inscriptions are interspersed, there is little reason to suspect that they contain 'profound secrets,' or were even the works of men with any degree of literature and civilization; they look like the letters and figures which the village boys in England are in the habit of scratching wherever they find a sand-stone soft enough to yield to their puny tools, and probably are of no greater value.*

This brings us to the conclusion of M. Laborde's journey and publication, which is a valuable addition to geographical and Scriptural literature; less, however, as we have seen, by its narrative, which contains *very little novelty*, than by its illustrations, which are infinitely more copious and more accurate than any which we before possessed concerning these interesting regions, and which have powerfully contributed to one of the most impor-

* The copy in the English work of M. Laborde's plate of the Gibel Mokatteb is the only one of which we see any reason to complain. The original expresses very distinctly the figures engraved on the rocks—the copy is only a wood vignette, which, though cleverly done as a general view, does not make these details (which are the real curiosity of the scene) sufficiently visible. We must also observe, that M. Laborde's designation of the vignette in p. 88 as the summit of Mount Sinai is erroneous; it *must* be a view *from* the summit of Mount Sinai.

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tant objects to which literature can be directed—the elucidation and confirmation of Scriptural truth. It seems to us indicative of the little taste that exists in France for such inquiries, that not only has M. Laborde not yet given us his promised narrative, but that there should have been no smaller edition of his great work for general use. For *us*, such an edition—valuable as we have stated it to be—was by no means so necessary as in France. *We* have the travels of Pococke, Shaw, Joliffe, Burckhardt, Irby, and Mangles, Legh, Henniker, &c., which relate nearly all that M. Laborde has to *tell*, and his plates of the chief wonders of Edom have been opened to the British public by copies in the late editions of Dr. Keith's work on the Prophecies, and in that beautiful and most interesting work, Finden's Illustrations of the Bible,—of which let us say, *en passant*, that the admirable execution of the plates,* and the style, spirit, and learning, of the accompanying commentaries, make it a work gratifying at once to taste and to piety. But with no subsidiary works of this sort to satisfy, in any degree, public curiosity, the French literary world has for seven years remained content with an enormous and ill-arranged folio, which, from its size and cost, can have had but a very limited vogue.

We have already hinted that we are not very hopeful that M. Laborde will ever publish 'the more regular and better digested work' which he promised. We suspect that we already have in this publication most of the *plums of his pudding*, and that he could now do little more than make *dissertations* on facts before stated, for which we confess ourselves not at all anxious; but we heartily wish that he would give us an octavo edition of his folio work, placing his notes in their natural order and connexion, supplying some obvious deficiencies, and adding the matter, such as it may be, which he tells us he had kept back for his second publication. Nor need he fear that the diminished size of the work would deteriorate, in any considerable degree, the beauty of his embellishments; for, as we have already said, the English volume now before us has reproduced all that is of any value in his plates in a way,—to say the very least of it,—perfectly satisfactory to the ordinary reader.

* We could have wished that Mr. Turner's fantastical skies and other gratuitous additions to the original sketches had been spared. They derogate somewhat from the sober truth, which is the best characteristic of the rest of the publication.

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ART. VI.—*Semilasso in Africa; Adventures in Algiers and other parts of Africa.* By Prince Pückler Muskau. 3 vols. London. 1837.

SIGNOR Semilasso—*alias* Meinherr Pückler Muskau, rejoices in the title of a Silesian *prince*, a dignity which we believe he obtained through the influence of his wife, who was nearly related to the minister Hardenberg. The princess, however, never accompanies her illustrious husband on his travels, probably because his highness has observed that nothing 'can be more tiresome than man and wife' (vol. i. p. 155). Silesia, we are informed by the young gentleman who conducts the foreign geographical department for Lord Palmerston, is a province in Germany, which, apparently exhausted by having given birth to Blücher and Pückler, now only produces fine flints and coarse linens. Be all these things as they may, this princely handle to a name, *qui se prête au ridicule*, has proved to the bearer a good passport into the society of his betters, and what was of more importance to so professed an epicure, procured him divers invitations to excellent dinners. Although gratitude is not the predominant feature of his, or indeed of any vain character, we must do Pückler the justice to admit that he is fully sensible of what he owes to his rank, to which he seldom omits any opportunity of allusion, however ill-timed. The useful travelling *nom de guerre* of a Silesian 'Fürst,' about equivalent to the exalted titles of an Italian count and a French marquis, is undeniably more substantial than that borne by the myriads of highnesses in Poland, and particularly in Russia, where, by an imperial ukase, no semi-barbarian may write himself prince, unless qualified by the possession of lands, estates, domains, territories, lordships, palatinates, and principalities to the clear value of forty pounds sterling per annum. Such an individual being, therefore, four times richer than one of our newly created electoral senators of reform, is entitled to four times the quantum of respect which is paid by the Liberals to a ten-pounder when talking him over in private, and not on the eve of an election.

We have been peculiarly fortunate in observing this Silesian comet in all its phases, from its rising in the sandy, nebulous plains of Prussia, to its glorious perihelion in Africa. The first glimpse we caught of his highness was at Dresden, some twelve years ago, where the simple Saxons were astounded by his equipage and outer man. Perhaps some of our readers may still remember the portrait with which he then favoured us of himself:—

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self:—'the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers'—that pensive melancholy, tinged with a sarcastic bitterness of smile—that restless glance of an intelligent eye, that star-adorned bosom—that simple *recherche* of costume—that lady-killing whole, &c. &c.—in short,

'A something between Abelard and old Blücher.'

His highness, when stripped of this mantle of romance, was a plain, ordinary middle-aged Prussian personage, of unusual bad taste and pretension in his whole demeanour and dress. Germany, paradoxical Germany, renowned for sausages, sour-crout, and tailors, the land of Staubs and Stultzes, the best dressers of the human form divine, is proverbial for the worst dressed men and dinners. Pickler, 'for ü twice dotted is pronounced like i,' like many of his countrymen, had been anything but happy in his attempt to combine Parisian elegance with English simplicity. His unlucky destinies soon afterwards dipped him in ink, and exhibited in black and white the character of his princely mind, and, what old Goethe called in the twaddle of dotage, 'his moral manifestations.' His first work was, we believe, a sketch of his sojourn in England, which had the unmerited distinction of being translated by Mrs. Austin, whose right feelings and good taste induced her to throw a veil over many of the indecencies and absurdities of her original. It was put forth in Germany under the name of 'Extracts from the Papers of a Deceased Person,' which was faithfully rendered by the shrewd English publisher as the 'Letters of a German Prince.' The worshipful bibliopole being well aware that a dead man who has no friends would prove a far less attractive title than a live prince, especially in England, which then could only boast of Prince Hoare, Prince Leopold, and the recollections of a Prince Regent, the consequence of this introduction was, that the book was bought and read with avidity.—Such is the character of this free land, where now, as in Leon's time, the learned pate ducks to the titled fool.

We had occasion, on the appearance of his first work, to administer a little of that wholesome gentle criticism which induces many ingenious authors to renounce a trade for which they are manifestly unfit, or at least to bestow additional correction on their subsequent performances. He who spareth the rod spoileth the author. And how many of our best and most successful writers would gladly recall the hasty, flippant, and ill-digested productions of their early years! It has always been our endeavour to direct the march of intellect into an orderly and disciplined advance, and to curb the vagaries of these German *flü-*

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gelmen—these frivolous, theatrical, tinsel metaphysicians—these extravagant, unhealthy, immoral, un-English sentimentalists—these selfish egotists, who, admitted into the bosom of families, betray confidences unhappily misplaced, and requite private hospitality by public ingratitude. His highness, by taking that high line, had clearly determined never to return to England, nor adventure into the society of Englishmen, and now, when we had forgotten him, 'his carriage and people,' his 'moral manifestations' and his book, bored alike with both, he rises a modern Leo Africanus from his supposed grave in Africa—the hemisphere of real boars and real lions.

Some of our brother reviewers were a few years ago so completely deceived by some nonsense about a project 'gracefully expressed' by Pickler of his leading a patriarchal life in Ireland, that they ingeniously concluded their article by remarking, 'There is about it [viz. the nonsense] a soundness, a charitableness, and cheerfulness, which, *if* the feeling be genuine, *and we see no reason to conclude* it to be otherwise, will *assuredly* some day *rectify* most of his defects of understanding, replace his thoughtless ill-nature by a more uniform consideration of others, and give a *concentration* and dignity to those scattered and feeble elements which seem floating up and down his character at present, irresolutely enough.'* Before we examine how far these amiable predictions of rectification of spirits have been verified in the works of his maturer age, we will just remark that a tour into Africa was precisely calculated to concentrate the best points of our author's talents and character: he is undoubtedly gifted with considerable powers of description, some taste for landscape gardening, and a lively perception of the beauties of nature, although too often tinctured with the morbid exaggerations of the '*romantic æsthetical*' school, and soaring into those regions of thin air, which have been so long assigned exclusively to his countrymen. Africa, a new 'un-European continent' [!], full of contrasts, inhabited by a wild uncivilised people of oriental manners, costume, and religion, the sea, the sun, and the desert, heightened by the juxtaposition of the opposed habits, the disciplined armies and fastidious polish of the French, were all excellent themes for his sketchy and dramatic style, his turn for the burlesque, and his strongly developed craving for Quixotic adventure, the offspring partly of inordinate vanity, and a remnant of the love for 'renomiren'—the *renowning* of a German university. No accurate information, either useful or scientifical, moral or political, no statistical data,

* Edinburgh Review, vol. liv., p. 406.

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geographical discoveries, or any classical investigations were to be expected from so frivolous and superficial an author; for all these subjects he is, as he honestly admits, most undeniably unqualified.

The present work is composed in the form of epistles addressed to certain uncouth-named grafs, barons, and Prussian vons, all, doubtless, persons of eminent consideration, with whom a prince must naturally be supposed to correspond. The first volume opens with a letter to his 'dear Lucie,' the 'princess of P. M.,' 'the friend of his heart,' and is indited on the Mediterranean, 'from the bosom of the crocodile,' and from his bed. He was still sicky and squeamish, but had just done his dinner in 'company with hundreds of thousands of little brown beetle wretches, some of which he could not avoid swallowing with every dish.' His highness calls them the 'first Africans with whom he had made acquaintance.' Why these, or any other diminutive travelling companions, brought either from France in a French ship, or from Germany about the person of his highness, are to be pronounced African, when on the high seas, and some hundred miles from that continent, is a piece of entomological information—a poetical *licence* which we cannot comprehend. Before, however, his highness and his suite, 'sein Durchlaucht nebst begleitung,' actually arrive in Africa, he recurs to his parting adventures in Europe. He was so 'afflicted by the bad news he had received,' that during the ten days he spent at Toulon he only went invariably to the theatre, where, on one occasion being taken by a French actress for an Englishman, 'an honour which often happens to him,' he only escapes from her proffered love by 'referring her to Lord Brougham, whom he had just espied hid in a corner.' The real Englishman was, however, quite a match for these tricks upon travellers. 'His good genius whispered to him something of the impending danger, for while my neighbour, who had a *strong smell of grog*, was beginning her strategic operations to approach him unperceived, he (Lord B.) quitted the house, and did not return.' Probably, as the witch in Macbeth perceived the approach of evil by 'the pricking of her thumb,' so his lordship smelt a rat by the warnings of the faithful sentinel of his olfactory organs. His highness whiled away his mornings and his melancholy at the arsenal, where he 'always found something new among a society of "counts" and gentlemen, who in any other country would have been hanged and quartered;' in whose school he arrived at the profound conclusion 'that theft, as well as a desire to murder, is in some certainly an incurable disease.' (vol. i. p. 8.) The last day of his stay was dedicated to an excursion to

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'the garden of the Mayor of Hieres, who has married a grand-daughter of Stultz, the rich London tailor: this well-known man terminated his glorious career here a few years ago, as we learn from a marble monument erected in the churchyard. Certainly the life of the deceased did honour to his intelligence. Although he had the misfortune to be born in Germany, he was clever enough to become immensely rich in England; and when life's closing scene came on, he was poetical enough to die at Hieres, and be buried beneath orange trees. No doubt he is now in heaven; and thus he has, rising step by step, finely illustrated my idea of perfectibility, traced by the following gradations, stone, plant, animal, German, English tailor, poet, angel. God be with him!' —p. 13.

This is a fair sample of our author's turn for the burlesque, although we do not quite see the necessity of the geological and vegetable stages in the perfect development of even so good a tailor as Mr. Stultz. A live ass will have his joke against a dead lion, and probably none are so serious to the complete man of sheers and thimble as the past favours and patronage of his highness, who, having thus paid off the late Mr. Stultz, returns faint, tired, and hungry, to his *table d'hôte*, where, to his surprise and delight, he meets fifteen or sixteen guests, and all Germans! After due greetings in the coffee-room, huggings, kissings, screechings, pawings, slobberings, and Teutonic gesticulations, down they sit to their repast with all the voracity, tenacity, capacity, and continuity of appetite which distinguish Germans in the perfectibility of graminivorous and carnivorous capabilities. Notwithstanding 'they were all unknown to him except one of the ladies,' a former watering-place acquaintance, the whole sixteen immediately conceive the sudden thought of swearing an eternal friendship with their countryman, and having cemented it by energetic eating and deep potations to 'ever dear fatherland,' 'it was not till late' that his highness 'entered his airy tilbury, attended to the door by the greater part of the company.' His highness reaches Toulon late at night, and gains admittance by a princely device. 'On the way the wind robbed me of my last English hat.' (He is always falling among thieves.)

'and although *à toul risque*, I left my somewhat phlegmatic hackney standing in the middle of the road to recover the fugitive if possible. I was, however, unable to regain possession of it: rolling down a deep declivity, it disappeared as though some provoking spirit had carried it off. Nothing more would have been wanting but that my horse, to whom I had returned after a quarter of an hour's search, should have run after it.' [Where were the 'people,' the master of the horse to his highness, &c.?] 'I figured to myself this probability, not without some fear

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fear as I was climbing up the acclivity; but the good beast had not stirred, nay, he seemed to have fallen asleep standing.'

The steed of this airy tilbury clearly was of the true Swabian immoveability, one of those

> '——— slow brutes, whom hundsfoot and verfluchter
> Affect no more than lightning a conductor.'

He arrives, half-frozen, 'at the gate of Toulon, as midnight was striking, and finds it shut; he called loudly, but no soul made his appearance.' He then tries another gate, where 'he espied a sentinel on the wall, and, after much parley, during which he *represented himself as a French courier*,' he at length gets admitted. We readily acquit the poor sentinel and doorkeepers for giving credit to this *representation*, supported by the collateral evidence of the perfect resemblance of his hatless highness, with one of those useful but not most distinguished looking members of the travellers' club. Pickler '*thanks God!*' *for the success of his lie.* Among the many 'moral manifestations' in his early work, none occurred with more painful frequency than his utter disregard for truth, and readiness to use falsehood whenever any object, however trifling, was to be attained: his veracity was always sacrificed to his convenience, on the old principle of Herodotus (who certainly practised what he preached),—'when telling a lie will be profitable, let it be told.' 'He may lie,' said Plato, (who reasoned well,) 'who knows how to do it in a suitable time.' His highness, when in Ireland, in company with some jovial Roman Catholic prelates at Cashel, passed himself off, over the toddy, as a brother bishop; one in *partibus infidelium*, we should imagine. His highness, when in Wiltshire, obtained admission into Wilton House by affirming that he was related to Count Woronzow, a connexion of the Pembroke family. His highness, in Africa, tells the Arabs, in order to conciliate them, 'that he was born in a country formerly conquered and possessed by the Arabs, so that his blood was half Arab, and he had taken this long journey to associate as much as he could with his Bedouin brethren.'—(i. 276.) It is from Rousseau that the whole romantic school, and our author particularly, have learnt that *feelings* are the true standards of morality. 'I have only to consult myself concerning what I do; all that I *feel* to be right is right; whatever I feel to be wrong is wrong; all the morality of our actions lies in the judgment we ourselves form of them.' A pretty convenient code for an Epicurean *Egoiste.*

The second letter finds Pickler in the Algiers roadstead, on the exact spot from which Lord Exmouth bombarded the city. Although it is midnight, and in the middle of January,

'the moon shines so brightly, that it seems almost day-light:—a mild, zephyr

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zephyr fans my cheeks, and sweet perfumes are wafted from the shore. Everything is as if it were the middle of summer: the blue sea glitters, smooth as a mirror; before us, faintly illumined by three minarets, is a white collected mass, lying like a creature without life, at the foot of the mountain:—city! no—this strange object seems but the ghost of a city swathed in an immense winding-sheet: but for the minarets which blaze above it like candelabras, I should have taken it for an enormous fragment of chalk.'—pp. 17, 18.

This is pretty, and we will suggest to his highness not the less so for being true, for truth and nature, as Byron observed, are stronger than fiction, in the pleasing as well as the heart-rending realities of life. The morning light gives him a clearer view of the white close-packed town, a dense mass leaning against the mountain like a sugar-loaf with the top broken off. His translator makes him say that the town looks as if it were built entirely of biscuit, evidently mistaking those dry masses of baked paste eaten on shipboard, and recommended, but not eaten, by Abernethy, for the delicate, white, unglazed porcelain called '*biscuit*.' We have had no opportunity of referring to the original German; but the translation, in many places, bears the mark of a careless and second-rate performance. His highness, on landing, with his 'Parisian *badaud* gentleman,' *tel maître tel valet*, gets nearly pulled to pieces by 'hundreds of black and brown' bipeds, not beetles, but Algerine tide-waiters, cads in bernouses, who dispute for the honour of carrying his portmanteau and sac-de-nuit to the hotel. They proceed among the ruins of the narrow street, encumbered with the 'repairing and beautifying' of the French, those destroyers of cities, amidst a crowd of black Kabyles in white cloaks, Moors in splendid many-coloured dresses, Negroes in harlequin jackets, elegant French officers, Parisian waiting-maids, and Moorish matrons—intermingled with as strange a medley of animals:—

'We arrived at the door of one of the levelled houses, which was announced as our hotel. I shuddered at the prospect. Climbing with difficulty over the rubbish, we penetrated through a narrow half-demolished archway, when, as if by enchantment, the whole scene was instantly changed: an elegant Moorish saloon, surrounded with arcades supported by handsome marble pillars, the arches tastefully decorated with tablets of coloured porcelain' [that is, inlaid with small squares of glazed tiles of different tints]: 'in the middle a well-supplied buffet, with a Parisian demoiselle, dressed in the newest fashion, enthroned behind it: numbers of small round tables covered with smoking dishes, at which were seated happy guests; and the whole rendered doubly inviting by the smell of a good French kitchen. After one has been at sea, the first repast on terra firma is always a little feast, under auspices in every respect so favourable. It was doubly so to us,' [his highness and his valet;] 'and believe me I did not forget to drink to your health . . . my

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my first glass of champagne in Africa, as I had done previously in many interesting parts of Europe.'—p. 25.

'Dis moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es,' is an aphorism of Brillat Savorin, one of the high equity magistrates of France, and judge without appeal on gastronomic questions. Accordingly his Highness seldom fails to throw out indications of character by manifestations of the details of his 'concentrated' eating propensities. The enumeration of stews and sauces, the gloating over the reminiscences of fricandeaus and fricassees which smell all through his works, is enough to make his female readers sick, and is totally at variance with the morbid ascetic temperance of the biscuit and soda-water diet of the wayward fanciful Byron, the Magnus Apollo of his school, whose white hand, tall brow, dark curling locks, and violent passions; whose aristocratic contempt for mankind and their received opinions—[Germanicè, *tiefe welt ironie*]—whose alternations of melancholy and excitement, whose excruciating, imaginary, self-inflicted tortures have turned half the flaxen-haired chowder-heads of half the dirty-handed Burschen of Gottingen and Jena. Byron, indeed a great original genius, seized the spirit of the age, the satiety and exhaustion consequent on the fierce excitement of treasons, murders, battles, and convulsions, the deadly fruits of the French revolution. He carried out the prevailing feeling of Europe in words that breathed in thoughts of fire; while his ignorant imitators, unable to fathom or keep pace with his deep and mighty torrent, thought they raised themselves by aping those defects and errors which disfigured their apostle. Pickler, one of his bastard analogists in prose, seeks to combine the interesting effect produced by self-denial, that pale transparent forehead—the evidence of midnight thought and daily abstinence—with the gross and fleshly comforts of three full meals a-day. Pickler, the most eupeptic of pigs and princes, claims the tender pity attached to a sensitive mind and a delicate digestion, being all the while endowed with a hard heart and a good stomach, which French philosophers consider the acmé of human felicity in this transitory world. One of the most disgusting vulgarisms of the German school is that 'odeur des graillons,' that stink of frying which runs through their pages, from the greasy-fingered Charlotte, who captivates Mein Herr Werther, the sentimental adulterer, by her grace in spreading bread and butter, down to our dragon among the chambermaids, Prince Pickler Muskau. Philosophy, poetry, and the entire business of existence, is with them nothing more than a branch of the *cuisine*—in which Count Stackelberg used to assert, and justly we admit, that the whole of diplomacy was concentrated. Thus we find Pickler, in one of his works, meditating a retirement

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ment from the world, one of his gracefully-expressed patriarchal projects, into the romantic country of the Pyrenees, the land of exquisite scenery and *château margaux*, of mountain torrents and delicious trout, where he might prolong a dreamy, visionary, gastronomic life amid forests and castles, truffles and *patés de foie gras*. We can 'assuredly' assure our northern colleagues that his Highness will never settle down among the finest pisantry on earth, amid praties and potheen, and other bogtrotting delicacies of wild Irish patriarchal cookery. His Highness has indeed, in the work before us, hinted at his two last new projects, one for what remains to him of this life, and the next for his '*future human existence*;' for he is a Pythagorean. His plan for the present is to engraft a feudal existence on Moorish sensualism (i. 115); his hope as to the future is, that his destinies may in his next metempsychosis call him into the beneficent sphere of action of becoming king of regenerated Tunis (iii. 267). We admit the close and legitimate union between literary and gastronomic pursuits: a day of study is never better closed than in agreeable and instructive society. 'The feast of reason and the flow of soul' are never so fully elicited as when the *cuisine* would satisfy an Apicius, and the wines a Horace or Anacreon. Undoubtedly, too, when on our travels, a good dinner, when it is to be had, is a great resource, and few people are ever *then* so bored as at the grand dinnerings of the London season. We plead guilty to all this, and claim not the martyr-glories of teatotalism: but we protest against all *cookery books* except those of the honest Rundle and Ude class. If his Highness will eat, let him do so, as the silent pig, which gets the most pudding; but even so he must never expect to pass as a *veritable* hero even among kitchen-maids and bar-maids, the chief objects of his attentions in England and Ireland. They will exclaim of him and his hastily gobbled up crudities as the Frenchman did to Sir Grenville Temple, 'c'est toujours la même chose; nous avons toujours de la fricassée (de l'Afrique assez).'

Having, greatly daring, dined, his Highness proceeds to see the lions with a Mons. Pied de Vache (had it been Pied de Veau, he would have longed to convert him into a jelly); and, *inter alia*, he beholds with much interest the Christian mosque, as it is called, a mosque which has been converted into a Roman Catholic church:—

'It is a magnificent temple, precisely in the form of a *square* room, with arcades all round. Those on the second story contain between each pillar a small separate arched chapel, the ceilings of which are ornamented with great taste, each in a different style, and a beautiful dome, coloured and gilt, covers the whole. Small painted windows diffuse

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fuse over all a dim religious light; carpets ornament the floor; and it is almost with *astonishment* and *disgust* that the eye falls on *the ugly grand altar, frightfully* ornamented with a coarsely-painted wooden image of the Virgin, *and a distorted crucified Christ*, which, in the midst of Arabic inscriptions and passages from the Koran, seem introduced solely to spoil the unity and elegance of the whole.'—pp. 27, 28.

Much allowance must be made to the French clergy, who probably were unable to provide a more suitable place for public worship; it is to their credit that they have not so entirely neglected their duty at Algiers as at Bona, where our consistent believer thus expresses himself:—

'A great privation for me here in Bona, is the want of a Christian Church; one *must live like a Heathen*, for one dare not go into a mosque, even if one should *feel oneself at all affected with Islamism*. The French here appear to have left their religion behind them in Paris; but fortunately the Creator has built a magnificent temple around us. I dare not, however, give utterance to any of the *pious things* which are hovering on my lips, in a letter intended for publication; for a Berlin lady, one of my reviewers, and by no means one of the most severe, has declared that nothing disgusted her more than when I began with my hypocritical religion.'—vol. ii. 49.

We beg leave to express our entire concurrence with the disgust entertained by our fair Prussian colleague. At one time he tells us he is 'a professed Sybarite and Epicurean' (vol. iii. p. 42); then that 'he believes firmly in another future *human* existence' (vol. iii. 269); and praises the Berbers for 'believing (like himself) in witches, enchanters, vampires, unlucky numbers, evil eyes, &c.' (vol. ii. 177.) The greatest romancers are generally the most credulous, and Pickler is one of those *gobe-mouches* who believe in everything, except the Bible. In another passage he calls into action his 'familiar demon' to give a clearer account of these matters; a very fitting interpreter. Our readers are aware that a mysterious alliance with spirits of evil is essential to all the Fausts and Manfreds of the Romantic School:—

'I think it better to communicate to the public what my poor doubleganger said on the subject, when *by magic power he was constrained to enter my soul*. "It is peremptorily necessary," said he, "that for once I speak plainly, though briefly, upon a point which has led my friends to form an unjust opinion of me, and placed in the hands of my enemies a poisoned weapon. God and the world are at least to our earthly capacities very different things: we find in the world much that is stupid, evil, nay disgusting; and *in religion, which appears the nearest thing to God in the world, there exists the most disgraceful disorders*. If I attack these, am I therefore an enemy of God?"' (vol. ii. 49.)

A few pages later he institutes a comparison between the Christian religion and that of Mahomet, having premised 'that some

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some of the modern English writers are so much afraid, in speaking of religious affairs, of shocking *the pious decorum* which is the *fashion of the day*, that they approach to absolute imbecility.' (vol. ii. p. 168.) We are surprised, if religion be the fashion, that his Highness, who has such an underbred, *roturier* craving to be considered as *recherché*, did not at least assume the appearance of it, if only for the spring season.

'Mahomet,' he proceeds to observe, 'a man of destiny and gigantic character, was doubtless of opinion that the *purely philosophical and ideal doctrines* of the Christians would never procure the temporal power at which he aimed; he therefore mingled in his system a large proportion of Hebrew elements, for a Jewish God of Battle and Vengeance was necessary for his purpose.' (vol. ii. 170.) 'He, Mahomet, *like God* in Paradise, forbad the tree of knowledge.' (vol. ii. 171.) 'There is nothing new under the sun: even the doctrines of Christ may be traced in what has been said before him.' (vol. ii. 170.) Pickler when at Keruan professes these doctrines to the Arabs: 'I found at the Caid's some of the heads of the clergy, who appeared pleased with the veneration I manifested for Mahomet.' (vol. iii. 62.) In consequence of this Mahomedan manifestation, one of these heads afterwards calls upon him, 'and kindly repeated his approval of my excellent Mussulmanish way of thinking.' (vol. iii. 71.) His 'ideal of Christ is realised for the first time,' (vol. iii. 169) by the sight of a Bedouin Arab, six feet three in stature, with his youthful son, whom he compares to St. John! He rejoices in an opportunity of describing the absurd paintings of a French renegade near Tunis. Our author observes, 'from Adam and Eve, who might have been mistaken for toads (the only animal, by the way, a Frenchman never thought of eating, even if he did paint it*), to the last judgment, nothing was omitted: God the Father, and Satan, the former naked, and the latter waggishly arrayed in canonicals.' (vol. iii. 262.) Pickler never omits any opening for a sneer; accordingly, 'a very edifying private sermon of the

* Frenchmen, who eat frogs practically, only eat toads metaphorically, 'à la crapaudine.' The genus bipes toad-eater attains its most perfect development in England, the land of money and country houses. The toad, who, like a hero of romance, 'bears a precious jewel in his head,' is rather an eater than an eatee: our gardener always keeps a real live toad in each forcing frame to eat up those 'little brown' beetles, &c., which swarm about Pickler's bed and in most dung pits; so in lordly halls and castles the function of the human toad-eater is to eat moral dirt and excellent dinners. The 'Jack Nasty' in a great establishment is the substitute for the capped and baubled fool of our ancestors: he makes love to the host's eyebrow, and has a new laugh for an old jest: he is his *sine quo non*, his factotum, *his everything*, which is the true derivation of the word toad-eater. The handy little black slaves, who formerly attended the grandees in Spain, were called 'mi todo,' and in the affectionate diminutive, 'mi todito,' 'mi todita,' *my toad-eater*.

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missionary of the English Bible Society,' which he hears at Tunis, affords a rich text for his pious remarks. He begins with approving of the sale rather than the gift of the Bibles to the Jews, for they will 'read, in order to have something for their money, and we may hope for everything, *with the assistance of the Holy Spirit.* Such are the cheering prospects of the cause at Tunis; and as it is only two years ago since the Bible Society began its operations, one cannot wonder that, notwithstanding a considerable sale of Bibles, not a single convert has been made: the time, however, is certainly too short for so satisfactory a result. It is enough that the good seed has been sown—prayed for—and will, therefore, doubtless, bring forth in due season.' (vol. ii. 129.) To all this irony he appends a note:—

'In this, however, alas! our hopeful young man [*i.e.* Semilasso *ipse*] was mistaken, for the dreadful discovery was made a short time after that some Maltese butchers had bought large Bibles only for the purposes of waste paper, because the godless wretches thought they could nowhere get it cheaper; and one might see in the open market-place the horrible spectacle of leaves torn out of the Holy Scriptures to wrap up lumps of beef and mutton. Some Moorish cheesemongers are said to have been guilty of the same sacrilege. This missionary thinks himself especially "called" to his present office, as he was formerly a Jew, then a Basle Calvinist, and lastly an English Christian. . . . . When I consider with what splendid success our Prussian endeavours at the conversion of the Jews have been attended at home, I cannot help thinking what a much more abundant harvest for the vineyard of the Lord might be reaped in this country; I may, therefore, perhaps hope, without flattering myself too much, that in consequence of this information, if not a consul, at least a Berlin missionary, will be accredited here, who, as well as the trade in Bibles, might supply the profane with wood and iron.'—vol. ii. pp. 129, 130.

We shall not insult the good feelings of our readers by offering one word of comment on these and other tirades. Our author proceeds from this desecrated temple of the prophet to the once beautiful palace of the Dey, now a desolated mass of ruin:—

'The Cassuba is situated on the highest summit of the town. Unfortunately it has been wantonly destroyed, the arcades walled up, the gardens broken, while itself now serves as a barrack for thirteen hundred men, officers included. An idea may be formed from this both of its imposing size and of the neglect and uncleanliness into which it has been suffered to fall. All the kiosks once richly gilt, the grand gallery of mirrors, the fine marble pavements have disappeared; even the party-coloured tablets of porcelain that produced so pretty an effect as a connection between the stories and in the door and window borders, are nearly all broken; the terraces, affording such beautiful views, *are de-*

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filed by the most disgusting filth, and of the thousand trees, only one enormous plantain and a few orange-trees, twenty or thirty feet high, remain; scarcely a shadow of its ancient splendour exists; yet the whole has an imposing effect, strange, disfigured and mutilated as it is. In the Cassuba there is also a handsome mosque with most magnificent marble columns, but in a similar state of dilapidation.'—pp. 28, 9.

Similar descriptions of the more than Hunnish barbarity of Gallic devastation occur throughout the work. Wherever these modern Thalabas, these deadly ministers of wrath, have passed, the earth appears scorched and withered by their fatal influence. The grass will not grow where the French armies have trod; they have spared nothing; the temples of religion, the palaces of state, the beautiful gardens, the ornaments and conveniences of elegant and civilized life have been alike sacrificed to the brutal violence and loathsome abominations of a profligate, heartless soldiery. The next day after his arrival, his Highness takes a long ride in the environs with Mons. Baccuet, a 'young banker,' and the possessor of an old horse,

'which he lent to me for our excursion. I did not believe that an old horseman like myself, who have acquired reputation even in that respect, could have experienced what I did. The horse, at least twenty years old, was so strong and fiery, that after half an hour, feeling myself seriously ill from exhaustion, for I was unable any longer to manage him, I was obliged to dismount with an almost insupportable headache. I must add that our way was constantly up a steep hill, and on a road freshly covered with broken granite; but the hoofs and legs of the animal were of iron' [as were the spurs and heart of his rider]; 'his lungs seemed inexhaustible, and his temperament half wild. For several days afterwards my arms felt as if they had been broken. It is true that the animal was badly bridled, and before I mounted him I was already unwell; but notwithstanding, I could scarcely have believed the result possible, had it been told me beforehand. I felt therefore rather ashamed, but not the less charmed on that account, with the indomitable spirit of this African wild horse, which would make an excellent acquisition to *our* studs. The violent headache I had to thank him for, and which did not leave me for twenty-four hours, unfortunately hindered me from continuing the journey, and also from sharing in the pleasant dinner which awaited our return at Mons. Baccuet's.'—vol. i. pp. 33, 4.

Your banker is therefore as clearly the man to dine with in Africa as in Europe. Those who have ever looked into any of the earlier books of his Highness, will remember the Munchausen accounts of the sayings and doings on highways and byeways, on high-trotting horses, that is, when lent him by his friend, and ridden with his own spurs. If he could manage to ride these Arab barbs, no country would better suit him than Africa in that

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that respect:—'We have such a choice of excellent horses *offered for our use, and we are accustomed* to spare them so little, that half our ride is generally a race; *a great treat* to a rider like myself.' (vol. ii. p. 5.) Set a Pickler on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil. He seldom spares these faithful animals: thus on another excursion, when 'capitally mounted' by Colonel Rigou, he and some companions similarly mounted force their friends' horses over such dreadful precipices, that 'they fell almost all once or oftener,—but one only, that of a Turk, broke its neck, and remained lying on a rocky prominence in the river, while the Arabs uttered the loudest lamentations, and occupied half an hour in undressing it. The vultures, probably, profited by the accident.' (vol. ii. 33.) Our princely vulture was less fortunate, and ends his account with regrets that so 'much time had been lost, which vexed him *the more*, as the General expected him to *dinner*.' (vol. ii. p. 44.) His usual pace when riding one of these dinner chases is fifteen miles an hour over the most rugged ground. Thus when 'engaged *to take* dinner' (is it physic?) at the Danish consul's, he rides even quicker, and after a long previous day of galloping, 'being always too late.' He was too late, even when the Roi Citoyen Louis Philippe, who is obliged to ask all the tag-rag and bob-tail of Paris, condescended to invite him to the Tuileries. 'I am often reproached for failing in my duty in this particular, and alas! not always without cause.' (vol. ii. p. 241.) We hold this underbred affectation of coming late to be an unanswerable evidence of ingratitude to the Amphitryon, of injustice to the cook, and of the rudest vulgarity in the diner-out, although Pickler may deem it to be 'consequential,' and only what he calls 'a necessary piece of decent impertinence.' (vol. iii. p. 60.) His Highness, when performing these equestrian manifestations, must have been a caricature worthy of the pencil of Cruickshank; a Quixotic, Frenchified German dandy, with that courier look which took in the poor sentinel at Toulon, mounted on a wild Arab Bucephalus, suffering all over from head to tail, *à priori et à posteriori*, with his lanky legs extended like a split radish, in the graceful attitude of foreigners who are learning to trot *à l'Anglaise*. We ourselves have no agreeable recollection of the fidgety, jerking, dislocating action of Arab horses, and have no wish that *our* studs should be enriched by a draft from the stable of this Algerine banker, which occasioned to poor Pickler the loss of so much leather and dinner. The Moorish mules are no better. Sir Grenville Temple, 'asking a driver why he was battling with them, is answered, "Ja Sidi, Baghellah voler fare troppo mucho goddam," which being rendered into

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English means, "Oh, Prince, the mule wants to get on too fast." '* (vol. i. p. 286.) Our traveller, after his recovery from his first ride, waits upon the governor of Algiers, 'Count Erlon, who had lived much in Germany, a cheerful, friendly old man, one of the "old shot and corn," as we say.' (p. 34.) He is pressed 'to stop to dine,' which he does; for he never appears to refuse such invitations, being one of those gentlemen who, according to Lord Chesterfield, are by no means unwilling to dine gratis. He is here introduced to the old shot and corn's 'amiable daughter,' whom he describes 'as quite like a *German*,' and his beautiful daughter-in-law, who 'resembles the *Spanish* ladies.' We suspect these *French* ladies will consider comparisons as odious, and by no means complimentary, although his Highness clearly intended the first to be so, as there can be no doubt the second was. Amongst the other remarkable personages he meets with in this society, his attention is chiefly attracted by

'a remarkably handsome Turk, splendidly dressed in violet velvet and gold, his turban of deep scarlet, who was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was the famous Jussuf, the commandant of the French Spahis in Bona, who, suffering from fever, had come to Algiers for the recovery of his health. This man's real origin is unknown, and he himself never speaks about it, perhaps aware that what is the least known is always the most *attractive*.'

According to Sir Grenville Temple, 'Yussuf is by birth a Frenchman, his name Louis Tesser, and his father was an intendant of Napoleon's police at Elba. Young Louis, having run away from school at Leghorn, was with one of his comrades in a *café*, when, being invited by some Tunisians who were there at the time to visit their ship, they repaired on board, and whilst employed in *eating sweetmeats* below, the vessel put to sea.' (vol. i. p. 79.) Whatever Pickler may think, it is evident that in the early history of Master Joseph these sweetmeats were very *attractive*. His subsequent biography, which, the Prince says,

'I learned from Jussuf's own mouth, is so *strange and romantic*, and appeared so chivalrous, and *narrated with so much simplicity, even when describing scenes of the utmost cruelty*, enacted by this almost *boyish* Turk, who appeared to me quite a sentimental Lion, that I could not resist the opportunity of introducing him in his own words. As I wrote down what he said immediately after, *he is sure* not to differ from me in any material point.'—vol. i. pp. 35, 6.

Pickler boasts that he drew the gentle Turk out, and 'that he was the first to whom these details were communicated,' (vol. i.

* Excursions in the Mediterranean, Algiers, and Tunis, 2 vols. 1835.

p. 78,)

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p. 78,) which he has lost no time in exposing to the world, preferring to sacrifice his friend rather than lose his jest. Pickler is such an insinuating fellow, that there is no resisting his seductions.. Accordingly, 'it did not appear at all disagreeable to the young Turk when I told him that I rejoiced the more at having made his acquaintance, because his reputation was become almost European.'—It is no fault of his that it be not quite so now, and somewhat disreputably.—'And I had heard his name pronounced in Paris from many pretty lips, which the sight of him would certainly diminish.' (vol. i. p. 84.) In another place he describes this bewitching Mussulman:—

'The most interesting figure at this ball was Jussuf, who with his romantic face dark and *proudly smiling*, dressed now in Mameluke costume, completely black, having a costly red shawl with blue flowers rolled round his head, and a large diamond on his *white hand*, completely realised to my imagination the idea of Byron's Corsair.'—vol. i. p. 197.

He soon swears an eternal friendship with this poetical personage:—

'In fact, Jussuf is one of those who must, I am sure, greatly interest everybody, *but he strikes me perhaps more than any one else*, and experience has proved that *the attraction is in some degree mutual*. In old Europe,' continues the prince, 'we are all become more or less thinkers; here I saw one of our antipodes, *a man all action;* he is a true natural hero, handsome, amiable, *humane, and gentle*, as he describes himself; but at the same time all that *a hero of romance* ought to be. We of the civilised nations are an enervated, exhausted race, in the last degree of moral inanition, and incapable of producing anything like such a character as Jussuf; nothing greater than a gigantic intellectual machine, such as was Napoleon, could be possible among us as the highest sum and representative of the ability of the times; but a *primitive nature, such poetry in action*, as this Turk, can never again grow on our soil. If his influence here, owing to circumstances, be only slight and local, he is still a subject of wonder for the inquirer: besides, whoever desires to fancy him in an historical and spirit-stirring point of view has only to place him in imagination on an Asiatic throne.'—vol. i. p. 85.

We have extracted somewhat at length these moral and physical manifestations. Jussuf is the hero of the work, and it is our intention to point out, in the very words of his 'mutually attracted' biographer, the practical manner in which these romantic theories work. We entertain a confident hope that it will be a matter of heartfelt congratulation to the male and female sexes of Great Britain 'that our soil is incapable of producing such a character as Jussuf.' He was taken at sea when scarcely four years old, and

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and brought up until his twelfth year amongst the women in the seraglio of the Bey of Tunis, for whose daughter Kabbuhra he formed a violent attachment. When removed from her society, these children meet at night on 'the terrace of my beloved, where we were pretty safe from surprise, as no male eye, under pain of being put out, dare *come* there.' (vol. i. p. 37.) We should have thought those female eyes that may and do *come* and look there, might have set some female tongues in motion. They manage these things, however, better in Tunis than in Algiers, where an acquaintance of Pickler tells him that 'he was forced to quit his lodging, because every morning from the window he was obliged to witness the toilet of a negress on the terrace of the next house.' (p. 25.) We have ourselves frequently both looked down on and from the terraces of Africa, and never saw any of these black Bathshebas. Meantime Jussuf buys an 'immense' Greek slave, and gives him to the Pacha as his pipe-filler. The nocturnal caterwaulings with Kabbuhra continue: as billing as two sparrows on a housetop, they seem to have been both innocent and unamusing:—'Sometimes we laughed together, sometimes cried, and used to sink tired of caresses and overpowered by the heat into each other's arms, till the waiting-maids awaked us.' Jussuf one unlucky night goes unarmed to the terrace, and having sunk into the usual Platonic snoosing, is startled by the treacherous Greek pipe-filler. He bribes him to silence by the diamond buttons, that he tears from his own and Kabbuhra's dress, which seem to have been more numerous and larger than those of Madame Rothschild. When he gets home 'he feels himself no longer a hero, but a Jew, for having been illused by this Christian dog.' Rather an unkind cut upon his friend poor Pickler, who, though he looks very Israelitish, still wishes, we believe, to be considered a Christian. Jussuf takes immediately to his bed, suffocated with rage and indignation. The Greek comes to see him, and they become friends, Jussuf undertaking to give him 40,000 francs for the restoration of the jewels, which might have been missed. Our readers are of course aware that, as in the melodrames at Astley's, all heroes of the romantic school have their *sac de nuit* as well crammed with bank-notes as Pickler had in England, and that the most humdrum matter-of-fact man never presumes to doubt or inquire into the source of these treasures, or even ask that impertinent question, is it so? When the Greek brings the last diamond Jussuf was ready in bed with his dagger concealed under the clothes:—

'"I feel myself very sick to-day," said I, as the Greek laid the well-known bracelet on my bed: "here is the key of my press; just open it; you

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you will find a sack of sequins, and you can take out of it the sum I owe you." The fool greedily swallowed the bait, took the sack, and knelt down on the carpet to reckon out the money. My heart throbbed in my bosom. "I do not know," continued I, "what extraordinary disease I have got, but I am obliged to get out of bed every minute." As I uttered these words I rose, with the blanket over me, as if going somewhere, but turning suddenly round, and seizing the Greek by his long black hair, I threw him down on the floor, while I cried in his ear, "Didst thou think, dog, to master Jussuf at so cheap a rate?" While I spoke I stabbed him with such force, that the dagger, after penetrating *through his heart*, and passing through the carpet, entered two inches deep into a join in the marble floor, *he meanwhile crying in vain for assistance*. Even now, when I remember the moment," said Jussuf, his eyes sparkling,—" when I remember that moment I feel delight thrill through every fibre of my heart.' "—pp. 42, 3.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. This is pretty well for the maiden effort of our sentimental stripling, who commences 'that distorted and convulsive life' so lauded by the Romanticists with a lie and a murder in the morning, and a seduction, as we shall see, the next evening. A promising lad this! A good day's work, Master 'Poetry in Action!' He seems to have been as much amused with the Greek hallooing for help, while his heart was pinned through the floor, as any other cruel boy in a school is with the sufferings of a poor cockchafer. As to the revealer of these and other family secrets confided to him alone, should he adventure back into England, he will only be cut; whereas, if he put his head into Algiers again, this interesting Turk will probably not only cut up, but pickle poor Pickler into the bargain. For the story continues—

'But hear all. I had carefully prepared a cask of spirits of wine, salt, and unslacked lime, and the materials necessary for walling up an old niche. These materials I had hidden in different parts of the room. My first business was *to cut the body into pieces and put it into the cask*, with the consuming ingredients; after which I walled up the hole in the nook near my bed, and pulled over it the velvet hangings which covered the sides of the chamber. I only preserved the right hand, the eyes, and the tongue of the Greek; and after I had prepared them like the rest, I put the hand into a costly casket, the eyes into a smaller one ornamented with diamonds and perfumed with essence of roses, and the tongue into a gold snuff-box.'—p. 43.

How could the amiable Jussuf, having 'taken immediately to his bed,' get these cumbrous materials conveyed into the Pacha's palace, through myriads of suspicious guards, without observation? How attained he all his chemical knowledge of pickling and *preserving*, (although he was fond of *sweetmeats* when even a schoolboy)—to say nothing of masonry? He out-Herods

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out-Herods the innkeeper in Dalmatia, who used to kill little boys, salt them, and sell them as pork to his customers, till found out by San Nicolas, the Old Nick of our exclamations. If this scene had not occurred at Tunis, Jussuf would certainly have cut off, what the Dey of Algiers is afraid of, his ears. We venture to suggest, too, as a critical emendation to Pickler, in case of a second edition, that the nose would be more appropriately put into the 'gold snuff-box' than the tongue. However, —'in less than two hours all was finished;' that is, the killing, pickling, and mason's work. He then goes to the Greek's room, and plunders his presses; for one good turn deserves another. The next evening he meets Kabbuhra on the terrace, and gives her the three relics:—'Here have you the hand that dared to seize you, here the eyes that watched us maliciously, here the tongue that threatened us with shame.' (p. 45.) Kabbuhra, gentle and romantic, and hardly in her teens, was of course 'soon tranquillised by the *details of the whole transaction*, and still trembling at my danger, dissolved in love!' (i. 45.) Thus did this Algerine Othello win his Desdemona, whom we should not be surprised to hear some day that he has killed, and whom, as Pickler* *obiter* tells us, he has already deserted. We pass over the *details* of the effects produced by this soothing, anodyne, tranquillising scene, and those 'rapturous remembrances which ever more and more attracted the most ardent attention' of Pickler, who, as a pupil of the romantic school, entertains (or wishes it to be so supposed) a burning idolatrous adoration for woman, material woman. The idiosyncracy of men of the finest imagination and genius is too often, and to their own undoing, allied with a passionate temperament; but their imitators are always disgusting their readers with stuff about raptures and transports, which every man or woman of common sense, and half the age of Pickler, must know to be grossly exaggerated. Pickler ingeniously asks, in one of his works, why 'a heart so loving as his own is not social?' Simply, we opine, because he is a cold selfish sensualist, loving woman not for herself, but for himself, as a mere instrument of *his* pleasures. Jussuf, who had received a Tunisian education, naturally enough entertained rather a Turkish feeling towards the fair sex. He thus draws the portrait of his Kabbuhra:—

'Who can describe what a heavenly being that girl was, what an inestimable treasure of feeling, prudence, and strength of character, reposed in her tender bosom, and what irresistible graces encircled a soul breathing nothing but love?'—p. 45.

This epitome of 'feeling and prudence' (and we trust Master Jus-

* On the 13th of April Jussuf calls on Pickler at Bona, 'having been too long detained at Algiers by a *new* Kabbuhra.'

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suf may yet find he has caught a Tartar) gave soon after a proof of the strength of her arm as well as of her character. The lovers are surprised one night by a black eunuch sent by the Pacha to inquire after his daughter's health, who had *prudently* shammed sickness to gratify her soul, which breathed nothing but love. The eunuch, on seeing Jussuf's feet 'under the Psyche'—it is all à la Cupid and Psyche—quits the room horrified, as he well might, at the intrigues of this heavenly spinster:—

'At the same moment I saw Kabbuhra, half-naked, spring up *like lightning*' [in another place he describes her as following him "with the activity of a squirrel"—i. 73], 'and seizing my kanjar, dart out of the room after him. I heard a stifled cry, when my beloved, whom I was hastening to follow, rushed back again, *covered with blood*, with the dagger in her right hand, and fell half senseless into my arms. "He is dead," said she, drawing a deep breath;—[one of her love-breathing draughts]—"he was just hurrying up the stairs, when I plunged the dagger into his ugly black body." [What an irresistible treasure this pretty fair body is!] "It was our only chance, Jussuf, and I had no time for reflection. Now help me to consider what we must do next." She drew me with these words into the next room, where lay the corpse of the eunuch, now watched by the attendant who before had slumbered on her post; so that she did not perceive his entrance. We threw a woollen covering over the body to absorb the blood, washed clean the marble floor which it had stained, and then prepared, since there was no other way of disposing of it, to conceal the body in the garden, where the ruin of an ancient archway would much favour our design. With the help of another girl who was still awake, we completed our difficult task, after an hour of excessive anxiety. "I must here," continues Pickler, "interrupt Jussuf, to point out *a very characteristic* trait, namely, that after this *little* interruption, the enamoured pair returned *quietly* to their couch, and continued together till morning!"'—pp. 217, 218.

We hope and believe, for the honour of humanity and womanhood, that his Highness is 'romancing,' and that all this dreadful account of blood-excited lust is but a piece of homage to that craving after more than ordinary guilt which characterise the 'distorted and convulsive life' of French and German melodrame. It is the ordinary lot of servile imitators to carry the peculiarities of their model into depraved and absurd extremities. Thus Pickler, who sees in Jussuf a personification of the Corsair, has probably borrowed a Gulnare from the original poem. The eagle plume stolen from the mighty Byron by this German jay is misplaced and dishonoured with an equal want of taste and knowledge of human nature. Conrad, whose unrelenting scimitar, in the hour of danger and battle, deals death around, cannot even imagine that Gulnare could be so cruel and unfeminine as to destroy

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stroy her tyrant even to obtain the safety of her lover and himself. 'Thanks to that softening heart, she could not kill!' One little stain on her forehead, ''twas but a spot,' reveals the dreadful guilt, and at once freezes every vein.

'That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek.
Blood he had view'd, could view unmoved! but then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men.'

Corsair, x.

Whatever wildness, romance, or poetry, may exist in these oriental incidents, the spell is dissolved when the sacred, immutable, universal laws of the human heart are trampled upon. The reader can only feel disgust at the recital, and contempt for an author, whose object is merely to produce a morbid unnatural effect. This Greek-cutting-up-and-pickling Jussuf is but an Algerine Greenacre; and this Kabbuhra, that treasure of woman, a more hardened principal than Mrs. Gale, his wretched paramour and housekeeper. The romantic system, when carried into private practice, is most likely to produce both felons and strumpets in great abundance. Pickler favours us with the recipe for the perfect character of a romantic heroine. It requires to be made up of the following twenty qualities, neither more nor less:—

'1. Beauty. 2. Youth. 3. A *striking quality*. 4. *Gentleness*. 5. Fidelity. 6. She must exhibit the movements of a soul which seeks for love unconsciously to itself. 7. The growth of the emotions, sudden blushing and turning pale—soft thrills. 8. The flaming up of a heart that seeks to devote itself to its lord. 9. The half-mocking gaiety which parodies the behaviour of the lover, his endeavours and his vows. 10. The expression of the tender passion, making itself manifest in the glances, in the trembling of the voice, in the whole being. 11. Forgetfulness of the whole world, involuntary absence of mind, characterising the passion. 12. Passion mounting still higher; disregard of self in consistent actions, neglect of all things, *even of dress*. 13. Uneasiness and tenderness, bitterness and joy. 16. Silent expression of love returned. 17. A relapse—affectation; she repulses the caresses of one whom she inwardly adores. 18. Modesty seeking to conceal the violence of desire which struggles at the bottom of the soul. 19. The triumph—the development of the soul and all the senses. 20. The *happy time*, when one no longer conceals the felicity which one receives and imparts, but *boldly* displays it to the world, when *the person is more adorned*, in order to please the more, to increase and render perpetual the rapturous intoxication to which the soul entirely surrenders itself.'—vol. ii. pp. 208, 209.

Strip this disgusting trash of its flimsy verbiage, and it is nothing more than the harlot's progress (any allusion to marriage is of course too unromantic), where the loss of virtue is succeeded by brazen-faced,

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brazen-faced, rouged, unshrinking profligacy; and yet to such a heroine as this does our German prince, a countryman of Schlegel, dare, in his relentless ignorance, to compare the gentle, feminine, and beautiful Juliet of Shakspeare! In the latter part of his work he favours us with an abstract of the rights of woman, that is, of *romantic woman*, perfect in all her *moral and physical manifestations*:—

'She belongs only where she has freely given her heart, and only so long as he to whom it is given knows how to keep it! *The contrary is violence to sacred nature, and is barbarous.*'—vol. iii. p. 331.

Jussuf and his Kabbuhra continue their intrigue, to which a constant zest is added by the 'little incidents' which we have extracted, and the difficulties of meeting. The Bardo or palace of the Dey 'is built over a labyrinth of subterranean passages,' in which the bodies of executed criminals are 'carelessly abandoned.' He proceeds through a catacomb of 'skeletons and heaps of bones,' lighting his way, not with one of Davy's lamps, but 'by striking fire with his dagger from the stone walls.' These *night* daggers are of the greatest service in Algerine amours. Jussuf in the day 'wore a superb Persian dagger in his belt, which after dinner the company eagerly admired:—when the graceful Countess d'Erlon (the spouse of 'old shot and corn') took it into her hand, he said, with the *sweetest smile*, 'Madame, vous pouvez le toucher hardiment, avec *celui-là* je n'ai pas encore coupé de tête.' (vol. i. p. 87.) Innocent, romantic simplicity! Jussuf made himself quite at ease in the vault, where 'he was often obliged to stay three or four hours resting upon bones, and more than once did he vary the position of the skulls, that he might rest more comfortably.' How this bone-grubbing indolence, this bed of roses of a delicate Ghoul, would have delighted the late Mr. Cobbett! When all the palace lights were put out, he emerges into the garden, having bribed honest Andrea, the gardener, who helps him up 'an aqueduct, where *poor* Kabbuhra used to wait for me half the night.' Time flies! A rival appears, whose skull he pares off, like a turnip, at one blow, and 'Mohammed was obliged ever after to wear a silver cap,' which we conclude is the romantic phrase for being trepanned. In due time Kabbuhra proves in that state which gives such pain to unmarried lovers: this furnishes the pretty pair with another romantic incident. 'An old negress undertook to procure a miscarriage; and although the attempt succeeded by *means only known in the East*, Kabbuhra was for several days in danger of her life.' (vol. i. p. 52). A 'brief respite' of tranquil repose succeeds to this new *murder*. The Pacha, in setting his house in order and making some repairs, finds the cask

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cask of pickled Greek in Jussuf's niche: all the lies our hero can tell, and he does lie like a trooper, avail him nothing; he is taken to be beheaded in the well-known subterranean vault; but at the fatal moment, lo! the lamp is accidentally extinguished—he escapes in the charnel-house labyrinth, where he remains 'three days and three nights' without other nourishment than the loathsome slimy water, and a sort of mushroom that grew on the humid walls. (vol. i. p. 58.) Rather a worse diet than the iced champagne and champignons aux croutons of his Highness. He gropes his way at last to the well-known garden door, and 'sinks down with indescribable delight on his old bed of repose, the well-known skeletons, which he tenderly hugged as his deliverers.' (vol. i. p. 58.) He then 'stumbles against a rough body, and hears a hollow sound.' Horror gave him new energy. 'With my dagger I stabbed the unknown being.' (This man 'all action' is remarkably handy with that tool.) 'Something heavy fell on me, uttering a loud groan: at the same moment I felt a stream of warm blood pour over me.' (vol. i. pp. 58, 9.) Bravo! This grand opening terminates, however, in sad bathos; the murdered groaner turns out to be the ass of Andrea, which he had been ass enough 'to tie up for the night at that place.' Jussuf 'curses his unhappy fate. Why, we cannot imagine; except the regret that he had not killed a man. However, it is an ill wind that blows no good, and he turns this mere deed of an unromantic butcher to a glorious account. It is the sign of genius to extract pearls out of a dunghill. 'Nature demanded her rights, and the blood of the dead ass, *which I swallowed greedily*, probably preserved me from a complete loss of my remaining strength.' What poetry in action!

Jussuf, invigorated by this agreeable draught, which operates like steel wine (a medicine he prescribes for others), gets a bath and a clean shirt at the gardener's, rejoins Kabbuhra, and tells his innocent tale to the sweet girl; 'whose joy now bordered on madness:' finally, he makes his peace with the Pacha by a long story (sufficiently ill related in many pages) of conquering some rebels in the mountains, where he does wonders on his Arab barb 'Sheitan haila, literally the hottest of Devils,'—(vol. i. p. 62) the only horse, to the best of our remembrance, which Pickler never seems to have borrowed. Our mild Jussuf, mounted on this devil incarnate of quadrupeds, surrounds the enemy, 'about six hundred strong, in a defile, where they were crowded together, *and deaf to the supplications and offers* of the vanquished to surrender, I ordered (he says) that they should *all* be put to the sword: *in half an hour every one of them had ceased to exist.* I will

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will not deny that this massacre may be called cruel; but *I felt* so irritated at the repulse I had met with, I was so convinced that these *barbarous* mountaineers deserved to be treated in a barbarous manner,' (how humane and gentle!) 'that *regarding only my own interest, feeling* assured that a bloody victory was necessary, *no other* consideration prevailed.' (vol. i. p. 67.) Here is Rousseau's doctrine of *feeling* carried out to those lengths to which such a standard must infallibly tend. This *skivering and skewering*, this showing no mercy, this indiscriminate, wholesale African massacre, is justified with precisely these arguments by the advocates of Mina and Christina. The prudent regard of self-interest only is thus lauded by Pickler:—'*A certain unfeeling egotism* [egoïsme], *united with prudence and light-heartedness, produces more real happiness and practical enjoyment of life than the boasted morality of the schools and pulpits*' *!!!* His Highness, we calculate, goes the whole hog in eating and ethics. Jussuf having completed his career of murder in all its varieties, from an ass to a hexhecatomb, 'stroking his handsome brown beard *with a white hand ornamented with rings*,' observes to his admiring listener and reporter, who has also a Byronian admiration of his own soft, tender, beringed hand, (vol. i. 137,) 'here the first act of my drama closes.'

The second act opens with three years of dalliance with Kabbuhra, which repeated *murders* render a blissful repose; 'for it was necessary to take the same precautions for the sake of her reputation, and give no eclat to the intrigue.' (i. p. 71.) They resolve at length to elope from Tunis. Then ensues a lengthened account of their escape by night, laden with diamonds; the failure of the ship, &c., &c., and the final discovery of the project. The Pacha, who seems to have been a remarkably mild old gentleman, imprisons Jussuf in the Darloala, a huge fortress, from whence, however, he still manages, by means of bribes, to see his Kabbuhra. From this we deduce that cash is as omnipotent in Africa as in Europe, and that Mahomet and Jupiter both laugh at brazen towers and locked-up Danaes. Jussuf continues his narrative 'with his irresistibly amiable smile.' (i. p. 78.) They are again discovered, and the Pacha, who already had shown the patience of a Job, now sends the chief of the Mamelukes to our hero with a cup of poison. Jussuf having been forewarned (it is always so in a romance), manages, by means of 'Mons. Lesseps, the son of the French consul,' to escape in the frigate *Adonis* (i. p. 80); 'a name,' as Pickler observes, 'which could not be more appropriately chosen for the person it was to bear.' This scion of the consulate will not thank our author for revealing these

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these extra-official *services* against the sovereign to whom his father was accredited. We will here remark, that consuls (great everywhere) are transcendently so in Africa, from the *soupçon* of diplomacy spread over their mercantile duties. They have very large salaries and nothing to do but to eat, and drink *iced champagne*, which all travellers report to be delicious with the thermometer at 96° in the shade. 'Being isolated and deprived of amusement, they live in a state of squabbling envy, hatred, and jealousy; and most undiplomatically push this so far, as even to renounce the merely official intercourse with each other.' (iii. p. 302.) Pickler, who seems to have dined with all the consuls, gives them a rare roasting, which will be considered as very unofficial from Tangiers to Tunis. Our Adonis embarks in the Adonis, as Pickler did in the Crocodile, 'having sent a thousand loves to poor dear Kabbuhra.' He then, with due regard to self-interest and number one, 'fills a casket with all his jewels, *worth more than a million*, and sews up *some* diamonds to the value of a hundred thousand francs in his waistcoat, which *afterwards proved very fortunate to him*.' (i. p. 81.) We dare swear they did, as they would to his Highness and the whole academy of romanticists, whether French or German. He is met on his way to embarcation by a patrol —but our *beau sabreur* cuts them down right and left, escapes into the French service, and 'takes Bona in company with his friend d'Armandy,' of whom more anon. Jussuf in this affair developes all those gentle, humane, and *other* qualities which become a hero of romance. He generally performs himself the duties of Jack Ketch, '*in which*,' (says his enthusiastic biographer,) '*conformably to his singular character, he always mingled something of dramatic interest*.' We suspect that the concluding scene of this dramatic hero will smell somewhat of the brimstone of Don Juan or the Freischütz.

Mons. D'Armandy, the bosom friend and coadjutor of Jussuf, 'has for thirty-five years led the life of one of Ariosto's heroes in all parts of the world.' (i. p. 229.) Pickler describes him 'as a handsome stately-looking man, with that noble tranquillity of manner which seems to indicate *most surely* a lofty character, and with that happy physiognomy which wins the heart at a glance.' (i. p. 348.) The Baron, at the restoration of Louis XVIII., was a captain of artillery. 'His youthful ardour and boundless devotion' for Napoleon 'caused him not only to receive his dismissal, but also to be placed under the surveillance of the haute police.' He escapes, intending to enter the Egyptian service, pushes on to India, serves against the English until his new master is annihilated; then retires to 'Muscat (not Muskau), the

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the hell of Asia,' and commands for a while a frigate of the Imaum; falls sick, goes to Persia, and is raised to the dignity of Khan, and covered with orders of diamonds; (all Pickler's heroes are monstrous fond of these pretty stones;) leaves Persia, and is robbed by the Sinds near Hyderabad; nearly loses his life, and does lose all his jewels. 'He is preserved by crossing the English border, *where his earlier views being unknown, he was kindly received, and obtained the means of returning to Europe.*' (i. p. 232). In 1823 he reaches Marseilles, and proceeds to Paris with his Persian title and his Persian passport, where his 'oriental costume,' &c., create a sensation. He wins the favour of Chateaubriand, that arch charlatan, and is made consul at Mocha; *gets 'compromised there by means of a Greek Corsair on the Red Sea,'* and is nearly poisoned by the Arabian authorities; takes refuge on board an English frigate, and at last is appointed consul at Damietta. The results of the three glorious days of 1830 deprive him of his civil office, but he is reinstated in his artillery rank by Soult. 'This was the man who, in conjunction with his friend Jussuf, acted as one heart and one soul.' (i. p. 234.) This pair of Algerine Arcadians, the Pylades and Orestes of Africa, the Siamese youths of the desert, swear an eternal friendship with our Silesian traveller. He is admitted into a soul-and-body co-partnership; for, as he says, 'les beaux esprits se rencontrent.'

This trio do not seem to have behaved with equal cordiality to an honest member of the French foreign mercenary legion, now deceased; and yet this hero appears to us to have fought his way on, with the same exclusive regard to his own interests, and the same reckless disregard of the rights and feelings of others, as our 'gentle and humane' Jussuf. It is true that he was poor, and not quite so much in the Rundle and Bridge line as the Baron and his friend, with whom diamonds are always as plenty as blackberries, and who have as many about their persons as his Highness of Muskau has of those little troublesome animalculæ which he with an amusing naïveté calls 'African brown-beetles.' Pickler opens his account of this new character in a manner well calculated to rivet our attention. 'Strange fates are those combined with the foreign legion: to know them all were to find a rich mine for almanack tales;* and criminal cases, *which find favour in so many eyes*, would not be wanting. Take a slight sketch *found among his papers after his death.*' (i. p. 123.) *Aus*

* Not almanacks of Francis Moore, but de Gotha, into which the choicest nonsense is admitted as into our annuals.

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den papieren eines verstorbenen, we believe means in English the '*Letters of a German Prince.*'

The patriotic legionary makes his *début* in his quarters at the Escurial, where, with his serjeant, they rob and murder solitary travellers. One victim having only 'nine sous in his pocket,' his conscience, for the first time, reproaches him so bitterly 'for having taken the life of a fellow creature *to gain such a paltry sum*,' (i. p. 125,) that he quarrels with his serjeant and kills *him* for *nothing*. He then deserts, and enters the National Guard; contracts debts, 'laments *with much honesty* his inability to pay them;' makes love, and having 'about this time the misfortune to be,' as he facetiously expresses it, 'the illegitimate son-in-law of a respectable merchant,' makes off, and 'devotes himself to freedom and Poland.' He is, however, caught by the Russians; 'escapes, and travels with a Polish groom, who passed himself off as a colonel, and laying claim in every shape to the benevolence of the friends of Poland, finds his way *comfortably* back to France again.' (i. p. 125.) How much he had pocketed from our Philo-Polish Committees, Philo-Polish Balls, &c. &c. we regret to say we are not distinctly told; but we gather that he was in high request for a time among some of the gaping, gulping circles of our second-rate liberal aristocracy, and fifteenth-rate blue-stockingism. However, having got back to Paris, where grooms do not so easily pass muster for Polish colonels, he soon wearies of the *pavé*, and 'for another change, enlists in the service of Don Pedro, to go to Portugal. The miserable transport was shipwrecked, nearly the whole crew drowned; he and two comrades alone being saved by *the mercy of Providence*.' (i. p. 125.) He 'begs and plunders his way to Mentz,' where he settles down as a smuggler, and does pretty well until he is discovered, when, having killed one of the preventive service, he starts for Strasburg with some of his companions; and there 'they enlist in the *foreign legion*, and reach Algiers in good health.' He concludes his story with this remark, 'I like this place very well, and, tired of wandering, I think I shall soon send for one of the wives I obtained during my long travels in various countries.' (vol. i. p. 130.)

Such was this French foreign legionary, 'a patriot from prison and prejudice freed.' His regiment, according to Sir Grenville Temple, was a sort of Devil's Own; it was called 'La Legion de Paris, and composed originally of the scum and refuse of the population of the French capital, whose irregular and insubordinate conduct soon gained for them from the troops of the line the nickname of "Bedouins de Paris."' (vol. i. p. 28.) This corps has since that gone to Spain, to uphold the cause of Constitutional government,

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government, and put down the Inquisition and Don Carlos. We naturally feel proud in the reflection that our mercenaries were young men of another stamp—of an honest character, earning an honest livelihood, and learning the art of war under General Evans, 'without any regard for pay, and solely animated by the glorious cause of freedom.'

'Reason, philosophy, fiddledum diddledum,
Peace, and fraternity, higgledy piggledy.'

We have alluded to the life of this French legionary to show how the system works, whether high or low, when stripped of the *diamonds* of romance, and carried into private life. 'This distorted and convulsive existence,' which combines the vicious practice of French sensualism with the impure infidel theories of German metaphysics, will, we apprehend, meet with few advocates amongst respectable merchants, solitary travellers, charitable philanthropists—or even among young women, whether single or married, seduced or deserted.

Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of the first volume of Semilasso in Africa. The original work was published at Stutgardt in five volumes. The two last of the English translation are somewhat less objectionable, being more descriptive of the wild scenery and people among whom the author made excursions. His accounts are often amusing, whether enlarging on his own or other people's costume,—his own or other people's eating, riding, smoking, and suffering from wind and weather—the mountains he ascends, for he is the Auldjo of Silesia—or the temples and towers he intends to erect 'in his park at Muskau'—which will eclipse, by and by, *le plus beau château du monde*, that of the great Westphalian Baron de Thunder-ten-tronckh, which had a door and a window. Pickler sometimes mingles his sublime, his pathos, with the bathos, and moralizes gastro-pathetically over dung beetles (vol. iii. p. 58)—or speculates on water-leeches which get into people's stomachs and kill them (vol. iii. p. 53) those poor bloodsuckers which get into his ostrich iron-digesting duodenum, will have the worst of it. At another time he enlarges on attacks on boars and attacks from lions; then he descends to the fleas which worry, the bugs which bite, and the muskitoes which sting; then he informs us that he is taken off by the court-fools of the Kaids, who are great mimics (vol. iii. p. 212); then that he is sometimes taken for a traveller of unusual distinction; at others treated as a dealer in candles, as at Duera (vol. i. p. 106). There is rather too much about endless salams and tedious ceremonials of visiting pachas, their horses, women, mamelukes, pipes, and coffee; the eternal cactus, and oleander and obelisk-like sable cypresses in all and everything. There is, moreover,

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moreover, too much of himself, 'his suite,' 'my lieutenant,' 'my secretary,' and 'my eye-glass.' He gets sentimental, hungry, and facetious at Utica, where he drinks to the health of Cato in Elysium, and 'exclaiming with Cato, Now I am master of myself, seized, instead of a sword, the wing of a fowl' (vol. ii. p. 106). Sir Grenville Temple informs us that Utica is now called Boo Shater, 'the father of *talent, ability,*' Shater being possibly a corruption of Cato (i. 256).

At Tunis he pays a visit to the English Consul, Sir Thomas Reade, and is courtly enough, in order to please mine host, to join in a slap against Napoleon, who elsewhere is the standing hero of his idolatry. He informs us that the emperor, 'when he was opened, was found as much in flesh as if, according to Sir Thomas's jocular expression, he had been regularly fattened up' (vol. iii. p. 291). This jocularity, 'for gentle dulness ever loves a joke,' reminds us of the behaviour of certain animals to the sick lion in the fable. Pickler, if he had remained longer in these consular quarters, would probably have cut up even fatter from 'the social breakfasts,' in which he there revelled—followed, after a gallop to some mountain top, by 'the solid dinner, iced champagne, and excellent claret, with the necessary conclusion of a glass of madeira, which has passed the Line' (vol. iii. p. 292). All this is surpassing good in his highness's line. Indeed, all travellers make grateful mention of the goodness of these consular caterers; particularly Pickler, who swallows any *given* quantity of wine, without asking any more questions than a monk of the middle ages; 'pour on, and I'll endure!'

> 'Funde vinum funde, tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
> Nec quæras unde, sed funde semper abunde!'

Sir Thomas having bad adieu to St. Helena, lives amid the ruins of Carthage, and if he weeps, he does so more like a Gruyere cheese than a Scipio or Marius. These ruins were redolent of good cheer, and resonant with joking and jollification so long back as the visit of that Monsieur Chateaubriand, who wrote half a volume about Carthage, having only gone once to the spot, during a residence of six weeks at Tunis. He tells us that 'Les ruines de Carthage entendoient le son d'un violon Français; on ne s'embarrassoit ni de Scipion, ni d'Annibal, ni de Marius, ni de Caton d'Utique, qu'on eut fait boire (car il aimoit le vin), s'il se fut avisé de venir gourmander l'assemblée.' (vol. iii. p. 120.) Pickler having cackled and gormandised with our consular knight —oh! noctes cœnæque Deûm—having discussed these delicacies, and dissected Buonaparte, gives us a slight lecture on Cadiz and Tunisian law, from which we collect that much depends on the length of the judge's and the strength of the culprit's feet as to the

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the quantum of bastinado. His work is a perfect olla-podrida: part of the second volume is taken up with telling stories in a bivouac, which have nothing to do with Africa, and are the common ghost and murder tales of German horror, or the vulgar pastimes of beer-swilling students. Letter xxxii. professes to give an abstract of the history of Tunis, Mahometanism, and the Jews: it is addressed with an 'eagle feather' pen to 'Privy Councillor Gravell! in Wolfshayn, the man with the eagle glance.' The letter is long and dry, as Pickler admits (vol. ii. p. 146). It consists of information derived from a Mr. *Noah* and Mariano *Stinka*, the secretary to the bey. This functionary would have been an appropriate authority for the minute accounts which his highness sent to the princess of P. *Muska*u of 'the dirt and stinks' of Tunis, with which we will not incommode our readers bevond remarking, that, as his penultimate work was entitled 'Tutti Frutti,' Tutte Stinke would have been just the thing for his chapter on Tunis, a town as renowned for natural bad smells as it is for the fragrance of its artificial perfumes.

Neither will we make any extracts from the classical and antiquarian part of his romance,—all that is a most decided failure. His observations of ruined buildings and their localities are hasty, slight, and devoid of every kind of geographical or architectural knowledge, although he 'travelled with a pocket Virgil, and a Shaw in folio.'—(iii. p. 44.) His highness delights in picking a hole in the excellent book of this honest old traveller, from whose pages, whatever is really valuable in his own has been extracted: we would back the Doctor's account against the Prince's in every particular, and at large odds. His highness cannot condescend to the drudgery of measuring columns and deciphering inscriptions (iii. p. 161). 'My secretary' was fully occupied in writing down his dictations. His highness 'often regretted that no professed antiquarian in Europe should have expressed a wish to join him, and that his government should not have thought proper to attend to his suggestions on that point' (iii. p. 45). It has often been remarked, to the credit of the autocrats of Berlin, that they have omitted no useful or practical opportunity of obtaining and diffusing knowledge among their countrymen; and we calmly consider their conduct towards the prince as a proof of discretion and soundness of judgment: he, in fact, has no feeling whatever for the past;—'these inquiries belong rather to the lovers of such things for themselves than answer any real purpose, when there are no geographical or historical *riddles* to be solved by them; except in this point of view, what is dead and past possesses value and interest only inasmuch as they are again reflected by the *present*, a principle which I in my own

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person continually maintain' (iii. p. 280). Dr. Johnson, who was no conjuror to *solve riddles* like a Pickler, thought whatever removed us from the present tended to elevate us in the scale of moral and intellectual dignity. From the number and worthlessness of the inscriptions with which Pickler has larded his pages, we do believe that he is telling the truth when he observes, by way of a slap at Sir Grenville Temple, 'I take this opportunity of observing that I became a very negligent inscription hunter so soon as I discovered that nothing new or curious was to be found in them; *one* really feels sorry for the paper when *one* sees how much useless rubbish of this sort has been printed' (iii. p. 245). His great feats are, in fact, performed with his knife and fork, or on horseback or assback (iii. p. 275): the latter animal plays a fiddle second only to himself;—*il est de rigueur*, since the days of Sancho Panza, from Sterne to Pickler, that a sentimental tale should have its ass. We have already touched upon some of the high-wrought scenes in which this 'hairy fool' enacts such a distinguished part; but Pickler rides his hobby-ass so irresistibly that we must give one more specimen:—

'My tent had been pitched in the midst of a stud of asses'—[probably a delicate attention from one of the Kaid's fools]—'whose continual cries allowed me but little quiet: it was one consolation that my knowledge of natural history was so far increased that I ascertained, beyond all doubt, that one ass does not bray like another: on the contrary, I found the greatest variety in the expression of their feelings; a whole gamut of tender inflections, of intense feeling, of *almost religious* resignation to their burden-carrying duties, which surprised me. Believe me, my dear Schefer, we are unjust to animal nature, which yet in many respects so closely *resembles our own*, when we deny a soul to beasts.'—vol. iii. p. 165.

To what amiable asinine variety Herr Schefer belongs we have no means of ascertaining; it is clear that Pickler is not one of the genus *asininum Capuchinum religiosum*. It is told, in the Golden Legend, that St. Francis was interrupted in a sermon by one of that variety, who put in his word by braying in the unknown tongue: the mendicant monk mildly remonstrated with this brawler, 'Brother, brother, suffer me first to finish *my* preaching;' whereupon the 'religiously resigned' animal held his peace. Had his highness civilly begged these Moorish asses to be quiet, we are satisfied that no donkey among them would have been so unbrotherly as to force his conversation on him.

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ART. VII.—*An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, written in Egypt during the years* 1833,-34, *and* 35, *partly from Notes made during a former visit to that country, in the years* 1825,-26,-27, *and* 28. By Edward William Lane. 2 vols. London.

MR. LANE'S 'Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians' forms an admirable *pendant* to the 'Manners and Customs of the Chinese,' by Mr. Davis. These two authors are perfect masters of their subjects. Both are well acquainted with the languages, and both have been domesticated with the people of the two countries respectively, whose manners and customs they have undertaken to describe; the former after a residence of seven, the latter of nearly twenty years. These circumstances give their books a strong claim to be considered as books of standard value.

The occupation of Egypt by the French, and their expulsion by the English, opened a wider door to that ancient country, and gave a facility to the researches of travellers, which had not previously existed; and many learned and intelligent men, both French and English, have availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded. The attention, however, of by far the greater number of visiters has chiefly been drawn to the extraordinary antiquities dispersed over almost every portion of this territory;—its tombs, its temples, its obelisks, and its pyramids: while a few others, both on the spot and at home, have exercised their ingenuity in endeavouring to decipher a language, which has lain dormant for some thousand years, and of which we have at last obtained, or think we have obtained, something like an alphabet, made out from those hieroglyphical characters sculptured on the walls of the temples and the sides of the obelisks; but which, after all, appear to designate little more than the names of certain Kings and High Priests. Of whatever little progress has been made into this research, an account will be found in various parts of our Journal, commencing with the first discovery of these characters—from a close examination of the inscription on the Rosetta stone, by our countryman, Dr. Young, down to the present time; and to these articles we must refer such of our readers as may feel an interest in such matters; intending to confine our attention, in the present instance, solely to Mr. Lane, as he has done exclusively to the state of modern Egypt and its inhabitants. So closely, indeed, has he stuck to his subject, that we verily believe the words obelisk, pyramid, tomb, temple, never once occur throughout the two volumes;—not a mummy even once crosses his path.

Mr.

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Mr. Lane may safely be set down for an honest writer: he not only tells truth, and the whole truth, but a great deal more of it than was necessary to make his work pleasant to his readers. What we mean is this; whole pages are employed in an endless repetition of the idle ejaculations, extracted chiefly from the Koran, by which, on the most trivial occasions, the Egyptians are in the habit of taking the name of God in vain, to a degree that is absolutely revolting.

While we are thus hinting at a fault, we may as well touch on another which we think must prove a serious stumbling-block to the general reader: it is this: the Arabic name, generally placed in a parenthesis and in italics, is almost invariably given for everything, however trifling, which Mr. Lane has occasion to mention, in the animal, mineral, and vegetable creation; for every article of dress, every domestic utensil, every trade, occupation, office, or distinction among men; and not satisfied with the general name, we are frequently presented with the masculine and feminine genders, and the singular and the plural numbers of each word. Now this we deem to be a very serious, as it certainly is an unnecessary obstruction. To take up Mr. Lane's book, as we heard a young lady observe, is like setting out to enjoy a walk across a verdant meadow, enamelled with flowers, and finding some ugly ditch or spiteful stile every moment intervening to interrupt the pleasure of the walk.

Another objection, and we have done: the orthography of all these words, above alluded to, is so different from any we have yet seen, and so uncouth, that even the old familiar words are scarcely any longer recognized:—thus we have Hharee'm for Harem, Ckoor-a'n for Koran, Durwee'sh for Dervise, Khalee'feh for Caliph, Hha'gg for Hadj or Hadj'é, and so on. The letter *h*, which in some languages, as in the Greek and Russian, is no letter at all, acts a most important part in Mr. Lane's orthography, having in many instances a five-horse power, as, for example, in *hhash'sha'shee'n*—'noisy and riotous people, who smoke or eat hemp;' *mahh'shesh'eh*, &c. Mr. Lane says he writes them according to a particular system, best calculated to enable an English reader to pronounce them with tolerable correctness: it may be so; but the pronunciation is, to us at least, far from easy. Indeed, we are at a loss clearly to comprehend what this 'new system' is. It is a most extraordinary feature in it, that, in the many thousand Arabic words in these volumes, there is probably not *one*, of two or more syllables, that has not one or two or more *apostrophes* in it. Now Mr. Lane tells us, what is new in grammar, that 'an apostrophe denotes a guttural sound, to which no letter of our alphabet approximates: it is like that which

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which is heard *in the bleating of sheep.*' Here, then, we have in the word *mem'a'lee'kee'yeh* (mamlukes) no less than *four bleatings;* and we should be very glad to hear it pronounced; or this, *shahh'hha'teh* (a female beggar), with the two bleatings and the sextuple *h*'. Even in such short words as *ar'a'm, we'lees,* we cannot understand what the apostrophes are meant for; in the word *ba'sha,* the first syllable may, no doubt, be pronounced like the bleating of sheep, and so may any other beginning with *ba.*

We entreat Mr. Lane not to imagine that these, which we account as blemishes, are noticed for the sake of finding fault, but with the sole view of drawing his attention to them, and to advise him to discard altogether, in a new edition, which we doubt not will be called for, what really has the appearance of conceit, and to adopt an orthography more congenial with our language, and on the plan which has heretofore been followed and recommended by most of the learned men in the Arabic language, Sir William Jones, Sir Charles Wilkins, Mr. Halhed, Dr. Wilson, by the Asiatic Societies of London and Calcutta, and also by the Geographical Society of London, in an extensive vocabulary of the names of places in Marocco.

But pass we on to the matter, which is of far more importance than the manner; and from this we shall have to make copious extracts, as the best, and indeed the only, mode of conveying to our readers some notion of the contents of these volumes; and, after all, we must content ourselves with transferring to our pages a small fractional part only.

'There is one work,' says Mr. Lane, 'which presents most admirable pictures of the manners and customs of the Arabs, and particularly of those of the Egyptians; it is "The Thousand and One Nights," or "Arabian Nights' Entertainments:" if the English reader possessed a close translation of it with sufficient illustrative notes, I might almost have spared myself the labour of the present undertaking.' It is true the Arabs are now just the same the Arabs ever were, even long before that *entertaining* work was composed—they have improved in nothing: on the contrary, they have deeply degenerated in everything. It is also true they have still their caliphs and cadis, their muftees and dervises, their sheyks and agas; they have also their slaves and eunuchs, and every part of the same machinery; but the master mind to work it is wanting. The pasha, Mahommed Ali, is a different kind of being from our friend the caliph Haroun el Raschid.

To begin, as is meet, with the metropolis of Egypt, which we call Cairo, and the natives *Musr,* Mr. Lane states it to occupy a space equal to about three square miles. It was built towards the latter end of the tenth century, and subsequently surrounded

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rounded by Saladin with a wall, the gates of which are shut at night; the streets are unpaved, narrow, and irregular. The houses have small wooden grated windows, sufficiently high to render it impossible for a person passing by in the street, even on horseback, to see through them; but the females within have a view of what passes in the street through the open lattice-work. In the architecture of the mosques, fountains, and private houses, there is nothing remarkable. Those inhabited by the upper classes are large, and contain a harem, or women's apartments, and a bath; the latter either within them or in the court-yard. The appearance of the city is sadly disfigured by being surrounded with lofty mounds of rubbish from fallen houses and dust taken out of the town:—they are so large that the French, during their occupation of Egypt, availed themselves of them for the establishment of a line of forts to overawe the inhabitants. Some of them have been removed by Mahomed Ali, with considerable labour; and if the whole were cleared away an inestimable benefit would be conferred on Cairo.

We have understood that the finest specimens of Arabian architecture in Cairo are completely in ruins, and that few of the mosques remaining are objects worthy of admiration. A recent traveller says, many of the 300 minarets of the mosques are light and elegant, but almost all are out of the perpendicular. We cannot indeed look at the drawings of two of those given in Mr. Wilkinson's work without feelings of regret at the fate which so speedily awaits them. The houses are grotesque, with overhanging windows on the second story, so that opposite neighbours may almost shake hands across the narrow street. We think it is Sir Frederick Henniker who says there is but one street in Cairo as wide as Cranbourn Alley. But this lively baronet, who encountered a few adventures, and got into some scrapes in Egypt, has a laconic way of describing objects: thus he says, 'the port of Alexandria has a mouth like that of a mad dog, and rocks like teeth—protruding, foaming, and threatening.'

'Very few large or handsome houses are to be seen in Egypt, excepting in the metropolis and some other towns. The dwellings of the lower orders, particularly those of the peasants, are of a very mean description: they are mostly built of unbaked bricks, cemented together with mud. Some of them are mere hovels. The greater number, however, comprise two or more apartments; though very few are two stories high. In one of these apartments, in the houses of the peasants in Lower Egypt, there is generally an oven (*foorn*), at the end farthest from the entrance, and occupying the whole width of the chamber. It resembles a wide bench or seat, and is about breast-high: it is constructed of brick and mud; the roof arched within, and flat on the top. The inhabitants of the house, who seldom have any night-covering during

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during the winter, sleep upon the top of the oven, having previously lighted a fire within it; or the husband and wife only enjoy this luxury, and the children sleep upon the floor.'—*Lane*, vol. i. pp. 23, 24.

All the principal specimens of architecture in Cairo and other Egyptian towns date after the arrival of the Fatemites. The most ancient is said to be the Mosque of Sultan el Hákem, bearing an inscription of the year 393 of the Hegira—1003 of our era. This mosque, though less striking in its architecture than those of a subsequent epoch, is highly interesting, both by its showing the pointed arch to have been then in common use among the Arabs, and by the record it presents of the pretended prophetic mission of the founder of the sect of Druses, whose mysterious tenets are preserved with so much secrecy, and so opposed to the religion of Islam.

But the most interesting work in Cairo, in an architectural point of view, is that of Ahmed ebn e' Tooloon, which stands on what is called, the Kalat-el-Kebsh, a rock situated beyond the original walls of Cairo, but enclosed within the new circuit of Saladin. It also has pointed arches; and having been built in the year 879, shows that this style was used by the Saracens at least three hundred years before it was known in our country, and even one hundred and eighty-seven years previous to the Norman conquest: a fact not only recorded by Arab writers, but by Cufic inscriptions still existing in the mosque itself. Like the Kaaba of Mecca, and all the oldest mosques, it is square, with a large open court, surrounded within by a peristyle on every side. The tombs of the Memlook kings stand outside the walls of Cairo, and though beautiful specimens of architecture, worthy of that attention on the part of the government which would ensure their preservation, they are doomed to go to ruin; and in fifty years it is probable that little will remain of these splendid monuments save their crumbled walls.

Most of the villages in the valley of the Nile are situated upon eminences of rubbish, the materials of former huts, which rise a few feet above the reach of the inundation of the river, surrounded generally by palm trees. The banks of the Nile, like those of most rivers, increase in height as the bed of the river rises by depositions, and the inclination of the alluvial plain is towards the interior, affording thus a great advantage to the cultivators by the increased facility of irrigation. A mat or two to sleep upon, a few earthen vessels, and a hand-mill to grind the corn, comprise the furniture of one of these dwellings. Pigeon-houses, in the form of sugar-loaves, stand on the roofs of the huts, consisting of earthen pots, each pot having its pair of pigeons.

The population of Egypt is not easily ascertained, to any degree of

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of accuracy. Computations have been made, founded on the number of houses, and the result was rather more than two millions and a half, but Mr. Lane thinks it is now reduced.

'Of 2,500,000 souls, say 1,200,000 are males; and one-third of this number (400,000) men fit for military service: from this latter number the present Ba'sha of Egypt has taken, at the least, 200,000 (that is, one-half of the most serviceable portion of the male population) to form and recruit his armies of regular troops, and for the service of his navy. The further loss caused by withdrawing so many men from their wives, or preventing their marrying during ten years, must surely far exceed 300,000: consequently, the present population may be calculated as less than two millions. The numbers of the several classes of which the population is mainly composed are nearly as follow:—

Moos'lim Egyptians (fella'hhee'n, or peasants and townspeople)	1,750,000
Christian Egyptians (Copts)	150,000
Osma'nlees, or Turks	10,000
Syrians	5,000
Greeks	5,000
Armenians	2,000
Jews	5,000

Of the remainder (namely, Arabians, Western Arabs, Nubians, Negro slaves, Memloo'ks [or white male slaves], female white slaves, Franks, &c.), amounting to about 70,000, the respective numbers are very uncertain and variable. The Arabs of the neighbouring deserts ought not to be included among the population of Egypt.'—vol. i. pp. 25, 26.

Of the 240,000 inhabitants which Mr. Lane gives to Cairo, 190,000, he says, are Egyptian Moos'lims or Arabs; about 10,000 Copts, 3,000 or 4,000 Jews, and the rest strangers from various countries. In the times of the Pharaohs the population of Egypt has been conjectured, vaguely enough, at six or seven millions. That it was a flourishing and fertile country, and exported grain, we know from among other facts in the Bible, that of Jacob having sent his sons thither to purchase corn. M. Mengin, who says he took great pains to ascertain the population, makes the whole amount to 2,514,400; but that of Cairo to 200,000 only. The Copts in all Egypt are supposed not to exceed 150,000. These mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians have more favour shown to them by the pasha than his own people. They are unmolested in their religion; their patriarch, resident in Cairo, though called of Alexandria, is respected; they are exempt from the military conscription; and being a sober, steady race, they are employed as secretaries, accountants, registrars, &c. in the government offices. The service of the church is performed in the Coptic language, which, however, is so far in disuse among the people, that it is said to be necessary to explain it to them in Arabic.

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The Jews in Cairo are pretty much in that degraded and despised condition as in most other countries; and yet the pasha finds it convenient occasionally to make use of them, and sometimes to hang them, as in the following instance, related by Mr. Lane. The pasha had reduced the value of a Turkish coin called *adlee'yeh* from sixteen to fifteen piastres each. A Moos'lim had offended against this order, and was brought before the pasha.

'The ba'sha, however, disbelieving him, or thinking it necessary to make a public example, gave a signal with his hand, intimating that the delinquent should be beheaded. The interpreter of the court, moved with compassion for the unfortunate man, begged the ba'sha to spare his life. "This man," said he, "has done no more than all the money-changers of the city: I myself, no longer ago than yesterday, received 'adlee'yehs at the same rate." "From whom?" exclaimed the ba'sha. "From a Jew," answered the interpreter, "with whom I have transacted business for many years." The Jew was brought and sentenced to be hanged; while the Moos'lim was pardoned. The interpreter, in the greatest distress of mind, pleaded earnestly for the life of the poor Jew: but the ba'sha was inexorable: it was necessary that an example should be made; and it was deemed better to take the life of a Jew than that of a more guilty Moos'lim. I saw the wretched man hanging at a window of a public fountain which forms part of a mosque in the principal street of the city.'—vol. ii. p. 346.

There can be no doubt that Egypt generally has greatly deteriorated under the government of the present pasha, active and intelligent as he is. If he lives long enough, his ambition is likely to complete the ruin of the country by the destruction of its agriculture. He sends one army to perish in the sandy deserts of Arabia—another to share the same fate at Shendi and Senaar—and a third into Syria, where they are said to be dying by hundreds—and all these vacancies have been, and must continue to be, filled up by the industrious fellahs. Mr. Lane observes:—

'How different, now, is the state of Egypt from what it might be: possessing a population of scarcely more than one quarter of the number that it might be rendered capable of supporting! How great a change might be effected in it by a truly enlightened government; by a prince who (instead of oppressing the peasantry by depriving them of their lands, and by his monopolies of the most valuable productions of the soil; by employing the best portion of the population to prosecute his ambitious schemes of foreign conquest, and another large portion in the vain attempt to rival European manufactures) would give his people a greater interest in the cultivation of the fields, and make Egypt what nature designed it to be—almost exclusively an agricultural country! Its produce of cotton alone would more than suffice to procure all the articles of foreign manufacture, and all the natural productions of foreign countries, that the wants of its inhabitants demand.'—vol. i. p. 28.

Though

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Though Nature is still, after many thousand years, as lavish of her favours as she was of old to the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile, the want of a steady government, we ought to say, the infliction of an oppressive government, has reduced them to a state of most afflicting poverty.

'It is melancholy to compare the present state of Egypt with its ancient prosperity, when the variety, elegance, and exquisite finish displayed in its manufactures attracted the admiration of surrounding nations, and its inhabitants were in no need of foreign commerce to increase their wealth, or to add to their comforts. Antiquarian researches show us that, not only the Pharaohs and the priests and military chiefs, but also, a great proportion of the agriculturists, and other private individuals, even in the age of Moses, and at a yet earlier period, passed a life of the most refined luxury, were clad in linen of the most delicate fabric, and reclined on couches and chairs which have served as models for the furniture of our modern saloons.'—vol. ii. p. 1.

To painting and sculpture they have no pretensions, nor appear ever to have had much, though some of the outlines found on ancient structures are characteristic enough. In fact, the representation of living objects are strictly prohibited by the Mahomedan religion. Mr. Lane says,

'The art in which the Egyptians most excel is architecture. The finest specimens of Arabian architecture are found in the Egyptian metropolis and its environs; and not only the mosques and other public buildings are remarkable for their grandeur and beauty, but many of the private dwellings, also, attract our admiration, especially by their interior structure and decorations. Yet this art has, of late years, much declined, like most others in this country; a new style of architecture, partly Oriental and partly European, and of a very plain description, being generally preferred. The woodwork of the doors, ceilings, and windows of the buildings in the older style, which have already been described, display considerable taste of a peculiar kind; and so, also, do most of the Egyptian manufactures; though many of them are rather clumsy, or ill finished.'—vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

The prints that Mr. Lane has given of the open lattice-work for their windows are as varied almost as the figures exhibited in a kaleidoscope. Among their manufactures they are still justly celebrated for their skill in the preparation of Morocco leather. Their glass, once so highly estimated, is now of a very inferior quality, and so is their pottery; it mostly consists of porous bottles, and jars for cooling as well as keeping water. The palm-tree affords them a great variety of manufactures:—of the branches they make seats, coops, chests, bed-frames, &c.; of the leaves, baskets, panniers, mats, fly-whisks, and many other domestic utensils; and of the fibres of the wood are made most of the ropes used in the country. Almost every trade that can be mentioned

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tioned is carried on in Cairo. Shops of very small dimensions abound in all the frequented streets of the capital; generally one entire street, or considerable portion of a street, containing chiefly, or solely, shops appropriated to one particular trade.

Shops also for the sale of coffee, tobacco, hemp, opium, and other stimulants, abound in Cairo. Wine is prohibited, which makes these the more sought after. Mr. Lane says the mild kinds of tobacco have a gentle effect; they calm the nervous system, and instead of stupifying sharpen the intellect; the number of coffee-shops are said to exceed a thousand. The use of the small leaves and capsules of hemp is of very ancient date, and is still prevalent over all India and the East, under the name of *bang*, taken for the purpose of creating an exhilirating intoxication. The Scythians, according to Herodotus, had a custom of burning the seeds of this plant in religious ceremonies; and, it is said, that the bystanders became intoxicated with the fumes. Mr. Lane tells us the term *hhash-sha'sh*, which signifies 'a smoker or eater of hemp,' is an appellation of obloquy, and that the plural *hhash-sha'sheen* is the origin of our word 'assassin.' The learned Orientalist, de Sacy, had said so before him. The late Mr. Marsden, however, in his valuable work on Marco Polo, says, 'the romantic story of the "Old Man of the Mountain, the Prince of Assassins," is evidently taken from the excellent tale of Abu Hassan in the "Thousand and One Nights."'

Of the introduction of coffee as a beverage, Mr. Lane gives the following account:—

'It is said that the discovery of the refreshing beverage afforded by the berry of the coffee plant was made in the latter part of the thirteenth century of the Christian era, by a certain devotee, named the Sheykh Omar, who, driven by persecution to a mountain of the Yemen, with a few of his disciples, was induced, by want of provisions, to make an experiment of the decoction of coffee berries, as an article of food; the coffee plant being there a spontaneous production. It was not, however, till about two centuries after this period that the use of coffee began to become common in the Yemen. It was imported into Egypt, (towards the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, or a little more than a century before the introduction of tobacco into the East,) and was then drunk in the great mosk El-Az'har, by the fackéers of the Yemen, &c., who found it very refreshing to them, while engaged in their exercises of reciting prayers, and the praises of God; and freely indulged themselves in it. About half a century after, it was introduced into Constantinople.'—vol. ii. pp. 29, 30.

The plant grows wild also in Abyssinia, and an annual exportation of the berries is made to the Yemen, from whence it is again exported as Mokhah coffee; and one of the two kinds known under that name in Cairo is probably this Abyssinian production.

Sandys,

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Sandys, who travelled in 1610, mentions coffee as a recent introduction at Constantinople, and, after describing it 'black as soot, and tasting not unlike it,' asks 'why it may not be the black broth of the Lacedæmonians?' He likewise notices the rigorous measures adopted by the Turkish government to prevent the use of tobacco, then becoming habitual among the Osmanlis, as well as opium, of which last he says, 'they are incredible takers, and whereof the Lesser Asia affordeth great plenty.' The tobacco 'they take thorow reeds, that have joyned unto them great heads of wood to containe it. I doubt not,' he adds, 'it is lately taught them, as brought them by the English, and were it not lookt into (for Morat Basha not long since commanded a pipe to be thrust thorow the nose of a Turk, and so to be led in derision thorow the city), no question but it would prove a principal commodity. Nevertheless they will take it in corners, and are so ignorant therein, that that which in England is not saleable, doth pass here amongst them for most excellent.'—bk. i., p. 82.

The question respecting the propriety of smoking was long agitated among the Moslems, and the Wahábees continue to abstain from and condemn its use. But no opinion upon this subject has ever equalled in absurdity that pronounced in a Russian assembly, little more than a century ago; when Voltaire was assured by a person of credit, 'qu'il avoit assisté à une thèse publique où il s'agissoit de savoir si l'usage du tabac à fumer, etoit un péché; le repondant prétendait qu'il etoit permis de s'enivrer d'eau-de-vie, mais non de fumer, parceque la très sainte écriture dit que ce qui sort de la bouche de l'homme le souille, et que ce qui y entre ne le souille point.'—Charles xii., liv. i.

Mr. Lane says,—'The turner like most other artisans in Egypt, sits to his work.' The same custom is shown, by the sculptures of Thebes and other places, to have been common to the ancient Egyptians, who either sat on the ground or on low stools; but the idle habit of smoking during their labours did not, as at present, impede the workman. The power given to the masters over their men does not appear to have been less in ancient than in modern times, and the sculptures represent the free use of the stick, in order to accelerate the completion of their tasks.

Glass-making is a very ancient art, and was known in Egypt at least as early as the year 1800 before our era, or indeed, judging from paintings at Beni Hassan, which appear to indicate the process, much earlier; and a glass bead bearing the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, who lived at the period alluded to, leaves no doubt as to its early invention in the valley of the Nile.

'They were not only acquainted with glass,' says Mr. Wilkinson, 'but

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'but excelled in the art of staining it of divers hues, and their ingenuity had pointed out to them the mode of carrying devices of various colours directly through the fused substance. Of the early epoch at which glass was known in Egypt, I must observe, that besides finding the process represented at Beni Hassan and Thebes, I have seen a ball of this substance which bears the name of Amunneitgori, who lived towards the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1500 B. C. . . Its specific gravity is 25·23, being the same as English crown glass.'—*Egypt and Thebes*, pp. 258, 259.

The earthenware jars of Egypt were always noted for their excellence. Athenæus and other writers mention those of Coptos as being in great repute among the Romans, and sold at a high price; and the innumerable fragments lying scattered amidst the ruins of ancient towns, often forming the principal portion of the lofty mounds of rubbish which mark their sites, sufficiently testify the great use made of different kinds of pottery by the ancient Egyptians. Keneh, which has succeeded Coptos in the trade of the Red Sea, has also taken from it the manufactory of porous jars, and the clay peculiarly suited for this purpose lies in great abundance in the immediate vicinity, which when mixed with the dust of burnt grass (the *poa cynosyroïdes*) is applied to the manufacture of the well-known Keneh water bottles.

'Egypt has lost the celebrity it enjoyed in ancient times for its fine linen: the linen, cotton, and woollen cloths, and the silks now woven in this country are generally of coarse and poor qualities.'—vol. ii. pp. 3, 4.

If we judged from the ordinary texture of the cloth discovered on the mummies, no very exalted notions would be formed of the famed 'fine linen' of ancient Egypt; but as they were contented with an inferior kind of cloth for the purpose of wrapping the bodies of the deceased, the coarsest being always used for the innermost envelopes, we cannot there expect to meet with linen of the same quality worn upon their persons. Some, however, has been discovered of a very superior texture: we have ourselves seen a piece so fine and soft to the touch as to resemble silk, and the celebrated chemist, Professor Thomson of Glasgow, has lately described another specimen as not inferior in quality to our most delicate cambric.

That the mummy cloths are in all cases linen, and not cotton, as some have been disposed to think, has been satisfactorily shown by the experiments of Dr. Ure; who, having discovered by means of the microscope, that the fibres of linen presented a cylindrical form, and those of cotton the appearance of a ribbon, ascertained, by extending the same experiments to the ancient mummy cloths, that these last invariably presented in the fibres of their threads the undoubted characteristics of linen.

Everybody

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Everybody knows that the Egyptians have long been famous for hatching fowls' eggs by artificial heat; a practice supposed to have been handed down from a very remote antiquity. The buildings in which the process is carried on for the *manufacturing* of chickens, as Dr. Richardson, who travelled with Lord and Lady Belmore, calls it, by artificial heat without incubation, have each two parallel rows of small chambers, and ovens divided by a narrow vaulted passage; each chamber has its oven. The eggs are placed on mats or straw generally in three tiers, and the ovens are heated with cakes made of cow-dung and straw; the heat generally during the process is from 100° to 103° of Fahrenheit. At the proper time, the same traveller tells us, 'the birds start from the shell at the call of an old wife, who clucks like a hen, in order to people Egypt with chickens;' an observation which has no truth and not much wit in it. For every two productive eggs the peasant who brings them gets one chicken; but Mr. Lane says, that from one fourth to one third of the eggs generally fail. We could not have formed any notion of the number of chickens that are thus annually produced. The following statement, taken from a newspaper published by Government, of the 3rd March, 1831, is extracted by Mr. Lane—

	Lower Egypt.	Upper Egypt.
'Number of establishments for the hatching of fowls' eggs in the present year . .	105	59
Number of eggs used	19,325,600	6,878,900
Number spoiled	6,255,867	2,529,660
Number hatched	13,069,733	4,349,240

'I have not found,' he says, 'that the fowls produced in this manner are inferior in point of flavour, or in other respects, to those produced from the egg by incubation.'—vol. ii. p. 6.

The agriculturists of the Delta, called Fellahs, or, according to Mr. Lane's orthography, *Fella'hhee'n*, are a robust and hardy peasantry, whose numbers are said to be rapidly diminishing, under the present system of misrule, and the large drafts constantly making for recruiting the army. The Mooslim, or Arab Egyptians are supposed to compose nearly four-fifths of the population of the metropolis, and seven-eighths of that of all Egypt. The men are represented as being generally about five feet eight or five feet nine in height; well proportioned, muscular and robust; the women very beautifully formed and plump; and neither sex too fat. The male countenance is of a fine oval form; the forehead of moderate size, seldom high, but generally prominent; the eyes are deep sunk, black and brilliant; the nose straight, but rather thick; the mouth well formed; the lips rather full than otherwise; the teeth

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teeth particularly beautiful; the beard commonly black, but scanty. Of the various dresses they wear, we could not attempt to give an intelligible description, but those both of males and females are minutely represented in the clever prints, of which above one hundred illustrate these volumes.

Mr. Lane says of the Egyptian women—

'From the age of about fourteen to that of eighteen or twenty they are generally models of beauty in body and limbs; and in countenance most of them are pleasing, and many exceedingly lovely: but soon after they have obtained their perfect growth, they rapidly decline: the bosom early loses all its beauty, acquiring, from the relaxing nature of the climate, an excessive length and flatness in its form, even while the face retains its full charms; and though, in most other respects, time does not commonly so soon nor so much deform them, at the age of forty it renders many who in earlier years possessed considerable attractions absolutely ugly. In the Egyptian females the forms of womanhood begin to develop themselves about the ninth or tenth year: at the age of fifteen or sixteen they generally attain their highest degree of perfection.

'They are characterized, like the men, by a fine oval countenance; though, in some instances, it is rather broad. The eyes, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long almond-form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression: eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived: their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features (however pleasing the latter may be), and is rendered still more striking by a practice universal among the females of the higher and middle classes, and very common among those of the lower orders, which is that of blackening the edge of the eye-lids, both above and below the eye, with a black powder called *kohhl*.'—vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

Their hands and feet are said to be beautifully formed, but they disfigure them by staining particular parts with *hhen'na* (*lawsonia inermis*). Many females of the lower orders, and most of those of the villages, *tattoo* their feet, arms, forehead, and chin. The veil may almost be said to be of universal use, covering all the face below the root of the nose, leaving only the eyes free—and such eyes!—to exercise all their influence.

'The women of Egypt deem it more incumbent upon them to cover the upper and back part of the head than the face; and more requisite to conceal the face than most other parts of the person. I have often seen in this country women but half covered with miserable rags; and several times, females in the prime of womanhood, and others in more advanced age, with only a narrow strip of rag bound round the hips.'—vol. i. p. 56.

European ladies are apt to exclaim against the barbarous custom of the Turks and Arabs in confining their ladies to the harem,

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and indulging in a plurality of wives—the wives, however, think nothing of this; they rarely if ever arrive at that station in consequence of one spark of affection lighted up in the bosom of either party; marriage with them is a matter of convenience or caprice, often concluded the first day of acquaintance, and dissolved the next; nor are they such moping and solitary beings as some have supposed. In the absence of the husband, whether on business or pleasure, they have their full share of amusement, by plotting against him, and carrying on their intrigues through the means of their slaves, or by assembling their friends in the harem, or making parties to the public baths. 'The visit of one harem to another,' says Mr. Lane, 'often occupies nearly a whole day. Eating, smoking, drinking coffee and sherbet, gossiping, and displaying their finery, are sufficient amusements to the company. They indulge,' he says, 'in easy gaiety, and not unfrequently in youthful frolic; and sometimes one of the party entertains the rest with the recital of some wonderful or facetious tale.'

With regard to the public baths, Mr. Lane says, 'there are between sixty and seventy *hhammáms* in Cairo—some for men only; others only for women and young children; and some for both sexes—for men during the forenoon, and in the afternoon for females.

'Many women of the lower orders wear no covering whatever in the bath; not even a napkin round the waist: others always wear the napkin, and the high clogs. There are few pleasures in which the women of Egypt delight so much as in the visit to the bath, where they frequently have entertainments; and often, on these occasions, they are not a little noisy in their mirth. They avail themselves of the opportunity to display their jewels and their finest clothes, and to enter into familiar conversation with those whom they meet there, whether friends or strangers. Sometimes, a mother chooses a bride for her son from among the girls or women whom she chances to see in the bath.'—vol. ii. p. 44.

'Bathing,' says Mr. Lane, 'is one of the greatest luxuries enjoyed by the people of Egypt. The inhabitants of the villages of this country, and those persons who cannot afford the trifling expense incurred in the public bath, often bathe in the Nile. Girls and young women are not unfrequently seen thus indulging themselves in the warm weather, and generally without any covering; but mostly in unfrequented places. The rich, I have before mentioned, have baths in their own houses; but men who have this convenience often go to the public bath; and so also do the ladies, who, on many occasions, are invited to accompany thither their female friends.'—vol. ii. p. 35.

Our author, as usual, describes minutely the whole process of using the bath—indulging us with the uncouth names even of the towels

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towels and napkins, foot-rasps, &c.; but we must content ourselves with extracting the account of one operation, which appears fairly to outmahomet our worthy friend Mr. Mahomet of Brighton.

'The bather sits on the marble seat of the hackee'yeh, or lies upon a napkin on one of the leewa'ns, or by the edge of one of the tanks, to submit to the first operation, which is that of cracking his joints, and is called *tuck'tuck'ah*. The operator cracks almost every joint of his frame: he wrings the body, first one way, and then the other, to make several of the vertebræ crack: even the neck is made to crack twice, by wrenching the head round, each way, which produces a sensation rather alarming to an inexperienced person: and each ear is generally twisted round until it cracks: the limbs are wrested with apparent violence; but with such skill, that an untoward accident in this operation is never heard of. The main object of this process is to render the joints supple. —vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

The visit to the tombs appears to have originated in a custom prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, who proceeded to the sepulchres of their deceased relatives, carrying palm branches and flowers, like the women of modern Cairo; and the ceremonies afterwards mentioned by Mr. Lane, among the peasants of Upper Egypt, cannot fail to call to mind the funeral lamentation of their predecessors, described by Herodotus, Diodorus, and other writers, and in the sculptures of the Theban tombs:—

'It is customary among the peasants of Upper Egypt, for the female relations and friends of a person deceased to meet together by his house, on each of the first three days after the funeral, and there to perform a lamentation and a strange kind of dance. They daub their faces and bosoms, and part of their dress, with mud; and tie a rope-girdle, generally made of the coarse grass called Hhalfa, round the waist. Each flourishes in her hand a palm stick, or a nebhoót (a long staff), or a spear, or a drawn sword, and dances with a slow movement, and in an irregular manner, generally pacing about, and raising and depressing the body. This dance is continued for an hour or more, and is performed twice or three times in the course of the day. After the third day, the women visit the tomb, and place upon it their rope-girdles; and usually a lamb or a goat is slain there, as an expiatory sacrifice, and a feast made on this occasion.'—vol. ii. p. 307.

'The prophet disapproved of gold; therefore few Moslems wear gold rings, but the women have various ornaments (rings, bracelets, &c.) of that precious metal. The seal-ring is used for signing letters and other writings; and its impression is considered more valid than the sign-manual. . . . . Almost every person who can afford it has a seal-ring, even though he be a servant.'—vol. i. p. 36.

Of the ornaments worn by the Egyptian women many are precisely similar to those of the ancient inhabitants of the country, as the bracelets, anklets, and ear-rings; and the patterns of several

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devices, forming part of the necklaces, are evidently derived from ancient models. The Egyptians are particularly fond of jewellery; men in the humblest stations generally wear one or more ring, and even charms are enclosed in silver tubes variously ornamented. In this, as in many other points, they strongly resemble their predecessors, who wore a profusion of gold and silver ornaments, large broad necklaces of the precious metals, cornelian, agate, amethysts, beads, and other materials, or of glass stained to imitate rare stones; and their arms were decorated with rings of gold, both above and below the elbow, independent of rich bracelets on their wrists, earrings, and anklets; and a number of rings, besides various ornaments of the head and dress, added to the richness of their costume.

'Ophthalmia is more common in Lower Egypt than in the southern parts. It generally arises from checked perspiration; but is aggravated by the dust and many other causes. When remedies are promptly employed, this disease is seldom alarming in its progress; but vast numbers of the natives of Egypt, not knowing how to treat it, or obstinately resigning themselves to fate, are deprived of the sight of one or both of their eyes.'—vol. i. p. 4.

Nobody will doubt that if the eyes are rubbed when irritated by the sand, inflammation will ensue, as in any other country; or that the sudden glare of the sun, when leaving a dark room, or a closed tent, may frequently bring on ophthalmia. It is not, however, to these that the complaint can be said to owe its origin; and it is remarkable that ophthalmia is unknown in the desert: persons who retire, on the first approach of inflammation, to the arid climate of those regions, recover in a few days from its effects; provided the eye is protected from too strong a glare of light, and from the immediate effect of the wind. Another cause, or at least aggravation, of ophthalmia, is the afternoon evaporation from a soil strongly impregnated with nitre.

Mr. Lane says it is deemed disreputable among the Egyptians for a young man to abstain from marriage; and that a friend seriously advised him to purchase a female slave, which would exempt him from the opprobrium of the want of a wife; but he pleaded his being a sojourner only in the country. 'You tell me,' said the friend, 'that in a year or two you mean to leave this country; now, there is a young widow who, I am told, is handsome, living within a few doors of you, who will be glad to become your wife, even with the express understanding that you shall divorce her when you quit this place, though, of course, you may do so before, if she should not please you.' Such is the facility of marriage and divorce. Mr. Lane, however, dedicates a whole chapter to the many ceremonies observed on the marriage

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riage of a virgin; it is only a widow, a divorced dame or a slave, that can be so easily taken and so easily got rid of.

In visiting or going to the public baths, the ladies are always veiled, and generally ride on asses, and sit astride on a high and broad saddle, 'looking,' as Dr. Richardson says, 'like so many coffins mounted on asses.' Many women, however, of the upper classes, walk the streets in their long robes and veils.

'It is not uncommon to see, in the city in which I am writing, a lady shuffling along in her ample to'b and hhab'arah of new and rich and glistening silks, and one who scents the whole street with the odour of musk or civet as she passes along, with all that appears of her person scrupulously clean and delicate, her eyes neatly bordered with kohhl applied in the most careful manner, and the tip of a finger or two showing the fresh dye of the hhen'na, and by her side a little boy or girl, her own child, with a face besmeared with dirt, and with clothes appearing as though they had been worn for months without being washed. Few things surprised me so much as sights of this kind on my first arrival in this country. I naturally inquired the cause of what struck me as so strange and inconsistent, and was informed that the affectionate mothers thus neglected the appearance of their children, and purposely left them unwashed, and clothed them so shabbily, particularly when they had to take them out in public, *from fear of the evil eye*, which is excessively dreaded, and especially in the case of children, since they are generally esteemed the greatest of blessings, and therefore most likely to be coveted.'—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

One mode of averting the Evil Eye, so common throughout the East, is to throw salt over a child; and in the bridal processions, when a young boy, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and dressed in all the finery of the harem, is paraded through the streets, a woman follows, throwing over him at intervals a handful of salt, frequently muttering the short chapter of the Koran which relates to this subject. The same superstition makes a mother disguise the birth of a male child, or dress it like a girl for several months, lest any one should envy her the birth of a son, and bring upon mother and child the pernicious effect of the Evil Eye.

Female children are rarely taught even to read and write, but are instructed in tambour-work, embroidery, and various kinds of needle-work; but boys are represented by our author as being very generally taught to read and write, to say their prayers properly, to perform the prescribed ablutions, and to be perfect in reading and, what we doubt very much, understanding the Koran. According to Mr. Lane's own account the schoolmasters themselves often know little more than to recite portions of the sacred volume.

'I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding

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ing to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighbourhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Ckoor-a'n, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons: to write them, he employed the *'aree'f* (or head boy in the school), pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. The fick'ee pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" He answered, "Yes." "Shall I tear my clothes?" she asked; he replied, "Yes." So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he was now arrived at home. Not at all abashed, he said, "God knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Truly, our new fick'ee is a man of unusual judgment!" and, for a little while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this blunder.'—vol. i. 66, 67.

The Egyptians are said to be passionately fond of music, and yet very few of them practice it in any shape. The Koran is chanted by all ranks; but both music and dancing are left to professional people of both sexes, who are hired out for the amusement of the upper classes, and to perform on great public festivals. Mr. Lane has given prints of the several wind and string instruments in use,—and also translations of various songs with the music written down, which is simple enough, but not at all to our taste; nor can we discover that similarity which Mr. Lane seems to think exists between these Egyptian airs and some of the popular melodies of Spain. In some of their poetic effusions Mr. Lane also finds a similarity to the Song of Solomon; and he instances the following, which he thinks may be compared with the second and five following verses of the fifth chapter. We confess that we cannot discover much resemblance.

'The beloved of my heart visited me in the darkness of night:
I stood, to show him honour, until he sat down.
I said, "O thou my petition, and all my desire!
Hast thou come at midnight, and not feared the watchmen?"
He said to me, "I feared; but, however, love
Had taken from me my soul and my breath." '—vol. ii. p. 195.

In fact, the common Egyptians are totally incapable of appreciating our European music, or of comprehending how we can take

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take a delight in what appears to them an inharmonious confusion of sounds. The bands of their new troops, however, play the music of Rossini and other Italian composers with the same precision and execution as in our European regiments; and the surprise of the people who see them reading the notes, is frequently indicated in their looks and exclamations.

There are in Cairo numerous public singing girls, who are sometimes engaged by private families, but are mostly found exhibiting at the frequented places and in the streets. There are also public dancers; the latter being a distinct tribe, known by the name of *Ghawa'zee*. 'They commence,' says Mr. Lane, 'with a degree of decorum; but soon, by more animated looks, by a more rapid collision of their castanets of brass, and by increased energy in every motion, they exhibit a spectacle exactly agreeing with the descriptions which Martial and Juvenal have given of the performances of the female dancers of Gades.' He says—

'I need scarcely add, that these women are the most abandoned of the courtesans of Egypt. Many of them are extremely handsome; and most of them are richly dressed. Upon the whole, I think they are the finest women in Egypt. Many of them have slightly aquiline noses; but in most respects they resemble the rest of the females of this country. Women, as well as men, take delight in witnessing their performances; but many persons among the higher classes, and the more religious, disapprove of them.

'The Ghawa'zee being distinguished, in general, by a cast of countenance differing, though slightly, from the rest of the Egyptians, we can hardly doubt that they are, as themselves assert, a distinct race. Their origin, however, is involved in much uncertainty. They call themselves *Bara'mikeh* or *Bur'mek'ees*, and boast that they are descended from the famous family of that name who were the objects of the favour, and afterwards of the capricious tyranny, of Ha'roo'n El-Rashee'd, and of whom we read in several of the tales of "The Thousand and One Nights:" but, as a friend of mine lately observed to me, they probably have no more right to call themselves "Bara'mikeh" than because they resemble that family in liberality, though it is liberality of a different kind. In many of the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, we find representations of females dancing at private entertainments, to the sounds of various instruments, in a manner similar to the modern Ghawa'zee, but even more licentious; one or more of these performers being generally depicted in a state of perfect nudity, though in the presence of men of high stations. This mode of dancing we find, from the monuments here alluded to, most of which bear the names of kings, which prove their age, to have been common in Egypt in very remote times, even before the Exodus of the Israelites. It is probable, therefore, that it has continued without interruption; and perhaps the modern Ghawa'zee are descended from the class of female dancers who amused the Egyptians in the times of the early Pharaohs.'—vol. ii. pp. 97, 98.

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The gipsies claim kindred descent with these females. Those of Egypt have a *patois*, as in Europe, unknown to all other persons. Besides gipsies there are several classes of itinerant beggars and others, who gain their subsistence in a similar way, and lead the same erratic life; tinkers and fortune-tellers, without any fixed habitations.

Among the numerous exhibitors in the public streets are serpent charmers and serpent eaters. They pretend to discover if any such animals are in houses, and are frequently employed for that purpose; but incredulous persons have sometimes searched such a performer, and even stripped him naked.

'He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and spits upon the ground; and generally says, "I adjure you, by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth; and if ye be disobedient, die! die! die!" The serpent is generally dislodged by his stick from a fissure in the wall, or drops from the ceiling of the room.'—vol. ii. p. 104.

These serpent charmers, however, it would seem, do not always escape with impunity.

'A few years ago, a durwee'sh of this sect, who was called "el-Feel" (or the Elephant), from his bulky and muscular form, and great strength, and who was the most famous serpent-eater of his time, and almost of any age, having a desire to rear a serpent of a very venomous kind, which his boy had brought him among others that he had collected in the desert, put this reptile into a basket, and kept it for several days without food, to weaken it: he then put his hand into the basket, to take it out, for the purpose of extracting its teeth; but it immediately bit his thumb: he called out for help; there were, however, none but women in the house, and they feared to come to him, so that many minutes elapsed before he could obtain assistance: his whole arm was then found to be swollen and black, and he died after a few hours.'—vol. ii. p. 204.

Another snake-charmer, named Mustapha, who was well known in Egypt from the time of the Memlooks, and had been constantly playing with serpents, and catching them for various purposes, without receiving any injury, was employed to obtain some monitory lizards for a naturalist who visited Cairo in 1824; and having gone some distance on the Suez road, began as usual his search in one of the level plains known as the resort of those reptiles. His son, who was with him, having observed something move in a hole near which they were standing, and supposing it to be the wished-for monitor, pointed it out to him, when he incautiously put in his hand, and was seized by a *cerastes*, or horned viper, whose dangerous bite soon reduced him to so deplorable a state, in spite of all the ordinary precautions resorted to on

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on such occasions by snake-charmers, that his life was for several days despaired of, and he with difficulty recovered. The same man was frequently seen to take up the most poisonous snakes by the tail, or any part of the body, without receiving any injury, though they were neither deprived of the poison bag, nor of their fangs; and the reptile, when moving to seize his hand, was observed to withdraw its head, as if wanting courage to bite it; but the same man was careful not to allow it to approach his face or legs; and this precaution being confined to those parts, suggested the probability of his hands being smeared with some substance whose smell was intolerable to the snake, and thus protected them from its bite.

The gipsies tell fortunes, as in our own country, either in the streets or in private houses. There are also strolling players, who enact farces and recite romances; of the latter of which Mr. Lane gives three specimens, but of a far inferior description to any of the tales in the 'Thousand and One Nights,' a book which we are surprised to hear is scarcely to be procured in Cairo at any price. Of the farces we will just extract Mr. Lane's account of one, which we are told was played before the pasha, with the view of opening his eyes to the conduct of those persons to whom is committed the office of collecting the taxes.

'The *dramatis personæ* were a Na'zir (or governor of a district), a Sheykh Bel'ed (or chief of a village), a servant of the latter, a Copt clerk, a Fella'hh indebted to the government, his wife, and five other persons, of whom two made their appearance first in the character of drummers, one as a hautboy player, and the two others as dancers. After a little drumming, and piping, and dancing by these five, the Na'zir and the rest of the performers enter the ring. The Na'zir asks, "How much does 'Ow'ad the son of Reg'eb owe?" The musicians and dancers, who now act as simple fella'hhee'n, answer, "Desire the Christian to look in the register." The Christian clerk has a large dawa'yeh (or receptacle for pens and ink) in his girdle, and is dressed as a Copt, with a black turban. The Sheykh el Bel'ed asks him, "How much is written against 'Ow'ad the son of Reg'eb?" The clerk answers, "A thousand piasters." "How much," says the Sheykh, "has he paid?" He is answered, "Five piasters." "Man," says he, addressing the fella'hh, "why don't you bring the money?" The fella'hh answers, "I have not any." "You have not any?" exclaims the Sheykh; "throw him down." An inflated piece of an intestine, resembling a large koorba'g, is brought, and with this the fella'hh is beaten. He roars out to the Na'zir, "By the honour of thy horse's tail, O Bey! By the honour of thy wife's trowsers, O Bey! By the honour of thy wife's head-band, O Bey!" After twenty such absurd appeals, his beating is finished, and he is taken away and imprisoned. Presently his wife comes to him, and asks him, "How art thou?" He answers, "Do me a kindness, my wife: take a little kishk, and some eggs, and some sha'eeree'yeh

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sha'eeree'yeh, and go with them to the house of the Christian clerk, and appeal to his generosity to get me set at liberty." She takes these, in three baskets, to the Christian's house, and asks the people there, "Where is the M'al'lim Hhan'na, the clerk?" They answer, "There he sits." She says to him, "O M'al'lim Hhan'na, do me the favour to receive these, and obtain the liberation of my husband." "Who is thy husband?" he asks. She answers, "The fella'hh who owes a thousand piasters." "Bring," says he, "twenty or thirty piasters to bribe the Sheykh el Bel'ed." She goes away, and soon returns with the money in her hand, and gives it to the Sheykh el Bel'ed. "What is this?" says the Sheykh. She answers, "Take it as a bribe, and liberate my husband." He says, "Very well; go to the Na'zir." She retires for a while, blackens the edges of her eye-lids with kohhl, applies fresh red dye of the hhen'na to her hands and feet, and repairs to the Na'zir. "Good evening, my master," she says to him. "What dost thou want?" he asks. She answers, "I am the wife of 'Ow'ad, who owes a thousand piasters." "But what dost thou want?" he asks again. "She says, "My husband is imprisoned, and I appeal to thy generosity to liberate him:" and as she urges this request, she smiles, and shows him that she does not ask this favour without being willing to grant him a recompense. He obtains this, takes the husband's part, and liberates him.'—vol. ii. pp. 111-113.

The three romances which Mr. Lane has introduced appear to us dull enough, though he tells us the audience are all highly amused at the recital, not only with the story, but also with the lively and dramatic manner of the narrator, 'who often greatly improves the stories by his action, and by witty introductions of his own invention.' The three which he has given are mostly of a warlike character, and more suited to the taste of the Bedouins of the desert than to the Arabs of the towns.

At the public festival of the Mohhaar'ran and others kept periodically, the whole population of Cairo is on the move, when the crowding, and jostling, and pushing, in the narrow streets and in the mosques is quite intolerable. Mr. Lane got himself into an awkward position in the midst of a crowd of women, face to face with a young lady, whose situation 'from her panting' was not quite easy to her, 'though a smile,' he says, 'expressed at the same time by her large black eyes, showed that it was amusing: she could not, however, bear it long, for she soon cried out, "My Eye! do not squeeze me so violently."' *My eye*, says Mr. Lane, is a term of endearment—and so may be *Betty Martin*.

At these times the convolving and dancing dervises are performing their tricks over every part of the town, blasphemously bawling out the name of God, and asking charity in the terms of the Koran. Mr. Lane says there was nothing like regularity in their dancing.

'Each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman; now, moving his

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his body up and down; the next moment, turning round; then, using odd gesticulations with his arms; next, jumping; and sometimes, screaming: in short, if a stranger, observing them, were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing durwee'shes were merely striving to excel one another in playing the buffoon: and the manner in which they were clad would conduce to impress him with this idea.'—vol. ii. p. 212.

Thus they dance and whirl till they become as crazy as our own Irvingites or *Rowites* (happily so named) with their gibberish howlings in the unknown tongue. But the feat performed by one of these enthusiasts, perhaps we may safely call them impostors, is so singular, that we must transcribe it:—

'In the middle of this ring was placed a small chafing-dish of tinned copper, full of red-hot charcoal. From this, the durwee'sh, just mentioned, seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put into his mouth; then did the same with another, another, and another, until his mouth was full; when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth very wide every moment, to show its contents, which, after about three minutes, he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest symptom of pain; appearing, during the operation and after it, even more lively than before. The other durwee'sh before alluded to, as half-naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from his grasp, and, rushing towards the chafing-dish, took out one of the largest live coals, and put it into his mouth. He kept his mouth wide open for about two minutes; and during this period, each time that he inhaled, the large coal appeared of almost a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this, he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing. When their performance had lasted about half an hour, the durwee'shes paused to rest.'—vol. ii. p. 213.

The exploit of another of the gang was still more extraordinary—

'One of them, a tall man, dressed in a dark woollen gown, and with a bare, shaven head, took from the chafing-dish, which was handed to the dancers as though it had been a dish of cakes or sweetmeats, a large piece of brilliantly hot coal; placed it between his teeth, and kept it so for a short time; then drew it upon his tongue; and, keeping his mouth wide open for, I think, more than two minutes, violently inhaled and exhaled, showing the inside of his mouth like a furnace, and breathing out sparks, as the former durwee'sh had done; but with less appearance of excitement. Having chewed and swallowed the coal, he joined the ring of the tambourine-players, and sat almost close to my feet. I narrowly watched his countenance; but could not see the least indication of his suffering any pain.'—vol. ii. p. 214.

One of these devout persons was, it seems, a particular acquaintance

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ance of Mr. Lane, and visited him almost every evening. He had been a bookseller, but had turned dervise, and at the same time, we should say, from the following account of him, became stark staring mad—

'One night, during a meeting of a party of durwee'shes of his order, at which their sheykh was present, my friend became affected with religious frenzy, seized a tall glass shade which surrounded a candle placed on the floor, and ate a large portion of it. The sheykh and the other durwee'shes, looking at him with astonishment, upbraided him with having broken the institutes of his order; since the eating of glass was not among the miracles which they were allowed to perform; and they immediately expelled him. He then entered the order of the Ahhmedee'yeh; and as they, likewise, never ate glass, he determined not to do so again. However, soon after, at a meeting of some brethren of this order, when several Saadee'yeh also were present, he again was seized with frenzy, and, jumping up to a chandelier, caught hold of one of the small glass lamps attached to it, and devoured about half of it, swallowing also the oil and water which it contained. He was conducted before his Sheykh, to be tried for this offence; but, on his taking an oath never to eat glass again, he was neither punished nor expelled the order. Notwithstanding this oath, he soon again gratified his propensity to eat a glass lamp; and a brother durwee'sh, who was present, attempted to do the same; but a large fragment stuck between the tongue and palate of this rash person; and my friend had great trouble to extract it. He was again tried by his Sheykh; and, being reproached for having broken his oath and vow of repentance, he coolly answered, "I repent again: repentance is good: for He whose name be exalted hath said, in the Excellent Book, 'Verily, God loveth the repentant.'" The Sheykh, in anger, exclaimed, "Dost thou dare to act in this manner, and then come and cite the Ckoor-a'n before me?"—and with this reproof, he ordered that he should be imprisoned ten days; after which, he made him again swear to abstain from eating glass; and on this condition he was allowed to remain a member of the Ahhmedee'yeh. This second oath, he professes not to have broken.—The person whose office it was to prosecute him related to me these facts; and my friend reluctantly confessed them to be true.'—*Preface*, pp. x.-xii.

One of the great public festivals is at the time of the completion of the rise of the Nile, and the opening of the canal of Cairo. Vast multitudes assemble on this joyful occasion—and no wonder it should be the occasion of rejoicing; the refreshing sight of a sheet of water in the dry and dusty streets and open places of Cairo, at the hottest season of the year, cannot fail of being hailed with rapture by every class of inhabitants.

'The favourite time of resort to this place is the evening, and many persons remain there for several hours after sunset; some, all night. There are generally two or three story-tellers there. At all hours of the day, and sometimes even at midnight, persons are seen bathing in the lake;

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lake; chiefly men and boys, but also some young girls, and even women; the latter of whom expose their persons before the passengers and idlers on the banks, in a manner surprising in a place where women in general so carefully conceal even their faces; though most of these bathers are usually covered from the waist downwards.'—vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

Among the crowds that assemble, beggars are not the least numerous. Asking alms may, indeed, be almost considered as an honourable profession in Cairo; but Egypt after all is not the only country that can show a *beggar on horseback*. 'In the country many *derwee'shes* (dervises) go from village to village begging alms. I have seen them,' says Mr. Lane, 'on horseback; and one I lately saw thus mounted, and accompanied by two men bearing each a flag, and by a third beating a drum: this beggar on horseback was going from hut to hut asking for bread.' The gentleman was collecting his *rent*.

We shall say nothing here on the subject of the religion of Mahomet. Mr. Lane speaks favourably of the decent behaviour of the Arab Mussulman when at prayer.

'The utmost solemnity and decorum are observed in the public worship of the Moos'lims. Their looks and behaviour in the mosque are not those of enthusiastic devotion, but of calm and modest piety. Never are they guilty of a designedly irregular word or action during their prayers. The pride and fanaticism which they exhibit in common life, in intercourse with persons of their own, or of a different faith, seem to be dropped on their entering the mosque, and they appear wholly absorbed in the adoration of their Creator; humble and downcast, yet without affected humility, or a forced expression of countenance. The Moos'lim takes off his shoes at the door of the mosque, carries them in his left hand, sole to sole, and puts his right foot first over the threshold. If he have not previously performed the preparatory ablution, he repairs at once to the tank or fountain to acquit himself of that duty. Before he commences his prayers he places his shoes (and his sword and pistols, if he have such arms,) upon the matting, a little before the spot where his head will touch the ground in prostration: his shoes are put one upon the other, sole to sole.'—vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

For their civil laws, such as they are, they are indebted to the Koran, the better parts of which were all pilfered from the Jewish Scriptures. Most of the officers of justice, from the highest to the lowest, are accused of corrupt practices; but this is not universal, as may be learned from several instances related by Mr. Lane. He tells this story as being of recent date, and universally believed at Cairo:—

'A poor man applied one day to the A'gha of the police, and said, "Sir, there came to me, to-day, a woman, and she said to me, 'Take this *ckoors**, and let it remain in your possession for a

* An ornament worn on the crown of the head-dress by women.

time,

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time, and lend me five hundred piasters:' and I took it from her, Sir, and gave her the five hundred piasters, and she went away: and when she was gone away, I said to myself, 'Let me look at this ckoors;' and I looked at it, and behold it was yellow brass: and I slapped my face, and said, 'I will go to the A'gha, and relate my story to him, perhaps he will investigate the affair, and clear it up;' for there is none that can help me in this matter but thee." The A'gha said to him, "Hear what I tell thee, man. Take whatever is in thy shop—leave nothing, and lock it up, and to-morrow morning go early; and when thou hast opened the shop, cry out, 'Alas for my property!' then take in thy hands two clods, and beat thyself with them, and cry, 'Alas for the property of others!' and whoever says to thee, 'What is the matter with thee?' do thou answer, 'The property of others is lost: a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost: if it were my own, I should not thus lament it;' and this will clear up the affair." The man promised to do as he was desired. He removed everything from his shop, and early the next morning he went and opened it, and began to cry out, "Alas for the property of others!" and he took two clods, and beat himself with them, and went about every district of the city, crying, "Alas for the property of others! a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own, I should not thus lament it." The woman who had given him the ckoors in pledge heard of this, and discovered that it was the man whom she had cheated; so she said to herself, "Go and bring an action against him." She went to his shop, riding on an ass, to give herself consequence, and said to him, "Man, give me my property that is in thy possession." He answered, "It is lost." "Thy tongue be cut out!" she cried: "dost thou lose my property? By Al'lah! I will go to the A'gha, and inform him of it." "Go," said he; and she went, and told her case. The A'gha sent for the man, and when he had come, said to his accuser, "What is thy property in his possession?" She answered, "A ckoors of red Venetian gold." "Woman," said the A'gha, "I have a gold ckoors here; I should like to show it thee." She said, "Show it me, Sir, for I shall know my ckoors." The A'gha then untied a handkerchief, and, taking out of it the ckoors which she had given in pledge, said, "Look." She looked at it and knew it, and hung down her head. The A'gha said, "Raise thy head, and say where are the five hundred piasters of this man." She answered, "Sir, they are in my house." The executioner was sent with her to her house, but without his sword; and the woman, having gone into the house, brought out a purse containing the money, and went back with him. The money was given to the man from whom it had been obtained, and the executioner was then ordered to take the woman to the Roomey'ley (a large open place below the citadel), and there to behead her, which he did.'—vol. i. pp. 144-146.

The following story has some humour in it:—

'A person who was appointed Mohh'tes'ib shortly after my former visit to this country (Moos'tuf'a Ca'ship, a Koord) exercised his power in a most brutal manner, clipping men's ears (that is, cutting off the lobe, or ear-lap), not only for the most trifling transgression, but often for

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for no offence whatever. He once met an old man driving along several asses laden with water-melons, and, pointing to one of the largest of these fruits, asked its price. The old man put his finger and thumb to his ear-lap, and said, "Cut it, Sir." He was asked again and again, and gave the same answer. The Mohh'tes'ib, angry, but unable to refrain from laughing, said, "Fellow, are you mad or deaf?" "No," replied the old man, "I am neither mad nor deaf; but I know that, if I were to say the price of the melon is ten fud'dahs, you would say 'Clip his ear;' and if I said *five* fud'dahs, or *one* fud'dah, you would say 'Clip his ear:' therefore clip it at once, and let me pass on." His humour saved him.'—vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

The following case, as Mr. Lane tells us, will convey some idea of the condition of Egyptian peasants in some of the provinces:—

'A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought 130 ardeb'bs of corn from a village of the district; and the other, that he had brought 60 ardeb'bs from the land belonging to the town. "You rascal!" said the governor to the latter; "this man brings 130 ardeb'bs from the lands of a small village; and you, but 60 from the lands of the town." "This man," answered the peasant of Tun'ta, "brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day." "Be silent!" said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered, by the hangman of the preceding night, "This is the man, Sir, whom I hanged by your orders, last night; and he has brought 160 ardeb'bs." "What!" exclaimed the governor, "has he risen from the dead?" He was answered, "No, Sir: I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground; and when you were gone, I untied the rope: you did not order me to *kill* him." The Turk muttered, "Aha! hanging and killing are different things: Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of Ab'oo Da'ood."'—vol. i. pp. 152, 153.

Universally degraded as the Arabians now are, from that high character they once justly acquired for arts, science, and literature, and for much of which, far beyond the mere rudiments, the European world is greatly indebted to them, we fear the literary and intelligent character of the Mooslim Arabs of Cairo has been greatly overrated by Mr. Lane. He tells us the metropolis of Egypt maintains the reputation by which it has been distinguished for many centuries, of being the best school of Arabic literature, and of Mahomedan theology and jurisprudence; that, though polite knowledge has universally declined, yet it has done so the least

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least in Cairo; and that the fame of its professors still remains unrivalled. He admits, however, that learning was in a much more flourishing state in Cairo before the entrance of the French army than it has been in later years; not through any oppression on the part of the invaders, but in consequence of the panic which the invasion occasioned, and the troubles by which it was followed.

The real truth is, that whatever the nature of the literature may have been, which was cultivated in Egypt, it suffered less from the French invasion than by the rapacity of the Pasha Mahomed Ali. The mosque of Ashar was the great college in which the youths of Egypt, who devoted themselves to religious employments, or any of the learned professions, pursued their course of study. It is a large building, surrounding an extensive square court, and is said by some to be capable of lodging 3000, others say half that number of students. It is stated that none of these pay anything for their instruction, being mostly sons of the poorer classes. This college was supported by the rents of certain houses in Cairo, and lands appropriated for that purpose; but, so Mr. Lane informs us, Ali Pasha has taken possession of all the cultivable land which belonged to the mosques; 'and thus the Ashar has lost the greater portion of the property which it possessed.' As the professors receive no salaries or emoluments from the funds of the college, they are driven to the necessity of teaching in private houses, copying books, &c., and of receiving presents from the wealthy; of course they are of the lowest description of teachers. The principal part of the studies pursued here is to read and recite correctly the Koran, which they are engaged to do in private houses, at the tombs, and in other public places; the higher branches qualify them to become muftees, imaums, or schoolmasters, in the towns and villages of Egypt.

We cannot agree with those writers who have held up Ali Pasha as an enlightened ruler, and commended him for sending young men to Europe,—England and France particularly—to improve their education; that is to say, to be instructed in the art of ship-building, gunnery, and the theory and practice of navigation. His grand objects are the conquest of Syria, to get a footing in Asia Minor, and to threaten and withdraw his allegiance from the Sultaun; and for these visionary schemes, his unhappy country is impoverished, her agriculturists forced from their useful labours to supply his army, and money wrung from the hard hands of the peasants to build his three-deckers, which are never likely to fire a shot in anger. Under such a ruler, the cultivation of general science and literature is an object of no concern, as he has proved, by robbing the college of its funds. Mahomed Ali possesses great energy, but wants judgment; and the consequence

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sequence is, that he is led away by every projector that has some new scheme to propose. Hence canals, rail-roads, manufactories of every description, are undertaken—and abandoned. We understand that there is not less than forty miles of iron rails lying on the quays and open places of Alexandria, destined for a road across the Isthmus of Suez, which would be very convenient, very expensive, but not likely to yield any profit. Ambitious to become a great naval power, he builds large three-deckers, one of such dimensions that it was found, when finished, its size would not allow it to get out of the harbour.

But of all the absurdities that ever found a place in his brain, the wildest was that suggested by the St. Simonian, Père Enfantin, of throwing a dam across the Nile, just below the point where the Nile is divided into the Rosetta and the Damietta branches. He was so full of this project, which was to add we know not how many hundred thousand acres to the soil at present capable of cultivation, that he authorized his agent here to endeavour to engage Mr. Brunel, on any terms, to proceed to Egypt and furnish him with a plan and his advice for the undertaking; but Brunel had occupation enough in boring the Thames without engaging to dam the Nile, and we believe the ardour for this perilous enterprise has subsided, luckily for the multitudes that inhabit the delta, and who subsist on a soil whose unabated and unassisted fertility has been famous for more than four thousand years. Had the project been carried into execution, and the dams constructed, what security would there have been against their being swept away by the swelling Nile, which must have involved in one common destruction the great mass of the inhabitants, their houses and cottages, their gardens, and the whole crops on the ground, if not the soil itself—with horses, cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals?

> 'Expatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos;
> Cumque satis arbusta simul, pecudesque, virosque,
> Tectaque, cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris.'

Mr. Lane admits, notwithstanding the reputation for literature which he says the metropolis of Egypt still maintains, that the studies of the Mooslims, in the present age, are confined within very narrow limits; that very few of them study medicine, chemistry, mathematics, or astronomy; that their medical and surgical practitioners are mostly barbers, miserably ignorant of the sciences which they profess. A clumsy pretension to alchemy and the quackery of astrology occupy the places of chemistry and astronomy: of abstract science they are wholly ignorant. 'But,' says Mr. Lane, 'the literature of the Arabs is very comprehensive:' he admits however at the same time that the number of their books

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is more remarkable than their variety. The greater portion of them treat of religion and jurisprudence; the next numerous are works on grammar, rhetoric, and various branches of philology; the next, on history and geography; the remainder are romances and poetical compositions; these, with a few on medicine and the occult sciences, mathematics, and algebra (now no longer studied), compose most of their libraries, of which we are told there are several large ones in Cairo. Mr. Lane adds that there are only eight booksellers in this city, and that their shops are ill-stocked.

In point of fact, the college of Ashar is neither more nor less than a seminary calculated to keep up the ancient superstitions of the Egyptians, rather than to cultivate science and true knowledge: for instance, the interpretation of dreams, and the art of the magician, as we find them practised in the time of the Pharaohs, have descended to the moderns, and form a part of the education in the college. The Ginn or Genii continue now among the Arabs to act the same part, for the good or evil of the human race, as they are described to have done in the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Their origin and chief abode are in the mountains of *Kaf*, which encompass the whole circle of the plane surface of the earth; for the Oolema would deem it heresy to assert its globular form. They are inhabitants of the air, and preside over thunder, lightning, and tempest. What we commonly call 'a falling star' is believed by the Arabs to be a dart, launched by the Almighty at an evil ginn, and on beholding one they exclaim, 'May God transfix the enemy of the faith!' We shall give one story from Mr. Lane's own household experience:—

'I had once a humorous cook, who was somewhat addicted to the intoxicating hhashee'sh: soon after he had entered my service, I heard him one evening muttering and exclaiming, on the stairs, as if in surprise at some event; and then politely saying, "But why are you sitting here in the draught?—Do me the favour to come up into the kitchen, and amuse me with your conversation a little:" the civil address not being answered, was repeated and varied several times, till I called out to the man, and asked him to whom he was speaking. "The 'efree't of a Turkish soldier," he replied, "is sitting on the stairs, smoking his pipe, and refuses to move: he came up from the well below; pray step and see him." On my going to the stairs, and telling the servant that I could see nothing, he only remarked that it was because I had a clear conscience.'—vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

The existence of *ghools* likewise obtains almost universal credence among the modern Egyptians, in common with most of the Mahomedan nations. These beings assume many monstrous shapes; haunt burial-grounds and other sequestered spots; feed upon dead bodies; and kill and devour every human creature who

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who has the misfortune to fall in their way. The we'leis or saints, 'favourites of heaven,' have an opposite character, and are employed in doing good. From a people so superstitious and bigotted we certainly had not expected to meet with the following trait of liberality :—

'It is a very remarkable trait in the character of the people of Egypt, and other countries of the East, that Moos'lims, Christians, and Jews adopt each other's superstitions, while they abhor the more rational doctrines of each other's faiths. In sickness, the Moos'lim sometimes employs Christian and Jewish priests to pray for him : the Christians and Jews, in the same predicament, often call in Moos'lim saints for the like purpose. Many Christians are in the frequent habit of visiting certain Moos'lim saints here; kissing their hands; begging their prayers, counsels, or prophecies; and giving them money and other presents.'—vol. i. p. 301.

In reviewing the character of the Egyptians, Mr. Lane is disposed to consider them a humane people, though in this respect they appear to him to have deteriorated even since his previous visit to the country; but

'I think it proper (he adds) to remark here, that I have good reason for believing Burckhardt to have been misinformed when stating (see his Arabic Proverbs, No. 393) that children in the East (in Egypt, &c.) torture serpents by putting them into a leather bag, then throwing unslacked lime upon them, and pouring water on it. I find no one who has heard of such cruelty; and it is not likely that boys in this country would dare to put a serpent in a bag (for they are excessively afraid of this reptile), or would give several piasters for a bag to destroy in this manner.'—vol. i. p. 371, note.

We perfectly agree with the author in this remark; and the modesty, with which he always offers his opinion, whenever he has cause to differ from the lamented Burckhardt, is creditable to his liberal feelings, and a strong guarantee for his own accuracy; if indeed any extraneous guarantee could be required in this case. Every one who has visited Egypt, and witnessed the scenes he has described, and the customs he has illustrated with his pencil, must feel himself suddenly transported back to the banks of the Nile.

Having thus very briefly skimmed over Mr. Lane's two volumes, we shall conclude by extracting an account of one of the most extraordinary feats of magic that have been recorded since the days of the Pharaohs, when the magicians of the same country were able to produce imitations 'by their enchantments' of the first two *only* of the many plagues brought upon Egypt; imitations near enough in their resemblance to impose upon the wicked king and his subjects; though they were wholly foiled in their presumptuous attempts at the rest. If the exhibition we allude

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to now had been related by persons who, from their general ignorance, or otherwise, might be considered undeserving of credence, we should have passed it in silence; but as it has been witnessed not only by Mr. Lane, but by several intelligent English travellers and residents—as for instance by Captain Lord Prudhoe, of the navy, and Major Felix, of the army, and Mr. Salt, the resident consul—we are disposed to enter into the subject; and more especially as we know there are some serious persons of sober and superior intellects, who not only do not doubt the literal accuracy of the story as told, but are not indisposed to entertain a feeling that the appearances narrated could only have been effected by superhuman means. It will be our business, after stating the facts, to endeavour to explain this mystery, to unravel which, 'neither I nor others,' says Mr. Lane, 'have been able to discover any clue.' This singular exhibition certainly conveys a deeper interest, from the circumstance of its being found in the same country, which gave birth to those professors of the same arts, and who, more than three thousand years ago, had the audacity, by their enchantments, to endeavour to imitate the avenging power of the Almighty. But for Mr. Lane's narrative:—

'A few days after my first arrival in this country, my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to me by Mr. Salt, our consul-general. Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for the celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came; and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink he desired the boy steadfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the same time, called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects, and last of all, the image of the guilty person: he described his stature, countenance, and dress; said that he knew him; and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.'—vol. i. pp. 346, 347.

We should not have attached much importance to this discovery, provided the supposed power of the magician had stopped here: the boy was a neighbour; 'he knew the man,' and might have

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have known him to be a thief: still it is curious: but that which Mr. Lane afterwards witnessed is infinitely more so. Being determined to have ocular proof of what he had heard, he applied to the interpreter of the British consulate, who brought to him the *Sheeykh 'Abd El-Cha'dir El-Mugh'reb'ee,* on whom the mantle of one of the ancient magicians of the Pharaohs would seem to have descended—and whose designation will remind every reader of the excellent tale of 'Maugraby * the Magician.' The previous incantation of burning frankincense and coriander-seed, to wind up the charm, may, with many, pass for nothing, and so may the strips of paper inscribed with certain forms of invocation, such as

'"Tur'shoon" and "Turyoo'shoon," which, he said, were the names of two genii, his "familiar spirits." I compared the copies (says Mr. Lane) with the originals, and found that they exactly agreed. The following is a translation:—

"Tur'shoon! Turyoo'shoon! Come down!
Come down! Be present! Whither are gone
the prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahh'mar
the prince and his troops? Be present,
ye servants of these names! And this is the removal.
And we have removed from thee
thy veil; and thy sight to-day
is piercing. Correct, correct!"'—vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

The boy on the present occasion was brought in, by Mr. Lane's desire, from among a parcel of boys in the street, returning from a manufactory, and had therefore no previous communication with the old Magus. The preparations being completed, with all the accompanying mummery, and after muttering indistinctly a few words,

'He then asked him (the boy) if he saw anything in the ink; and was answered, "No;" but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, "I see a man sweeping the ground." "When he has done sweeping," said the magician, "tell me." Presently, the boy said, "He has done." The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *bey'ruck* (or flag) was; and, being answered, "Yes," desired him to say, "Bring a flag." The boy did so; and soon said, "He has brought a flag." "What colour is it?" asked the magician: the boy replied, "Red." He was told to call for another flag; which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner, he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him; specifying their

* *Maugrabre* signifies *a western man*—*i. e.* a native of Morocco, or more generally of *Mauri*tania, the country of the *Moors*, in which district the great colleges of magic (Domdaniel, &c.) were formerly situated, and in which the black art is still cultivated, it seems, to a great extent.

colours,

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colours, as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), "How many flags have you now before you?" "Seven," answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and, fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, "Bring the Soolta'n's tent, and pitch it." This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, "Some men have brought the tent; a large, green tent: they are pitching it;" and presently he added, "they have set it up." "Now," said the magician, "order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Soolta'n." The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, "I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched the tents." He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said, that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, "Tell some of the people to bring a bull." The boy gave the order required, and said, "I see a bull: it is red: four men are dragging it along, and three are beating it." He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed; and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. "Tell the soldiers," said the magician, "to eat it." The boy did so; and said, "They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands." The magician then told him to call for the Soolta'n; and the boy, having done this, said, "I see the Soolta'n riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap: he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it." "Desire them to bring coffee to the Soolta'n," said the magician, "and to form the court." These orders were given by the boy; and he said that he saw them performed.'—vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

Even here, though the boy was selected by Mr. Lane, a suspicion might arise of some collusion between the magician and the boy; that the objects, supposed to be seen by him in the ink, had no existence, but had previously been arranged in a regular succession, and that the boy had learned them by heart; but we are assured no possibility of such a collusion could have taken place, and we are perfectly satisfied there was none. To proceed:—

'He now addressed himself to me; and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Soolta'n—"My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may

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may see him, speedily." The boy then did so; and almost immediately added, "A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black* suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm." He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently, and more closely, into the ink, said, "No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast." This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

'The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country: I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, "Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet." This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.† The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did; and then said, "His face is pale; and he has mustaches, but no beard:" which is correct.'—vol. i. pp. 354, 355.

It will probably occur to some that the magician might make a shrewd guess that, after the warlike preparations by the initiatory display of flags and tents and the grand Seignor, an Englishman would most probably feel disposed to ask for the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Nelson, and a Frenchman for Buonaparte or Soult, and that he had prepared himself with descriptions of them accordingly, either from prints, or from information procured on the spot; but by what magical power could he convey to the boy an accurate description, as we are told he did, of Shakspeare? what could he be supposed to know of Shakspeare?—It is obvious that he, or the boy, or both, must have seen the likeness of what is said to have been so accurately described. Even this might be so; he (the conjuror) may once before have been asked to exhibit our first of poets, and to have failed the first time; for we are told by Mr. Lane, and also by others, that, all-powerful as he is, the Magus is apt occasionally to

* 'Dark blue is called, by the modern Egyptians, *es'wed*, which properly signifies *black*, and is therefore so translated here.'

† 'A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain.'

fail;

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fail; and when this happens, the failure is usually laid to the state of the weather, the stupidity, or improper age of the boy, &c. If then this Sidrophel's reputation and popularity are worth preserving, it would be worth his while to get possession of the wanting portrait, and not fail a second time. But still the question occurs, how is this likeness conveyed?—'That there was no confederacy,' says Mr. Lane, 'I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described, in my presence, from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen.' The result was the same with another boy on a subsequent occasion. Then, again, supposing that by pictorial representations, or descriptions otherwise procured, many public characters might admit of accurate description, what previous preparation could the magician have for describing a certain obscure individual as lying in a winding-sheet, or that which follows, which is still more extraordinary?—

'On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting.'—vol. i. p. 356.

Here there could be no collusion, nor, what is far more important, could the magician have had any previous information. What the boy described we will venture to say he saw; and so might Mr. Lane himself, or any one, if placed as the boy was, have seen the same things. He instances this, indeed, in the case of a young English lady, in the palm of whose hand the magic mirror of ink was prepared, and who, on looking into it for a little while, said 'she saw a broom sweeping the ground, without any body holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.'

When we first heard of the wonderful exhibition of the Egyptian magician, as related, but never published, by Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix, the impression was, that the appearances were effected by a concealed confederate, as in the cases of the speaking female figure and the famous chess-player; but Mr. Lane's narrative entirely removed that impression. Still the description he has given was not explicit enough to enable us to ground any plausible

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plausible conjecture, as to the means employed for the mysterious appearances, though obviously produced by natural (not superhuman) magic. We therefore, through the medium of a friend, put a few questions to Mr. Lane, as to the place of performance, whether in or out of doors; the company assembled, whether a crowd or otherwise; the relative position in which he was placed to the magician and the boy, and on some other points, all of which he most readily and with great candour immediately answered. The exhibition it appears was in his own small sitting-room, fifteen feet by ten, the whole furniture of which he minutely describes; and it was in the evening that the visit was made. He then proceeds to say,

'There was no one present but the magician, the boy, 'Osma'n Effen'dee, (interpreter to the British Consulate) and myself; and there was no person in the adjoining closet, which had no entrance but that from the sitting-room. I was alone when the magician came. He took his seat immediately upon the sofa, and sat quite still. The only preparation he made for the performance was the writing of the charms, of which I have given a copy, and calling for the chafing-dish and perfumes. I watched him very narrowly and closely during the whole of the interview. I sat on his right, and 'Osma'n on his left. The boy was placed close before him on a seat, a little to his left; and the chafing-dish was also close before him. With his left hand he held the fingers of the boy's right hand, in which was the ink; with his right, the slips of paper which he occasionally dropped upon the burning coals and perfume. He did not suffer the boy to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance. When I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid particular attention both to the magician and to 'Osma'n. The latter, I positively assert, gave no directions either by word or sign; and indeed he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearances of the individuals called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys; and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to the boys or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the Moorish dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. His dialect I should not have called Moorish; for it was rather a compound of the literary dialect, the Moorish, and the Egyptian; and when *I* understood him perfectly at once, he was obliged to vary his words to make the *boy* comprehend what he said.'

Thus then we may venture to say we have the agents in this exhibition reduced to *three;* the magician, the chafing-dish with its contents, and the boy; we may perhaps consider the daub of ink as a fourth, though, according to our conception of the performance, it is of small importance. We have suggested that the magician was in possession of *pictures* of the objects seen and described by the boy. But how could the boy see those pictures, since

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since he was not suffered 'to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance?' This, by the way, explains why the boy selected should be of a certain age; not too young, lest he should not be able to explain what he sees; not too old, or he might be refractory, or be led by curiosity to exercise a too inquisitive and searching eye, and thus see more than was intended. The boy certainly saw no pictures, but he saw the *images* of the objects represented in them; and he saw them by *reflection*, as is proved by the reversing of Lord Nelson's arm. But the conjuror himself, perhaps unintentionally, admitted this. To a question put by Mr. Lane, his reply was, 'they (the objects) appeared as in a mirror.' This avowal, we should have thought, might have led at once to an explanation of the mystery.

The explanation, then, we assume to be this. The reflected objects of a series of pictures are thrown from the surface of a concave mirror, fixed, probably, to some part of the magician's garment, and concealed by the ample and cumbersome overlapping of his outer dress; the burning of frankincense and coriander seed, and of the slips of paper, in the chafing-dish, repeated from time to time, afforded both light and a cloud of smoke, under the very nose of the boy, on which those images were received—for Mr. Lane tells us, the magician, the chafing-dish, and the boy, were in a line, and must have been close together, since the former held firmly the fingers of the boy's hand, no doubt to keep it and the ink spot in the proper focus; and the interdiction of the boy from 'raising his eyes' was, no doubt, to prevent his seeing the spot from whence the stream of reflected light, conveying the images, proceeded. All this could easily be managed without Mr. Lane or 'Osma'n knowing anything of the matter, or seeing any of the representations described; they were seated *behind* the mirror. The effects to be produced by such a mirror are well known. Sir David Brewster, in his letters on *Natural Magic*, says,

'The concave mirror is the staple instrument of the magician's cabinet, and must always perform a principal part in all optical combinations. In order to be quite perfect, every concave mirror should have its surface elliptical, so that if any object is placed in one focus of the ellipse, an inverted image of it will be formed in the other focus. This image, to a spectator rightly placed, appears suspended in the air, so that if the mirror and the object are hid from his view, the effect must appear to him almost supernatural.'

It was by means of this concave mirror, he tells us, that the heathen gods were made to appear in the ancient temples among the vapours disengaged from fire; by it the ecclesiastical conjuror, the Pontiff Theodore Santubaren, exhibited to the Emperor Basil of Macedonia the image of his beloved son, after his death,

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death, magnificently dressed, and mounted on a superb charger; by it was performed the extraordinary exhibition described by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, and in which he was personally concerned, where whole legions of devils were made to appear, among the cloudy atmosphere of a large apartment, created by the burning of incense and perfumes; in short, by the same means, not many years ago, the people of London were made to see their distant and deceased friends in the phantasmagoria:—why then should we suppose that a native of a country, celebrated in ancient times for its conjurors, should not be acquainted with the effects of the concave mirror?

Thus far, then, we think we have undrawn the curtain; but much remains to be unveiled. Of the mode by which the correct appearance of private individuals 'unknown to fame' are produced, as was the case at Mr. Lane's exhibition, and that also of Lord Prudhoe, we cannot venture even a conjecture, unless we could persuade ourselves, which the character of the parties who have witnessed the phenomenon forbids, that imagination had got the better of reason, and produced absolute illusions.

Mr. Lane, in the conclusion of his narrative, after admitting that neither he nor any others have been able to discover any clue to penetrate the mystery, goes on to say, 'if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work.' We can assure him he need not be at all apprehensive of this: what he saw and what he heard (and during his two visits, the first of four, the second of three years' continuance in the country, he must have heard and seen a great deal), we are fully convinced he has faithfully and minutely related; and his work is a record of unquestionable value, containing every thing respecting the 'Manners and Customs of the Egyptians' that could be desired.

NOTE *on Egyptian Magic.—To the Editor of the Quarterly Review.*

After concluding this article, we received the following paper from an English gentleman of high character, himself one of the eye-witnesses of the feats of the modern Maugraby. We think it our duty to insert the paper just as it has reached us. It no doubt contains some new features of difficulty: but still we can have no doubt that ere long the sharpened eyes of some European observer will enable him to give us a rational and natural explanation of all these phenomena.

"That the boy really sees what he describes is evident, and Mr. Lane and other intelligent travellers have set this question completely

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completely at rest; nor can any one for a moment doubt that the objects actually present themselves to his sight. The ink is not, as some suppose, a circle drawn in the centre of the hand, but about half a tea-spoonful, forming a liquid ball about the size of a pistol bullet, which has been poured into it. We might suppose that the magician availed himself of it in order to present the appearances he wished him to describe, but the certainty of his knowing no more about the persons called for than the child himself sufficiently answers this supposition; and the distance at which the boy frequently sits from him, and the position of his hand, prevent the reflection being thrown from any mirror, or other object, with which he might be provided for that purpose. So far I have been enabled to judge from my own observations, during the performances I have witnessed, and from that of the many intelligent persons who have been present on similar occasions, men not likely to be easily deceived on such points, or guilty of a disposition to credulity. But a far stronger argument to show the improbability of any legerdemain is derived from the fact of some Europeans, after learning the secret, being persuaded that no such deception is practised; having themselves succeeded in performing the same feats, without recourse to any delusion: and M. Leon Delaborde, and others instructed in the art, have been unable to explain in what manner they attained the end proposed, of making the figures appear to the child.

"I say nothing of the cause to which the magician himself attributes his power, but I am not prepared to suggest any explanation; nor does it follow that my doubting one opinion necessarily requires me to offer another: this, however, I am prepared to assert, that no collusion exists between the magician and the boy, and this is the decided conviction of all those who have taken any pains to inquire into the fact. Though many eye-witnesses, fully capable of suggesting and imagining different means used for such a purpose, have acknowledged the utter impossibility of accounting for it, yet we frequently meet with persons in this country who have never seen the magician ready to offer some crude notion of their own for explaining it, and without hearing half the details, imagining, with wonderful simplicity, that they have discovered the optical delusion, or the ordinary sleight of hand, by which it is performed. But let it be remembered, that conjurors are as common in Egypt as in England, more anciently known there, and quite as dexterous as ours; yet the Cairenes do not pretend that their tricks are the effect of magic, nor do they confound the performances of the magician and the conjuror. The magician does not make a livelihood by them:

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them: whenever I engaged him, he came rather as a matter of favour, and only required enough to cover the expenses of the incense: he was of the medical profession, and was attached to the Cadi's court.

"The account given by Mr. Lane on this subject is perfectly correct; that of M. Leon Delaborde, given in the Revue des deux Mondes of August, 1833, does not vary greatly from it, but is deficient in many points, and contains some mis-statements, as may be seen from the following description of the same performances he mentions, communicated to me by more than one person present on that occasion:—

"All the party sat round the magician and the boy, in whose hand were traced the usual square and the numbers, as given by Mr. Lane. This boy was the son of an Italian merchant, about eleven years old, and although dressed as an European, he had been brought up in the country, and spoke Arabic with facility. The magician, to fix the boy's attention, which was distracted, told him to look into his hand and tell the party what he saw. The boy, after a few seconds, laughing, observed, 'I see my *tarboosh* (cap);' and then, 'I see my nose.' In a short time he became much agitated, and with tears said, 'I see a man with a sword.' Being much alarmed, he was no longer permitted to continue to look; the party tranquillized his agitation, and made him retire.

"A son of M. Massára, the dragoman of the French Consulate, was then brought in. This boy was dull and heavy, while the former Italian child was quick and intelligent. The magician began as usual; the chafing-dish of live charcoal stood near, and when the double square and accompanying numbers had been drawn in the boy's hand, and the portion of ink poured into the centre of the palm, the magician wrote two charms; fixed one in the boy's cap, and burned the other in the chafing-dish, and scattering some perfumes over the charcoal, began the incantation.

"In a short time the boy saw the usual man, and following the words of the magician, he said to him, 'sweep.' After each command, the boy explained when it was fulfilled. 'Bring a flag,' was the next order; and when that arrived, he said, 'bring another flag;' and this was repeated, until all the seven had appeared. He then ordered him to 'bring the tents;' soldiers appeared bringing them: 'pitch the tents,' 'bring a bull,' 'sacrifice the bull,' 'cook and eat,' were the next commands; and when all were executed, he said, 'call the sultan,' 'bring pipes and coffee;' and this ceremony of bringing coffee being finished, the magician observed to the company, 'whatever question you wish to ask, now is the time.' M. Delaborde, who would not tell any one of the party for whom he was about to ask, in order to obviate the possibility

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possibility of collusion, demanded 'le Duc de la Rivière;' the boy repeated the order. 'A cavass,' he said, 'is gone for him;' and an officer was brought into the presence of the sultan, dressed in uniform, with silver lace round his collar and cuffs, and round his hat. M. Delaborde observed, 'this is an extraordinary coincidence; Monsieur de la Rivière is the only officer in France whose uniform is decorated with silver lace. It is the uniform of le Grand Veneur.'

"The magician then placed his hand over the boy's eyes, and took him from his seat. The boy, whose countenance had brightened, while seeing these strange sights, endeavoured, by looking again into the ink in his hand, to see them once more, but in vain. During the operation, when the first man appeared, he had explained how he was dressed, and told the colours and forms of the flags as they appeared, with the eagerness of delight: when, therefore, all was over, the party questioned him on the subject, and asked him how he knew it was the sultan: he replied, 'his dress was magnificent, his attendants stood with their arms crossed over their breast; they served him in the tent; he took the post of honour on the divan—his pipes and coffee-cup-stands were brilliant with diamonds.' 'But how,' he was asked, 'did you know that the sultan sent for the duke?' the boy's expression was, 'I saw the lips move to the words, and heard them in my ear.'

"On another occasion, after the sweeper, the seven flags, the tents brought by the soldiers, and the sultan, had been produced, by a Nubian boy, one of the party asked for Shakspeare. On seeing the figure which appeared to him, the boy burst into a laugh; and when asked at what he laughed, he said, 'here is a man who has his beard under his lip, and not on his chin, and he wears on his head a *candeel* (a glass lamp shaped like a tumbler, with a narrow bottom) upside down.' 'Where did he live?' asked another; the answer was, 'in an island.'

"M. Delaborde has mentioned these, but not with that accuracy which could be desired; and amongst other mis-statements, I cannot omit the mention he makes of the smoke of the brazier enveloping the head of the child, as I never either witnessed or heard of it; and I remember to have seen some of the spectators seated between the magician and the child, showing that the smoke had no part in the deception.

"M. Delaborde tells us that on one occasion an English officer was summoned, who appeared in a red coat and black cap, with boots of curious form, which the boy observed he had never before seen; and after other persons had been called for, the magician, observing that the boy was fatigued,—

'lui releva la tête, en lui appliquant ses pouces sur les yeux, et prononçant

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nonçant des prières, le laissa. . . . . Il se remit peu à peu, devint gai, content de ce qu'il avait vu; il se plaisait à la raconter, à en rappeler toutes les circonstances, et y ajoûtant des détails, comme à un événement qui se serait réellement passé sous ses yeux . . . . Le magicien remarqua l'attention plus particulière que je portais à ses mouvemens . . . . il m'appela, et dit qu'il était sur d'operer sur moi avec le même succès. La société rit, et me dit d'essayer . . . . je cedai, et je vis en peu d'instans ma figure, mes yeux se troubler dans le vacillement de la surface liquide que j'avais dans la main, et bientôt quelque chose, je n'ose l'avouer, mais, j'en eus peur, peur, non de ce que je verrais, mais de l'effet que cela produirait sur moi, des reponses qu'on allait m'arracher, devant le monde curieux et moqueur. Je fermais les yeux, et dis que c'etait inutile, que je ne voyais rien. . . . . Ahmed consentait à m'apprendre son secret.'

"M. Leon Delaborde having learned the secret, was shortly after called to Alexandria, where he resolved on trying his success, in a place where he felt sure that no understanding could 'be suspected between the sorcerer and the boys' he employed.

'Une fois, entre autres, je fis apparaitre un de mes ami qui était au Caire, et l'enfant, dans la description de son costume qu'il suivit fort exactement, se mit à dire,—"Tiens, c'est fort drôle, il a un sabre d'argent." Or, (ce monsieur) était peut-être le seul en Egypte qui portât un sabre avec fourreau de ce metal.'

"On his return to Cairo, M. Delaborde was requested to discover a thief in the house of M. Massara, dragoman of the French consulate; and his expression of a doubt respecting his success is remarkable:—

'Je ne commençai cette opération qu'avec une certaine crainte....pour comble de malheur le cavas ne voulait pas paraitre, malgré les parfums que je précipitais dans le feu, et les violentes aspirations à mes invocations aux génies les plus favorables: enfin il arriva, et après les preliminaires nécessaires, tous evoquâmes le voleur. Il parut . . . . en effet il nous donna la description de sa figure, de son turban, de sa barbe, à ne pas douter qu'il fût là devant lui.'

"I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions respecting these statements of M. Leon Delaborde. It is evident from his anxiety to avoid the chance of any 'understanding between the magician and the boys,' that his success was not the effect of collusion. His object in publishing his account was to reveal all he knew of the secret, and he does not admit that any physical agent was employed to convey the images to the boys' sight, though he was able to perform the very same feat as the magician.

"Another person, an Englishman, who resided many years in Egypt, also learned the art from the magician; and one day, while discoursing with him upon the subject, he offered to make the trial, whether he could perform the same feats. In order to ascertain

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ascertain this, I sent for a boy, and after the usual preliminaries, he succeeded perfectly in every point. Desirous of knowing in what the secret consisted, I inquired of him the means by which he performed what I had just witnessed. He assured me that it was merely by the repetition of the forms taught him by the magician, and that he was himself totally unconscious of possessing any power or influence over the child, and all collusion was positively denied; and though he afterwards did the same with similar results, he solemnly asserted that he was always ignorant of the manner in which it was effected.

"With regard to the persons called for, after the scenes of the flags and the sultan have been concluded, it must be confessed that the coincidences in some of them are very striking, though in other cases they fail; and the succession of objects—as the sweeper, the seven flags, the troops, the tents, and the sultan—is always the same; and this prevents our attributing their appearance to the imagination of the child, as all would not imagine the same scenes; and to make the boys see any figures at all is quite inexplicable. The boy frequently sat at a distance from the magician, and he sometimes went to another part of the room while the child described the figures; and these exhibitions took place at the consulate, and the private dwelling-houses of Europeans, without any previous notice being given farther than a message sent to invite the magician to attend.

"The disposition of the numbers of the magic square in M. Delaborde and Mr. Lane's account is precisely similar: it is worthy of remark that the ink in the centre corresponds to the number *five*; and the principal point in which M. Delaborde differs from Mr. Lane and others, is his omission of the seven flags, the troops, the encampment, the sacrifice, the dinner, and the sultan's order to the cavass to fetch the different persons who were called for; but I suppose that he accidentally omitted them, or that they are included in the 'détails circonstanciés,' into which he does not think it necessary to enter.

"In conclusion, M. Delaborde informs us that Ahmed the Algerine was beheaded, for having caused the death of a Turk by the injudicious use of certain medicines. His absence, however, from Cairo, at the return of M. Delaborde, was not in consequence of his death, but of his banishment to Cordofan, whither he had been sent by Mohammed Ali, with many others, for receiving bribes at the Cadi's court, where he was employed in an inferior station; and a general pardon having been proclaimed at the conclusion of the Syrian war, the same magician still continues to exercise his profession at Cairo, and was seen only a few months since by some travellers who visited the Egyptian metropolis."

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ART. VIII.—*Sonnets by* Edward Moxon. Second Edition. London. 1837.

THIS is quite a *dandy* of a book. Some seventy pages of drawing-paper—fifty-five of which are impressed each with a single sonnet in all the luxury of type, while the rest are decked out with vignettes of nymphs in clouds and bowers, and Cupids in rose-bushes and cockle-shells. And all these coxcombries are the appendages of, as it seems to us, as little intellect as the rings and brooches of the Exquisite in a modern novel. We shall see presently, by what good fortune so moderate a poet has found so liberal a publisher.

We are no great admirers of the sonnet at its best—concurring in Dr. Johnson's opinion that it does not suit the genius of our language, and that the great examples of Shakspeare and Milton have failed to domesticate it with us. It seems to be, even in master hands, that species of composition which is at once the most artificial and the least effective, which bears the appearance of the greatest labour and produces the least pleasure. Its peculiar and unvaried construction must inevitably inflict upon it something of pedantry and monotony, and although some powerful minds have used it as a form for condensing and elaborating a particular train of thought—*an Iliad in a nutshell*—yet the vast majority of sonneteers employ it as an economical expedient, by which one idea can be expanded into fourteen lines—fourteen lines into one page—and, as we see, fifty-four pages into a costly volume.

The complex construction, which at first sight seems a difficulty, is, in fact, like all mechanism, a great saving of labour to the operator. A sonnet almost makes itself, as a musical snuff-box plays a tune, or rather as a cotton *Jenny* spins twist. When a would-be poet has collected in his memory a few of what may have struck him as poetical ideas, he puts them into his machine, and after fourteen turns, out comes a sonnet, or—if it be his pleasure to spin out his reminiscences very fine—a dozen sonnets.

Mr. Moxon inscribes as a motto on his title-page four lines of Mr. Wordsworth's vindication of his own use of the sonnet-form—

> 'In truth, the prison, into which we doom
> Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to *me*,
> In sundry moods 'twas pastime to be bound
> Within the *sonnet's* scanty plot of ground.'

Yes, Mr. Moxon, to *him* perhaps, but not to every one—the 'plot of ground' which is '*scanty*' to an elephant is a wilderness to a mouse; and the garment in which Wordsworth might feel straitened hangs flabby about a puny imitator. There seems no great modesty in the estimate which Mr. Moxon thus exhibits

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of his own superior powers, but we fear there is at, least, as much modesty as truth—for really, so far from being '*bound*' within the narrow limit of the sonnet, it seems to us to be

——'a world too wide
For his shrunk shank.'

Ordinary sonnetteers, as we have said, will spin a single thought through the fourteen lines. Mr. Moxon will draw you out a single thought into fourteen sonnets:—and these are his best—for most of the others appear to us mere soap bubbles, very gay and gaudy, but which burst at the fourteenth line and leave not the trace of an idea behind. Of two or three Mr. Moxon has kindly told us the meaning, which, without that notice, we confess we should never have guessed. Let us take as a specimen the *first* of these, and we take the *first* that we may not be suspected of a partial selection—

'Hence Care, and let me steep my drooping spirit
In streams of Poesy, or let me steer
Imagination's bark 'mong bright scenes, where
Mortals immortal fairy-land inherit.
Ah me! that there should be so few to merit
The realized hope of him, who deems
In his Youth's spring that life is what it seems,
Till sorrows pierce his soul, and storms deter it
From resting there as erst! Ye visions fair
Of genius born, to you I turn, and flee
Far from this world's ungenial apathy;
Too blest, if but awhile I captive share
The presence of such Beings as *engage*
The heart, and *burn* thro' Shakspeare's matchless page.'—p. 17.

Now, does the reader guess what the subject of the foregoing sonnet may be? The author tells us—'*Solace derived from books.*' We may be very dull, but we must own that even the mention of '*burning* thro' Shakspeare's magic *page*'—reserved for the last line, like *le mot de l'énigme*—would not, without the author's memorandum, have afforded *us* a clue to the maze. Mr. Moxon indeed seems to aspire to the glory of having invented a new species of composition—the *sonnet-riddle*—which shall keep the reader in an agreeable mystification till the *last word* comes, like the bringing in of a candle, to illumine the preceding obscurity. For instance—

'If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from *Fortune or from Fame* they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:

These

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These with their donor changing die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom:
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an *unsullied name*
Which wears for aye the self-same *hue and bloom*—
Need I the secret of my soul impart?'—p. 21.

What can it be? 'A gift from Fame or Fortune,' and yet neither wealth—nor honour—nor land—nor landscape—nor the world's pleasures, nor its praise—nor an unsullied name—though something like *that* in *hue* and *bloom*—(the *hue* and *bloom* of an *unsullied name!*)—

'*Need I the secret of my soul impart?*'
Do you give it up?
'Be witness ye that love—'tis *woman's heart!!*'

Did Mr. Moxon expect that, because his sonnets are as hard as Hebrew, we should read them, like Hebrew, *backwards?*

There is not much more of novelty than of truth in the proposition that a lovesick poet 'prizes his mistress above the *wealth* and *honours* of the world—that he sees *gems* in her *eyes* and *flowers* in her *features*'—but such trivial common-places are Mr. Moxon's staple commodity—one-fifth of his sonnets have little other pretence to meaning: and we think the ten following examples will prove a very remarkable penury both of thought and expression:—

1. That which we have just quoted at length about '*fame* or *fortune*'—'*hue* and *bloom*,' *et cætera.*

---

2. 'My Love she is a lowly but sweet *flower*,
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance. . . . .
He, who hath mark'd the opening rose in spring,
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For *Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame*,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the *dark black hair*,
And *darker eyes*. My only wish to share
The sunless *sums* low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small *treasure* at her feet.'—p. 10.

---

3. 'Methinks I see the purest of her kind
Blushing 'neath fillets that her *dark hair* bind,
Yielding to me her heart, *itself a dower*
Richer than any which, in days gone by,
Ev'n Kings to win have prov'd their chivalry.'—p. 19.

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4. 'Speak

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4. ' Speak not to me of *fortune* or base *gain;*
Both Indies hold no *treasure half so fair*
As she I love. Dull lead, can ye compare
With *rubies* or with *diamonds?* Cease your strain.'—p. 23.

5. ' Bring me a posie of the choicest *flowers.* . . .
Let there be *roses*, emblems of her lips,
And *lilies* fair to represent her cheeks,
Woodbine her *hair!* in vain my fancy seeks
For emblems of her *eyes! stars* that eclipse
All others, and comparison outshine;
But for *these* bring the *darkest violet.*
Her voice, her forehead, and her white teeth, set
Like *pearls* around a *crown.*'—p. 28.

6. ' By classic Cam a lovely *flow'ret* grew. . . . .
And yet the summer fields in all their pride
And lustiness of beauty, could compare
No *gem* with this. . . . .
. . . . . The lovely *gem* I spied,
And from that moment sought it for my bride.'—p. 41.

7. ' *My love I can compare with nought on earth.* . . . .
Italia bright would claim her for its own;
But *Al-bi-on*, the seat of all my bliss,
Divides with it the boast, and prouder is
Of this than the *chief jewel* of her *crown.*
Happy is he who may possess this *flower*,
For which two nations wreathe so rare a *dower!*'—p. 42.

8. ' The hawthorn robed in white, May's fragrant daughter;
The willow weeping o'er the silent stream;
The rich laburnum with its golden show;
The fairy vision of a poet's dream; . . . .
The *star* of eve; *the lily*, child of light; . . . .
Imagine these, and I in truth will prove
They are not half *so fair* as she I love.'—p. 43.

9. ' *Fair art thou as the morning*, my young Bride! . . . .
Meeker thou art than *lily* of the spring,
Yet is thy nature full of nobleness!
And gentle ways, that soothe and raise me so,
That henceforth I no worldly sorrow know!'—p. 47.

10. ' There is no landscape, bay, or *promon—tory*,
None that can match the beauty of thy smiles,
My Tuscan *Flow'ret*, of that clime the glory!
Hence wherefore should I roam, or gaze at even,
Or pant for summer, or the gorgeous mead?'—p. 48.

We

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We will not insist on the numerous beauties of expression which distinguish these passages; but our readers will judge whether their originality and meaning might not have been, without any extraordinary power of condensation, comprised within *one* sonnet.

But poverty of thought does not always show itself in tautology and sameness—it is sometimes equally or indeed more visible in extravagance and incongruity—as indigence is less conspicuous in a threadbare coat than in a patched one. Mr. Moxon seems sometimes literally at his *wit's ends* to finish his concluding couplet, and has recourse to expedients which, if not original, are at least very surprising. He had been, on some occasion, *four days at sea*, pining, of course, for his absent mistress, whom to see again he will be as glad as—what or who do you think?—*Christopher Columbus* or *Father Noah* at the happy termination of their respective voyages.

'Four days, wild ocean, on thy troubled breast
A wanderer I have been! . . . . .
. . . . . Sweet maid, with thee
Seated once more within my beechen grove,
The bower of graceful Emma and of love,
Glad I shall be, as HE who from the sea
New lands beheld, or HE of old who SAT
And his *bark* saw rest safe on—ARARAT!'—p. 45.

The music of the last line is delicious; but '*bark*' is, we presume, an erratum for *ark:* we wish, for the lady's sake, we could cure by another erratum the resemblance between

'The bower of *graceful Emma* and of love,'

and

'The bower of *wanton Shrewsbury* and love.'

Nor is the following batch of incongruities less startling—

'Where Surrey's favourite hill o'erlooks the Thames,
And Twick'nam's flow'ry meads fair maids invite,
The *patient angler* sits from morn till night.
For him the *shade* of Thomson shall arise;
For him sad *Eloisa's Bard* shall sing;
The fields for him assume their gayest dyes;
Naiad or *Sylph* from every lily spring;
For him old *Faunus'* voice shall cheer the skies,
And *Nymphs* and *Dryads* dance in festive ring!'—p. 51.

Fishing in Twickenham *meadows*—with Eloisa and Abelard—sylphs—gudgeons—a brace of ghosts, and Ovid's Metamorphoses—all combining, 'from morn till night,' to amuse *patience in a punt!*

Another of the same genus—though he had just told us

'My

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'My love I can *compare* with *nought* on earth'—

is like '*nought on earth*" we ever read but Dean Swift's song of similes. *I will prove,* he says, that

'A swan'—
'A fawn'—
'An artless lamb'—
'A hawthorn tree'—
'A willow'—
'A laburnum'—
'A dream'—
'A rainbow'—
'Diana'—
'Aurora'—
'A dove that *singeth*'—
'A lily,'—and finally,
'Venus herself!'
———'I in truth will prove
These are not *half* so *fair* as she I love.'
Sonnet iii., p. 43.

Such heterogeneous compliments remind us of Shacabac's gallantry to *Beda* in *Blue Beard:* 'Ah, you little rogue, you have a prettier mouth *than an elephant,* and you know it!'—A *fawn-coloured* countenance rivalling in *fairness* a *laburnum* blossom, seems to us a more dubious type of female beauty than even an elephant's mouth.

Love, it may be said, has carried away better poets and graver men than Mr. Moxon seems to be, into such namby-pamby nonsense; but Mr. Moxon is just as absurd in his *grief* or his *musings,* as in his *love.*

When he hears a nightingale—'sad Philomel!'—he concludes that the bird was originally created for no other purpose than to prophesy in Paradise *the fall of man,* or, as he chooses to collocate the words,

'*Prophetic* to have mourned of *man* the *fall*,'—p. 9.

but he does not tell us what she has been doing ever since.

When he sees two Cumberland streams—the Brathay and Rothay—flowing down, first to a confluence, and afterwards to the sea, he fancies 'a *soul-knit* pair,' man and wife, mingling their waters and gliding to their final haven—

'in kindred love,
The haven Contemplation sees *above!*'

Below, he would—following his allegory—have said; but rhyme forbade—and *allegories* are not *so headstrong* on the banks of the Brathay as on those of the *Nile.*

A sonnet

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A sonnet on Thomson's grave is a fine specimen of empty sounds and solid nonsense:—

'Whene'er I linger, Thomson, near thy tomb,
Where *Thamis*'—

'*Classic Cam*' will be somewhat amazed to hear his learned brother called *Thamis*—

'Where Thamis urges his majestic way,
And the Muse loves at twilight hour to stray,
I think how in thy theme ALL *seasons* BLOOM;'—

What, all four?—*autumn*, nay, *winter*—blooming?

'What *heart* so cold that of thy fame has *heard*
And *pauses* not to *gaze* upon each scene.'

We are inclined to be very indulgent to what is called a confusion of metaphors, when it arises from a rush of ideas—but when it is produced by an author's having no idea at all, we can hardly forgive him for equipping the *Heart* with eyes, ears, and legs:—he might just as well have said that on entering Twickenham church to visit the tomb, every *Heart* would take off *its hat*, and on going out again would put *its hand* in *its pockets* to fee the sexton.

'And pauses not to gaze upon each scene
That was familiar to thy raptured view,
Those walks beloved by thee while I pursue,
Musing upon the years that intervene—'

Why this line *intervenes* or what it means we do not see—it seems inserted just to make up the number—

'Methinks, as eve descends, a hymn of praise
To thee, their bard, the *sister Seasons* raise!'

That is, as we understand it, ALL the *Seasons meet together* on one or more evenings of the year, to sing a hymn to the memory of Thomson. This *simultaneous entrée* of the Four Seasons would be a much more appropriate fancy for the opera stage than for Twickenham meadows.

Such are the tame extravagances—the vapid affectations—the unmeaning mosaic which Mr. Moxon has laboriously tesselated into fifty and four sonnets. If he had been—as all this childishness at first led us to believe—a very young man—we should have discussed the matter with him in a more conciliatory and persuasive tone; but we find that he is, what we must call, an old offender. We have before us two little volumes of what he entitles poetry—one dated 1826, and the other 1829—which, though more laughable, are not in substance more absurd than his new production. From the first of these we shall extract two or three stanzas

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stanzas of the introductory poem, not only on account of their intrinsic merit, but because they state, pretty roundly, Mr. Moxon's principles of poetry. He modestly disclaims all rivalry with Pope, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Rogers, Goldsmith, Dryden, Gray, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare; but he, at the same time, intimates that he follows, what he thinks, a truer line of poetry than the before-named illustrious, but, in this point, *mistaken* individuals.

> 'Tis not a poem with learning fraught,
> To that I ne'er pretended;
> Nor yet with Pope's fine touches wrought,
> *From that my time prevented.*'

We skip four intermediate stanzas; then comes

> 'Milton divine and great Shakspeare
> With reverence I mention;
> My name with theirs shall ne'er appear,
> *'Tis far from my intention!*
> 'If poetry, as one *pretends*,
> *Be all imagination!*
> Why then, at once, *my bardship ends*—
> *'Mong prose I take my station.*'

Moxon's Poems, *p.* 81, *Ed.* 1826.

But as '*common sense*' must see, says Mr. Moxon, that *imagination* can have nothing to do with *poetry*, he engages to pursue his tuneful vocation, subject to *one* condition—

> 'You'll hear no more from me,
> If *critics prove unkind;*
> My next *in simple prose* must be,
> *Unless I favour find!*'

We regret that some *kind*—or, as Mr. Moxon would have thought it, *unkind*—critic, did not, on the appearance of this first volume, confirm his own misgivings that he had been all this time, like the man in the farce, talking not only *prose*, but *nonsense* into the bargain: this disagreeable information the pretension of his recent publication obliges us to convey to him. The fact is, that the volume at first struck us with serious alarm. Its typographical splendour led us to fear that this style of writing was getting into fashion; and the hints about '*classic Cam*' seemed to impute the production to one of our Universities: on turning, with some curiosity, to the title-page, for the name of the too indulgent bookseller who had bestowed such unmerited embellishment on a work which we think of so little value—*we found none;* and on further inquiry learned that *Dover Street, Piccadilly*, and not the banks of '*classic Cam*,' is the seat of this sonnetteering

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sonnetteering muse—in short, that Mr. Moxon, the bookseller, is his own poet, and that Mr. Moxon, the poet, is his own bookseller. This discovery at once calmed both our anxieties—it relieved the university of Cambridge from an awful responsibility, which might have called down upon it the vengeance of Lord Radnor; and it accounted—without any imputation on the public taste—for the extraordinary care and cost with which the paternal solicitude of the poet-publisher had adorned his own volume. Mr. Moxon seems to be—like most sonnetteers—a man of amiable disposition, and to have an ear—as he certainly has a *memory*—for poetry; and—if he had not been an old hand—we should not have presumed to say that he is incapable of anything better than this tumid common-place. But, however that may be, we do earnestly exhort him to abandon the self-deluding practice of being his own publisher. Whatever may have been said in disparagement of the literary taste of the booksellers, it will at least be admitted that their experience of public opinion and a due attention to their own pecuniary interest, enable them to operate as a salutary check upon the blind and presumptive vanity of small authors. The necessity of obtaining the '*imprimatur*' of a publisher is a very wholesome restraint, from which Mr. Moxon—unluckily for himself and for us—found himself relieved. If he could have looked at his own work with the impartiality, and perhaps the good taste, that he would have exercised on that of a stranger, *he* would have saved himself a good deal of expense and vexation—and *we* should have been spared the painful necessity of contrasting the ambitious pretensions of his volume with its very moderate literary merit.

ART. IX.—*A Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea.* By Edward Giffard, Esq., of Pembroke College, Oxford. pp. 399. London. 1837.

THIS little volume is likely to be popular not merely as light summer reading, but still more as a guide to those who may be desirous of following Mr. Giffard's footsteps in a hasty circuit of Greece, and seeing the greatest number of interesting scenes and objects in the shortest time, and with the least trouble and expense:—

'Having been medically advised to pass a couple of months of the last winter in a more southern climate, and particularly recommended to begin by a sea-voyage,—the facilities which steam-communication now affords of navigating the Mediterranean, and the hope of being able

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able to combine the main object of health with the gratification of an ardent desire to visit the classical scenes of Greece, determined me and Mr. Newton—a college friend, and unfortunately a fellow sufferer—to direct our course that way. Notwithstanding an unparalleled severity of weather which we encountered in the Morea, and the shortness of the period allotted to me, we had the good fortune to succeed in both our objects. We got rid of the disagreeable symptoms which had originally suggested the voyage, and we visited many of the most remarkable and interesting scenes and cities of classic Greece. Had our departure been less sudden and our destination more certain, we might have compiled (as I should advise any future traveller to do) from some recent itineraries a plan for our journey, so as, by economizing both time and expense, to have been enabled to see the greatest number of interesting objects with the least cost and trouble. We, unfortunately, were not able to make any preparation of that sort, and were sometimes obliged to trust ourselves to the guidance of chance, or of local advice given with an eye to the profit of the counsellor rather than ours. On a review, however, of our proceedings, we do not find much to regret; and, as it is possible that other persons may be, from motives of health or pleasure, inclined to make a similar excursion, I have thought—without pretending to anything like authorship on my own part, or to supersede the necessity of consulting the learned works of Clarke, Leake, Dodwell, and Gell—that a plain narrative of what we were enabled to see during a three months' absence from England, might be of some use to future travellers, and perhaps not unamusing even to others, whose interest in the scenes we visited may render them indulgent to the insufficiency of the describer.'—pp. 1-3.

Such is Mr. Giffard's modest announcement of the motives of his tour and his publication, and if he had given us nothing but a mere itinerary it would have been—in these days of universal travelling, and in the present relation of Western Europe with Greece—interesting and useful, as showing that a visit to 'all the principal scenes and cities of ancient Greece' may be accomplished within the period of the *long vacation,* at little trouble, no risk, and a very moderate expense; and we shall be surprised if Mr. Giffard does not turn out to be the precursor and guide of a new class of tourists. The Rhine is exhausted—Switzerland a beaten track—the Brunnen of Nassau are drunk dry—

——— 'The Alp and Apennine,
The Pyrenean and the River Po'—

are almost as familiar as the Isle of Wight:—but here is a new line of excursion—Corinth, Athens, Sparta—Salamis, Marathon, Mantinea—Parnassus, Helicon, and Taÿgetus, Ilissus, Alpheus, and Eurotas—all that in art, in nature, or in feeling, has excited the Grecian enthusiasm of our youth—all these scenes—whose very names are, as it were, music, poetry, and history—are brought within

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within an easy three months' tour. Mr. Giffard—if he be not, as we believe—the first who has made the experiment, is certainly the first who has given us any account of it, and we must say that the narrative of this young and rapid traveller—though of course it must be somewhat superficial, and is occasionally trivial—is, on the whole, creditable to him for the clearness and modesty of its style, no inconsiderable scholarship, and, as far as we can judge, for accuracy and candour.

If he had produced a mere itinerary we should not have thought his book, however useful it might be to future travellers, entitled to particular notice, but it contains many points of more general and substantial value: Mr. Giffard has not only something new to tell of the recent progress of antiquarian research under the new government of Greece, but he has looked at many of the old objects with new eyes, and has shown, on some particular topics, a shrewd spirit of classical criticism: we, at least, must confess that although pretty well acquainted with the works of his learned predecessors, he has told us a good deal that we did not know before, and has given some things, which we thought we had known before, a new and very different aspect.

We shall first, for the special use of those who may be at this moment debating what their summer's tour is to be, lay before our readers the successive dates and places of his itinerary:—

Jan. 3, Sailed from Falmouth.
9, Cadiz.
10, Gibraltar.
17, Malta.
21, Patras.
22, Corfu.
30, Patras, again.
31, Gulf of Lepanto.
Feb. 1, Delphi.
2, Corinth.
3, Salamis.
4, Athens.
8, Ægina.
9, Epidaurus.
10, Iero and Napoli.
11, Tiryns, Mycenæ, Argos.
Feb. 12, Lerna and Tegea.
13, Vourlia.
14, Mistra.
15, Sparta.
16, Londari.
17, Messene.
19, Phigaleia.
20, Agolonitza.
21, Olympia.
22, Pyrgo.
23, Zante.
March 4, Malta, again.
15, Gibraltar, again.
18, Cadiz, again.
24, Falmouth, again.

Of this period, short as it is, a week was lost at Corfu in waiting for the return packet to Patras, and eight or ten days in quarantine at Zante, besides three weeks more unprofitably spent in retracing homeward their outward track—all which delays and repetitions Mr. Giffard suggests that future travellers may avoid by stopping at Zante or Patras in the first instance, *thence* making the circuit of Greece, ending instead of beginning with Corfu, and returning

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returning to England through Italy and Germany. Megara, Eleusis, Platea, and Thebes, might have been visited between Corinth and Athens, and Marathon, from Athens, in about three or four additional days;* and the whole of this improved itinerary, with the overland journey home, *might* be performed very nearly, if not quite, within the time to which Mr. Giffard was, as he informs us, limited. We should, however, add that—as all the land journeys in Greece must be performed on horseback, and as the khans or inns, except in one or two great towns, are of the very worst description—such a tour is impracticable for ladies. Athens and its interesting neighbourhood may be visited by them, and that city has two or three tolerable hotels. There is at least one good inn at Napoli di Romania, whence Iero may be visited in a day, and Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Argos in another; but the interior of either Northern Greece or the Morea is impenetrable to those who cannot ride miserable horses over mountain paths, and *halt* (not *rest*) at night in the open air, or in hovels where neither the comforts nor even the decencies of life are to be found. Since Mr. Giffard's tour, however, considerable facilities have been afforded to travellers in all the Levant. The French government have just established an extensive system of steam-packets in the Mediterranean, which start from Marseilles three times in every month, and convey letters and passengers, at very moderate rates, to Leghorn, Cività Vecchia, Naples, Malta, Alexandria, Athens, Syra, Smyrna, and Constantinople, and *vice versâ*.

The following abstract from the French regulations may be useful to some readers:—

From Marseilles on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month.	Distance in leagues.	Duration of voyage, exclusive of stops.		Duration of the stops.		Postage of a single letter.		Prices of first class places.	
		D.	H.	D.	H.	s.	d.	£	s.
To Leghorn	79	1	10	0	7	0	10	2	17
„ Cività Vecchia	117	2	2	0	8	0	10	4	4
„ Naples	167	2	23	0	6	0	10	6	0
„ Malta	276	4	22	1	0	0	10	9	18
„ Syra	448	8	0	0	12	1	8	16	2
„ Athens	471	8	10	0	14	1	8	16	19
„ Smyrna	498	8	21	1	0	1	8	17	18
„ Constantinople	591	10	13	1	15	1	8	21	5
„ Alexandria	598	10	16	1	18	1	8	21	10

Second class places are two-thirds of the *first* class, and third class places one-third. A four-wheeled carriage pays as *one* first class person, and a two-wheeled carriage as a second class person. Ladies' maids are in the second class, and all male servants in the third class.

* One of Mr. Giffard's party made, as we shall see, this excursion.

With

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With all these ramifications, the English line of monthly packets from Falmouth may connect itself at Malta, and thus there will be formed a cheap, commodious, and rapid communication between Western Europe and all parts of the maritime Levant. From Falmouth one may with certainty calculate on reaching Athens in eighteen days, and Constantinople or Alexandria in three weeks—stopping at the several intermediate stations for certain intervals of from six hours to three days—long enough to obtain some idea of the general localities—and, if the traveller should be induced to prolong his stay at any particular place, he is sure of having an opportunity for pursuing his journey in ten days at farthest. We confess that we are a little sorry that our government, which gave the first example of steam-packets in the Mediterranean, should have left to the French the honour of the extensive and commodious arrangement which they have now announced: if in addition to the branch packets which *we* have to Corfu, and, we believe, to Alexandria, we had extended branches to Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople, we suppose the French would have contented themselves with communicating with *our* line at Malta, whereas their new system will give them a regular, intimate, and of course influential, connexion with the whole Levant. Indeed the Paris journals, in announcing this arrangement, boast, that '*henceforth this sea is to become a French lake!*'

The effects of all those facilities of communication must be peculiarly important to Greece; and in reference to King Otho's promise to restore the Acropolis of Athens to its pristine state, and to the deficiency of the pecuniary means of that kingdom for such extra expenses, Mr. Giffard very justly remarks:—

'It cannot be doubted, that when improved roads, inns, and police shall have facilitated travelling in Greece, the influx of visiters will be found to repay whatever expenses the government may incur in the restoration of the capital. Colbert is said to have thought that the influx of strangers to Paris would more than compensate the prodigalities of Louis XIV.'s *Carrousels*. How much more certain would be the advantage derived from such *permanent attractions* as those of Athens! . . . . . Athens is not now, for practical purposes, so distant from London—"toto divisos orbe Britannos,"—as Rome was thirty years ago; and who can tell to what a state of prosperity habitual intercourse with the civilized world may again exalt the narrow but illustrious territory of Attica?'—pp. 150—192.

After these few general observations, which, though they may seem at first sight chiefly applicable to tourists, are, in truth, connected with much deeper and more serious interests, and deserve a fuller development than we can now give them, we proceed with

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with the consideration of Mr. Giffard's little volume, in which we shall chiefly notice those points which may be of use to future travellers, or which have to us an appearance of novelty. These indeed are more frequent than we expected them to be on a field which had been already so frequently and carefully gleaned. The voyage from Malta, including a short visit of a few hours to Cadiz and of two days to Gibraltar, is related in an easy yet graphic style, as a specimen of which we will extract the sketch of the population of Gibraltar:—

'We were additionally pleased with the variety of nations and extraordinary difference of costumes to be met with in the streets. Gibraltar is a most striking place to an inexperienced traveller. He that leaves the shores of England for the first time, and arrives here direct from Falmouth, might imagine himself arrived *at a large fancy ball;* for here are the sailor from the Levant, with his tight jacket and vest, loose blue trowsers, and red skull-cap; the Moors trading from the Barbary coast, some covered up in the huge shaggy sheepskin capote, others displaying in their dress the sacred green of the prophet, and indeed every other colour—all shuffling along in their bright yellow slippers, invariably too large for their feet; the Spaniards in their dark loose cloaks; and the inhabitants of Gibraltar themselves—mixed up with the gay and brilliant uniforms of our army and navy—forms a scene nowhere else to be met with.'—pp. 18, 19.

At Malta they did not land—being placed in quarantine for having touched at Gibraltar, and as the quarantine would have lasted *four* days while the stay of the packet was but *two*, they could not have seen Malta without losing their passage in their present vessel, and waiting at least a month for the next, which would have defeated their intention of visiting Greece. Difficulties of this nature will henceforth be essentially diminished by the French packets, but the quarantine regulations must always be a main consideration in the plans and projects of Mediterranean travellers.

Between Malta and Corfu the packet encountered a gale of wind, when

'a peculiarity occurred to us which earlier travellers have not had an opportunity of witnessing—the meteoric illumination of the engine-room of the steam-vessel, in which the lightning played up and down the piston rods and among the machinery with terrific vivacity and brilliancy.'—p. 40.

Passing the island of *Zante—'fior di Levante,'* but which looks any thing but flowery from the seaward—they entered the long, narrow channel between 'the black mountain of Cephalonia' and Ithaca, which, Mr. Giffard, like former travellers, is vexed to find one of the most desolate spots he ever beheld, though he owns that

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that Homer's own account should have prepared him for a very barren prospect (Odyss. b. iv. l. 605). They next passed the celebrated cliff of Leucadia, commonly called the *Lover's Leap*, —which Mr. Giffard, in a happy illustration of its appearance and story, calls 'a *gigantic headstone* over the watery grave of Sappho'—and the same night anchored in the harbour of Corfu. The scenery of Corfu is more picturesque than the travellers expected to find it; the prospects are of great variety, from park-like beauty up to Alpine magnificence, and at every step they retraced the local descriptions of the Odyssey. From a favourite promenade called the *One Gun Battery* they see a little island in front of the main harbour called the '*Sail of Ulysses*,'

' in allusion to the galley of the Phæacians, which on her return from having conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca, was overtaken by the vengeance of Neptune, and *petrified* within sight of the port.

—— ἥ δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν. κ. τ. λ.—Odys. xiii. 161.

" Swift as the swallow sweeps the liquid way
The winged pinnace shot along the sea;
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock."'—p. 60.

Again,

' The point whence we now viewed the rock—which might, indeed, be mistaken for a sail—was probably the very spot where the subjects of Alcinoüs witnessed the prodigy.

Οἱ δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα.—Odys. xiii. 165.

" Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!"'

—pp. 60, 61.

But while all the scenery attests the accuracy of the Homeric landscape, Mr. Giffard has started a difficulty as to the identity of Corfu with the Island of Alcinoüs, which is quite new to us, and which we confess ourselves unable to solve:—

' There is no doubt that Corfu and Corcyra is the same; and all authors that I am acquainted with, concur in identifying the *Scheria* of the Odyssey with Corcyra, . . . but there are two passages in the Homeric narrative, which seem rather inconsistent with it. When Alcinoüs offers to send Ulysses (who has not yet discovered himself as the King of Ithaca) home in one of his galleys, he promises him that, however distant his country may be, his mariners can accomplish the voyage with ease.

——οἱ δ' ἐλόωσι γαλήνην. κ. τ. λ. Odys. vii. 319.

I shall give Cowper's translation, as more literal than Pope's:—

" They with their oars
Shall brush the placid flood, till they arrive

At

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At home, or whatsoever place thou wouldst,
Though far more distant than Eubœa lies,
Remotest isle from us, by the reports
Of our's who saw it, when they thither bore
Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the deep,
To visit earth-born Tityus—to that isle
They went: they reach'd it, and they brought him thence
Back to Phæacia in *one day with ease.*"

'Now Eubœa is on the opposite side of the whole Grecian peninsula, and to reach it from Corfu, the Morea must be circumnavigated, a distance certainly of not less than five hundred miles, and nearly as long as the whole voyage in which Ulysses had consumed ten years. It is, therefore, impossible that the rowers of *Corfu* should have gone to Eubœa and returned in *one day*, or in twenty days. The second passage is one, which but for the difficulty suggested by the first, would have little importance, but when both are taken together, this seems to corroborate the former. When Minerva leaves Ulysses after having conducted him to the capital of Scheria, her course is thus described:—

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη. κ. τ. λ. Odys. vii. 78.

"So Pallas spoke—Goddess cœrulean eyed,
And o'er the untillable and barren deep
Departing, Scheria left—land of delight—
Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next,
She pass'd," &c. &c.

Now to go from Corfu to Marathon she would have had to pass—not the *deep*, but—a very narrow strait to the main land, and thence, the whole longitude of the Grecian continent,—in fact, the very longest land journey that could in a straight line be made in Greece, and in this course Athens would be somewhat nearer than Marathon. Whereas, supposing Scheria to be at the same side of the peninsula with Eubœa, and anywhere within a day, or two or three days' reach, the goddess would have taken her flight *over the deep*, and landing at Marathon, might thence naturally have passed on to Athens.'—pp. 61—64.

This difficulty Mr. Giffard does not pretend to solve, and 'diffident of his own judgment, submitted his doubts to an accomplished scholar, well acquainted both with Homer and the localities. His reply was, that the objection was new to him, and afforded additional proof how inadequate had been the attention hitherto paid to the topography of the Odyssey, and he could only solve the question by supposing *another* Eubœa.' (p. 65.) We agree with Mr. Giffard in thinking that there is no warrant for supposing '*another* Eubœa;' indeed there is abundant evidence against any such explanation: we suppose, therefore, that the passage must be one of those *nods* of the old bard to which Horace alludes —though the great accuracy of every other descriptive passage relative to Corcyra, renders this solution almost as improbable as the other. But is it not strange that it should have been left to a young

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a young Oxonian travelling for his health, in the year 1836, to hit this blot in a work which has occupied the critics of all ages and nations ever since criticism was born?

After a delay at Corfu of several days more than were necessary for seeing the various beauties of the island, they returned to Patras in the steam-packet, where their party was increased by the junction of Mr. Johnstone, of Alva, in Stirlingshire, in whom Messrs. Giffard and Newton found an agreeable fellow-traveller, and who has contributed a chapter, which we shall notice by-and-by, to his friend's volume. At Patras they hired a bark to proceed up the gulf to Corinth, touching at Scala de Salona, to visit Delphi, now called Castri. At Delphi, Mr. Giffard has again the honour of making a classical discovery which had escaped his learned predecessors. Amongst the ruins of Delphi, the guide pointed out

'a mass he called the tomb of *Kronos*. We, not knowing that Father Time, our ancient enemy, was buried here, or indeed that he was dead, inquired who *Kronos* was; when the guide reminded us that we had forgotten for the moment the ancient name of *Saturn*, by stating that *Kronos* was a king who ate his own children, and was at last deposed by them. It was interesting to find this tradition of so ancient a fable on the very spot where the most ancient of poets lays the scene—for, no doubt, the story alluded to by our guide is the same told by Hesiod, in his Theogony.

Τῷ δὲ σπαργανίσασα μέγαν λίθον. κ. τ. λ.

"When the old God, who once could boast his reign
O'er all the gods and the ethereal plain,
Grew jealous of the infant's future power,
A stone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he seized the imaginary child,
And swallow'd heedless, by the dress beguiled.
But soon, again, he yielded to the day
The stone deceitful, and his latest prey.
This, Jove, in memory of the wondrous tale,
Fixed on Parnassus in the sacred vale,
In Pytho the divine—a mark to be,
That future ages may astonish'd see."—*Cooke*, 733.

Certainly we were astonished to find this most ancient of fables alive in the traditions of modern Castri.'—pp. 95, 6.

We see no allusion either to this passage in Hesiod, or to the tomb of Kronos, either in Dr. Clarke or any former traveller that we have at hand, and curious as the observation is, we think it more curious that it should not have been made before.

Next day they reached Corinth, and after visiting its extensive, but 'uninteresting, because nameless' remains, 'mounted their horses and started for a moonlight ride across the Isthmus:'

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'The isthmus I had always supposed to be like that of Gibraltar, a sandy level; and so from Sir W. Gell's views it appears to be in its narrowest part, where it is six miles across; but by this road and this light, a ravine with a watercourse, along the margin of which we rode for some time, struck us as singularly romantic. To this succeeded the quiet lovely Bay of Cenchreæ glittering in the moonlight, on whose shore stood a village, from which we heard the distant hum of voices, accompanied with a merry laugh, while glancing lights from the cottages, and some barks at anchor, showed us whence the sound proceeded. A few dromedaries, which are used in the traffic over the isthmus, crouching on the sands, with their picturesque heads erect in the moonlight, startled us like a vision of the East, and gave an oriental character to the scene.'—pp. 104, 5.

Nearly a third of the volume is dedicated to Athens. We shall select a passage or two on Athenian localities, as specimens of the writer's manner of looking at such objects:—

'Leaving the Temple of Theseus, we ascended the Pnyx, a spot that gave us greater pleasure than any other that we had yet seen, not excepting even Delphi. The *Bema*, or stand of the orator, with the steps leading up to it, and the seats for the audience, still exist, cut in the living rock. It looked like an empty theatre: the people and the speaker were wanting; but even they were, to the fancy, supplied, by the recollections of Demosthenes and Aristophanes. From the rostrum where the Philippics were pronounced I looked down on the scene before me, and forgot, even while I saw them, that the plains of Attica were barren, the Ilissus so scanty, as to be, even at that season, easily stepped across, and the groves of Academus nothing but a few scrubby olive trees. The mind's eye saw the plain teeming with harvests; the *Grove* seemed thronged with the shades of the preceptors of mankind; and the Ilissus flowed brimful of immortality.'—pp. 122, 23.

On visiting the Areopagus, Mr. Giffard says—

'And here, with a higher interest than any of our classical visits had excited, we recollected that this was the *Hill of Mars*, whence the great Christian orator and apostle of the Gentiles had addressed an Athenian auditory, and seizing with admirable readiness the neighbourhood of these magnificent temples of idolatry and of the altar

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,"

he "*declared unto them* HIM *whom they ignorantly worshipped, the* LORD *of Heaven and Earth, who dwelleth not in temples made by hands, and whose Godhead was not like gold, or silver, or stone graven by art or man's device.*" (Acts xvii. 22, &c.) To feel the full force and beauty of these allusions we must recollect that, below, around, and above the spot whence the apostle spoke, there stood innumerable idols, and above all, the celebrated Minerva of Phidias—on which the highest "*arts and devices of man,*" and the most costly materials had been lavishly expended. As a mere specimen of *appropriate oratory* it is not surpassed by the celebrated appeal of Demosthenes to "Προπυλαῖα ταῦτα—ὁ Παρθενῶν—στοαὶ—Νεώσοικοι"—"*those Propylæa—Parthenon—*

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non—Porticoes—and Harbours," pronounced from the neighbouring but lower eminence of the Pnyx.'—pp. 183, 4.

We shall next make a few extracts relative to the recent antiquarian discoveries which have been made in that city—the most interesting as well as the most important of which is the finding and reconstruction of the Temple of Victory Apteros, in front of the Propylæa:—

'The history of this little temple is exceedingly interesting in man points. Pausanias mentions, as at the right of the entrance of the Acropolis, a temple of Victory *Apteros* or *without wings*, which Wheeler and Spohn also saw, so late as 1681; but it had subsequently totally vanished from the eyes of modern travellers. Dr. Clarke does not even allude to it, and its disappearance puzzled the critics. Some suspected the text of Pausanias, and the testimony of Wheeler—others imagined the site to have been on the *left* instead of the *right;* in short, it was gone—and the learned began to wonder, that of all the temples of Athens, it should be that of Victory *without wings* that had most unaccountably *flown away;* so complete was its disappearance. At length, in some works carried on by the present government, to clear the approaches of the Acropolis, and bring them to their proper level, a Turkish battery, which stood in front of the Propylæa and guarded the approach, was removed, and in doing so, fragments of pillars and other ornamental architecture were discovered in great quantities; and, by-and-by, the floor of an ancient temple, which of course was immediately recognised as that mentioned by Pausanias. The new government has had the spirit and good taste to cause the fragments to be collected and re-erected, without deviation from the original foundations; and little appears to be wanting to its perfect restoration; indeed, it would almost seem, that when the battery was made, the building had been taken down with some kind of care. The temple itself consists, or rather will, when rebuilt, consist, of two porticoes, each of four fluted Ionic columns, connected by a cella of solid masonry. The dimensions are very small, being not above twenty feet long, and not as much in height; but the proportions are so pleasing, and its situation on the little prominent knoll, which it almost covers, so striking, that it is, upon the whole, a very beautiful object, and an admirable introduction to the majesty of the Parthenon.'—pp. 129—132.

Mr. Giffard gives a view of this interesting scene—'at once,' he says, 'so old and so new'—from the pencil of his companion, Mr. Newton, who is an accomplished draftsman, and has contributed half a dozen very clever drawings to his friend's work.

Lord Elgin had found in the walls of the battery the whole of the frieze of the eastern portico of this little Temple. It is now in the British Museum, and Mr. Giffard suggests that, as the original edifice has been thus almost miraculously recovered, *these four pieces of marble should be restored to complete, as they would*

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do, the eastern front of the renovated Temple. In this wish we most cordially concur; and so, we are confident, would Lord Elgin himself. We feel deeply that the restitution—under such circumstances—of these marbles, would be infinitely more honourable to the British nation than their presence in our Museum—which indeed, when the Temple shall be in all other respects restored, will be a disgrace and not an honour. Mr. Giffard goes so far as to express something of a similar wish as to the marbles of the Parthenon; but he does so, subject to the reasonable condition that the Greek government shall be really desirous and financially capable of restoring the edifice: without such a prospect it would be absurd to think of sending these precious sculptures to suffer further injury, or at least to incur more danger. Their removal to England has already saved them from the risks of two destructive sieges, and they should certainly not be sent back till their future safety and preservation shall be placed beyond all hazard. The frieze of the Temple of Victory is not in exactly the same case. It is of small dimensions, of inferior value, and above all, it will *complete* (as it appears) the edifice. On the idea of restoring the Parthenon, Mr. Giffard remarks:—

'In its present state the Parthenon is, undoubtedly, the most majestic building which I ever saw; and I hardly know, whether, if it were completely restored, it might produce so profound an impression as it now does. It would become more beautiful certainly, but perhaps less interesting; for the successive dilapidations of ages, which its present aspect exhibits, excite a feeling of reverential enthusiasm, which the restored work might fail to produce.'—p. 153.

The Greek government have been for some time employed in clearing and bringing to their original levels the approaches to, and the platform of the Acropolis: they have removed all the military works of the Franks and Turks, which gave the Athenian citadel the air of a European fortress of the middle ages, and nothing now remains standing on the summit but the Propylæa, the Parthenon, and the Erechtheion. Every fragment that is found, either in the Acropolis or in the city below, is preserved with the most scrupulous care and placed in depôts formed in the Temple of Theseus and in the Parthenon, under the direction of an office newly created, called *Superintendent of Antiquities,* to which a Greek gentleman of the name of Pittakys has been, as we see by the papers, lately appointed. Mr. Pittakys is the author of a kind of Athenian guide-book called 'L'Ancienne Athènes,' written in indifferent French, totally deficient in arrangement, and exhibiting very little discrimination, but it is a first attempt; and as he certainly has great industry and enthusiasm for his occupation, his book will probably be very much improved, as well

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well as enlarged, in future editions. The value of the discoveries that are every day making will appear by the following passage:—

'These excavations may, it is to be hoped, lay bare the foundations or bases of some of those numerous temples and monuments, and perhaps discover even some of the innumerable statues, which we are told existed in former times on a spot, peopled, if I may use the expression, with the gods and heroes of Athenian mythology and history. We read, that after an extensive spoliation by Nero, *three thousand* statues still remained in the Acropolis. Perhaps the most valuable of all, that of Pericles himself, which we know stood here, may have escaped Nero, and be even yet recovered; or what, if the *Graces*, by the hand of Socrates himself, (who was in early life a sculptor,) which stood in the Acropolis, should be found? This is not much more improbable than some corroborations of ancient narratives and traditions which have already been discovered. For instance, Alexander the Great was said to have erected in the Propylæa a statue to Aristotle. This, considering Aristotle's unpopularity at Athens, seemed not probable; but Mr. Pittakys (p. 247) has found in the rubbish of the Propylæa a marble fragment of a pedestal, with this inscription:

. . . ΣΟΦΙΗΣ ΗΓΗΤΗΡΑ . . . . . ΚΛΕΟΣ . . . . . ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΗ
ΡΟΣ . . . .

that is—OF WISDOM LEADRR . . . GLORY . . TO ARISTOTLE. The three last letters of the original inscription,—ΡΟΣ, are probably the termination of the name of *Alexander*. At all events, mutilated as the inscription is, it affords incontrovertible evidence of the accuracy of Pausanias. Another similar discovery, not quite so interesting, but important as corroborative of Pausanias, is this: he states (Att. xxii. 8) that 'at the entrance of the Acropolis is a statue of Mercury, which they call ΕΡΜΗΣ ΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΟΣ—*Hermes Propylæus*, or *Mercury before the gate*.' Mr. Pittakys (p. 258) found on the very spot designated by Pausanias a fragment inscribed

ΕΡΜΗΙΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΩΙΗΠΟΛΙΣ;*

clearly denoting, that it was a dedication by

THE CITY, TO HERMES PROPYLÆUS.

'Another is still more interesting. Pausanias says, that near the Temple of Diana in the Acropolis was a statue of Œnobius, who had moved the decree recalling from exile the historian *Thucydides, the son of Olorus*. The text of Pausanias is here very obscure; M. Pittakys (272) collects from it, that there was *also* a statue of *Thucydides himself* near that of his friend. I see no warrant for this interpretation; but the main fact is clear—that here stood a statue in some way commemorative of the decree for the recall of *Thucydides*. Now on this same spot has been lately found the fragment of a pedestal inscribed

ΘΟΥΚΥΔΙΔΗΣ ΟΛΟΡΟΥ,
THUCYDIDES, THE SON OF OLORUS.

* 'To those not in the habit of seeing this kind of inscription, it may be as well to observe, that what we call the *iota subscriptum* is always expressed by an I after the vowel: so that this would be read "Ἑρμῆ Προπυλαίῳ ἡ Πόλις."'

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This was probably a fragment of the inscription of the statue either of Œnobius, who obtained the recall of Thucydides, or of the historian himself. These instances, which I hope my readers will agree with me in thinking equally interesting and surprising, must create a very keen anxiety for the continuance of the researches of the Greek government. Nothing before discovered can equal these specimens as to individual identity.'—pp. 143—147.

We are reluctantly obliged to content ourselves with these specimens of antiquarian discovery, and must proceed to more secular matters. Our travellers were fortunate in being at Athens to witness one of the public pomps of modern Greece—the laying the foundation of the new palace of the king. We shall extract the account of a ceremony which seems such a contrast to all our old ideas of Athenian manners and government.

'*6th February.*—Long before day-break we were roused from our slumbers, which, from the exercise of the day, were generally tolerably sound, by bands of music parading the streets, and peals of artillery. At nine o'clock the king passed along the street in front of our hotel, which was lined with troops, on his way to the church, where service was to be performed preparatorily to the great ceremony of laying the foundation of the new palace. This the tickets had announced would commence at ten o'clock, A.M., and accordingly by that hour we presented ourselves on the platform raised for the more favoured spectators, and were immediately admitted within a place railed off from the rest of the scaffolding. The kingly personages of Greece and Bavaria were punctual, and their coming was announced by fresh thunders of artillery, while a squadron of lancers galloped down to clear the ground. First in the procession came the venerable bishop of Attica, in full canonicals, of which, however, the mitre formed no part, attended by a numerous body of clergy, and they were followed by the king's personal attendants and aides-de-camp, among whom were many of the heroes of modern Greece. The two kings next advanced, and were received with cheering, of which the *hurras* of the English spectators formed by far the loudest and most energetic part. They returned the greeting with bows, and the ceremony commenced with the chanting of a hymn by the priests in a low monotonous tone: a chapter of the New Testament was then read, and followed by other devotional exercises; during the whole of which the assembly stood uncovered; and as it was under a burning sun, we were not sorry when the service was over, and the king of Greece made a signal for us to resume our hats. Now there was a—no doubt simulated—discussion between the royal and other principal personages, as to who should lay the stone: at last the Greek monarch led his father forward with a little gentle violence, and putting the trowel in his hand, proclaimed *him* to be the founder of the palace; an honour justly due to him, not merely on the score of seniority,—if it be true, as we were informed, that he had given his son 100,000 florins towards its construction. Various speeches having been made by the Greek officials—to us, I am sorry to confess, unintelligible—the kings retired

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retired amidst fresh volleys, and the ceremony was over. On their retiring, the Greek mob rushed in an enthusiastic manner to view the spot where the stone was placed, but were rudely repulsed by the swords of the military, and we heard them muttering, as they retreated, Βαρβαροι, taking care to mark the *r*, which in their pronunciation is only wanted to make the *Bavarians, barbarians.* This struck us as a relic of the haughty spirit of their ancestors, and as no good omen for the *Barbarian dynasty.*'—pp. 177—180.

In the evening there was a ball.

'At nine in the evening the gaieties of the palace commenced. The principal room was an octagon of sixty feet in diameter, with draperies of crimson and white drawn to a centre at the top, something like a tent. The room was crowded; uniforms of all nations in abundance, but none so splendid as those of the colonels of the Grecian Phalanx. I do not know whether this body exists in fact or only in name. We certainly had not the good fortune to see more of it than the ball-room dress. The troops that we did see were in the light blue Bavarian uniform, and appeared to consist of Greeks and Bavarians intermixed, and were by no means distinguished either for appearance, discipline, or stature. Ladies—Greeks as well as of western complexions—were not rare, but beauty, alas! it was in vain we looked for the boasted charms of Greece, and we began to think that they existed but in the imaginations of poets and painters. The *belles* of the room were Germans, daughters of Count Armansperg, the prime minister; a daughter of Prince Soutzo was also pretty; as was a Smyrniote Greek lady, wife of the chief Bassos: but to them was limited, according to our tastes, the beauty of a room, in which there must have been nearly a hundred of the fair sex.'—pp. 184, 185.

This complaint of the absence of female beauty, with an acknowledgment of the frequency of that quality amongst the men, is repeated elsewhere by Mr. Giffard; and though we have heard some difference of opinion,—the balance of evidence seems, we are sorry to say, *against* the Grecian ladies.

From Athens the party proceeded to Egina, where they visited the Temple of Jupiter, and to Epidaurus, where they took horse for *Iero*—the sacred grove of Æsculapius. Here personal inspection enables Mr. Giffard to correct two or three egregious blunders into which most of the translators and commentators of Pausanias have fallen; his detection of these errors, and a previous inquiry into the authenticity of what is called the '*Tomb of Themistocles*' at the Peiræus, are ingenious, and deserve the attention of the topographical antiquarian.

From Iero they proceeded to Napoli, whence they visited Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Argos in *a carriage*—the only one probably in the Morea, and certainly the only road in which a carriage could be used. 'The very remote antiquity and massy construction' of the Cyclopæan walls of Tiryns, probably the oldest in

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in the world, struck them very forcibly—these remains however are only the foundations of the walls,

'but sufficiently distinguishable to satisfy us of the exact force and propriety of Homer's epithet Τίρυνθα τειχιόεσσαν, which Cowper, with all his boasted accuracy, omits wholly, and which Pope pardonably amplifies:—

"Strong Tirynthus' lofty walls."

Our tour in Greece has satisfied me of the importance of every word of him, who was the great father of history and topography as well as of poetry.'—pp. 254, 255.

At Mycenæ they found, in a much less imperfect state, works equally massive, and of about coeval antiquity. Pausanias relates that in his day some parts of the old walls of Mycenæ remained, particularly a gate with lions standing on it,—(Corinth, c. 16,) and so they remain to this day:—

'A few minutes brought us to the *Gate of Lions*. Standing opposite to it, I could hardly believe it possible that it had existed for so many ages, notwithstanding all the combined assaults of war and time. In its immediate neighbourhood the walls are still entire, as well as in many other parts of the city: the lions, which are rampant, resting their forelegs against a low pillar, are, with the exception of their heads, perfect, though in the rudest style of sculpture.

'From the spot where we stood the scene was full of interest—we were exceedingly struck by the presence of these Cyclopean monuments—the oldest authenticated work which we had ever seen in any intelligible shape—and their exact accordance with the description of Pausanias—while the ancient and jealous city of Argos, backed with its commanding citadel, seemed still to frown, at the distance of seven or eight miles, on the ruins of its annihilated rivals! There was not a sound to disturb the extreme solitude of a place, once the wealthy capital of a powerful state;—the conqueror of Troy was dust—his city rubbish; but his name and memory were as fresh as ever. This was the very scene to illustrate the full force of Horace's beautiful allusion,—

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c.

'The Gate of Lions is choked with rubbish; but I managed, on my hands and knees, to crawl through a narrow opening, along the very spot by which the *King of men* had marched to accomplish the fate of Ilium, and had returned triumphant, only to be the victim of a domestic tragedy, which has for ages interested the feelings of mankind.'

At the entrance of Argos, Mr. Giffard exclaims—

'Our guide might now have addressed us in the very words of Sophocles—

——— νῦν ἐκεῖν' ἔξεστί σοι
Παρόντι λεύσσειν, ὧν πρόθυμος ἦσθ' ἀεί·
Τόδε γὰρ παλαιὸν Ἄργος, κ. τ. λ. HAEKTPA.

"——— Now may thine eyes
Behold what long has been thy ardent wish;

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This is the *ancient Argos;* this the *grove*
Of Io, stung with frenzy o'er the earth
To wander: the *Lycean forum,* this,
Of the Lycean Phœbus; on the left,
Glorious through Greece, that *stately temple* stands
Sacred to Juno. Now we are advanced
Whence thou *mayest see Mycenæ,* rich in gold,
And this the house of the Pelopidæ
With frequent slaughter stain'd."—*Potter.*

'We were on the very spot described by the poet, but ruins covered in undistinguishable masses the groves, the forums, and the temples of the *ancient Argos, and the golden Mycenæ.*'

Hitherto the invalid travellers had had very fine weather, but at Tripolitza, the Turkish capital of the Morea, they suffered a reverse for which they were not prepared.

'When the Greeks took Tripolitza in 1822, they had put all the inhabitants to the sword in a most barbarous manner; 8000 male Turks are said to have perished in that slaughter, besides women and children. When Ibrahim Pacha repossessed himself of the evacuated city in 1829, he signalised his vengeance for such barbarity by destroying *literally* every house it contained, and left it, as we found it, a heap of ruins. After threading through the remains of several dark narrow lanes, we suddenly came upon our baggage, horses, and servants—the latter holding a council of war in what had been the main street. The group was picturesque; some of the few inhabitants giving advice as to our night's habitation; while another party were seated, smoking by a large wood fire on the side of the street; the blaze from the burning wood lighting up the whole scene, and giving the figures a wild and unearthly appearance, more like denizens of Tartarus than of a place upon earth. There was little choice of lodgings, and we were soon settled for the night in a miserable den, in which our sole means of warmth was a small brazier of charcoal. . . Having satisfied our hunger, we passed the night well wrapped in our quilts, and bid defiance to a violent storm which we heard howling without.

'When we rose next morning (Saturday, 13th February), the scene that presented itself was dreary in the extreme, and we unanimously pronounced Tripolitza to be the most wretched prospect that any of us —even Mr. Johnstone, who had had an extensive experience of ruins and deserts—had ever yet seen. When we entered the town the preceding night, we had barely light enough to discover that it had been greatly damaged; but we had fancied nothing so miserable as the scene which the morning revealed. There had been a sharp frost; the ground was covered by a heavy fall of snow, and, in horrible contrast, stood the mouldering walls of houses and churches blackened with fire, and exhibiting the traces of blood and devastation. Over the whole expanse of the surrounding plain there was scarce a tree or shrub to break the monotony of the snowy waste, and a few miserable peasants were seen toiling among the ruins, half frozen with the cold, which they seldom experience

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experience in such extremes as they did this winter, none of equal severity having occurred, as we were informed, for upwards of thirty years.

'If our friends, whose anxiety for our health had sent us in search of a milder climate, could have seen the miserable place where we had passed the night, and the dreary prospect of the morning, they would, no doubt, have been surprised and alarmed; and even to ourselves, though we had no valetudinarian apprehensions, the prospect was dismal enough.'—pp. 277—282.

This unexpected severity of the weather induces Mr. Giffard to make some practical observations as to the best season for travelling in Greece, which future tourists would do well to consider:—

'We were now, for the first time, suffering any serious inconvenience from the season in which we were obliged to travel, and even this was only in the loftier regions; while we were consoled by hearing that *summer* travellers had even greater annoyances to complain of, from the extreme heat, and, above all, from flies, musquitoes, and certain familiar insects, which are intolerably troublesome, particularly the latter, which it is impossible to escape, but by carrying tents and sleeping on the greensward. From these attacks the cold weather protected us—except in a slight degree this night at Tripolitza, where we had a taste of what the plague must be in summer. The best and most enjoyable season for travelling in Greece—as we were unanimously assured by those to whom we happened to speak on the subject—is late in the spring, about the beginning of May. The traveller has then dry and temperate days, with long mornings and evenings, to pursue his journeys or antiquarian researches. The general aspect of the country is at its best—the trees are clothed in their new liveries—the woods are become vocal—the earth is in its freshest green, and the gushing streams, not yet dried up by the heats of summer, gratify all the senses, and afford the still greater pleasure of an occasional bath—a luxury very difficult of attainment at other seasons—in summer from the drought, and in winter from the extreme cold. This is a more important consideration than the inexperienced may think. I need hardly say, that there is no such thing as an artificial bath in modern Greece; indeed, there is not even so much—except in the great towns—as a wash-hand basin. The difficulty we had in keeping ourselves tolerably clean was very great; for when, as was generally the case, in addition to our own party a large family, many of them females, occupied one small apartment, there was not a possibility of total ablution, though we went as far as decency would permit in Greece, and a great deal farther than it would have permitted in an English cottage.'—pp. 282, 3, 4.

But they were destined this day to undergo something more than these petty inconveniences—being overtaken on a wild mountain road, and under very disagreeable circumstances, by a violent snow storm, in which they were obliged to make a difficult, and almost dangerous, forced march to the Khan of Vourlia—a kind of

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of inn which overlooks the valley of the Eurotas. In the mountains they had found an Alpine winter, but when they began to descend on the southern side of the range, they experienced again the temperature of an English spring. This Khan of Vourlia, though but a naked hovel, appeared to them so acceptable a refuge, that Mr. Newton made a sketch of the party in the Khan, which furnishes a wood-cut vignette on the title-page of the volume.

Passing the site of Sparta, where there is nothing to see, and over the snowy ridges of Taÿgetus, they next proceeded to Messene, a less celebrated, but, in its present state, more remarkable place:—

'Though inferior in classical associations to Athens, Argos, and Sparta, Messene has yet a very peculiar historical interest. Its war with Sparta is the chief event in the annals of Greece, between the return of the Heraclidæ and the invasion of the Persians; and though its story had not the advantage of being celebrated by the Epic or Tragic Muse, I cannot quite say, "*they had no poet, and they died,*" because Pausanias has preserved from oblivion the tragedy of the family of the Æpytidæ, more interesting, because more natural and more real than that of the Pelopidæ. But what is the fame conferred by the sober relations of Pausanias on the nameless daughters of Lysiscus and Aristodemus to the splendour with which Sophocles and Euripides have invested the names of Iphigenia and Antigone? It seems doubtful whether the *city* before us was ever properly called *Messene*,—a name which rather belonged to the *region* only—the city being called Ithome, from the citadel under which it was built. It seems that originally all the towns in this part of Greece were merely walled enclosures, formed under the protection of some fort, or acropolis, where the inhabitants of the country, with their flocks and herds, were in the habit of seeking temporary shelter from hostile incursions. . . . .

'We dismounted at a gateway, formed of immense blocks of stone most beautifully fitted, and opening into a circular court, with towers on either side. We had not yet seen any similar form of gate, nor any military masonry so exact. The impost or architrave of the inner gate has been thrown down; it is nineteen feet long, and resting with one end on the ground, it gives a grand idea of the magnificence of the original works. These consisted of a wall or rampart, with square towers at certain intervals, very like the fortifications of the Middle Ages in western Europe. The towers were at least two stories high; the story above the rampart was entered from the side, and had loop-holes for the archers. There were originally at least thirty of these towers; nine were standing a few years since, and *seven* may be still counted rising above the level of the walls, and in some both stories remain; but on the southern, or seaward side, the foundations only of the walls now exist. While we forced our way through tangled brushwood, and over broken pillars, a tinge of melancholy was mingled with our pleasure. Our fancies had full scope to repeople the ruined town, for not a sound broke

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broke the solemn stillness of the air, nor was another human being visible. We stood by a Greek church on an eminence in the valley—perhaps the remains of the temple of Apollo, which was so sacred, that it was said, on one occasion, to have deterred the Spartans from storming the lower town, lest they should be guilty of the profanation of so holy a place. In the walls of this chapel had been built up several pillars, and stones bearing inscriptions; a fine Doric capital formed the altar, and all our respect for the use to which this fragment was applied could not mitigate our sorrow for the destruction of the edifice to which it belonged.'—pp. 323—328.

Messene was the farthest point of their journey, and their course was now turned northward:—

'We now began to ascend the range of Mount Lycæus, the "Saltus Lycæi," the woody patrimony of Pan; and near a little village named Constantino—not at the moment thinking that we were on the territory of the inventor of the Shepherd's pipe, we were suddenly arrested by the notes of that instrument, far up the side of the mountain. The sounds fell pleasantly upon the ear, but had a still more agreeable effect, when it reminded us that we were in Arcady.'—pp. 330, 31.

In the upper regions of this mountainous tract, amidst a waste of snow, they visited the Temple of Apollo Epicurios (the Healer), known in Europe as the *Temple of Phigaleia* (a ruined town in the vicinity), but called in the country the *Columns of Bassæ:*—

'The snow-drifts were in some places very deep, and in general up to the horses' girths. The guide proceeded with a long pole, sounding, and every now and then disappeared by a false step. We at last reached the eminence on which the temple stands, one of the highest points in the Morea. The remains are very perfect, three pillars alone of the outer range wanting: the foundations of the *antæ* or pilasters of the interior still exist, as does the pavement. The temple is, perhaps, judging from other examples, rather too long for its width, there being two pillars on each side more than the Theseion, which is almost perfection in its proportions. The material is a kind of limestone, hard, and almost marble. The situation is striking; on a lofty point, in a kind of forest glade surrounded with fine oaks, and commanding views of the bays of Modon and Arcadia, and Mount Ithome. The frieze of this temple (which was discovered by some English and German travellers in 1812) is now in the British Museum, and, considering its age and the extremes of temperature to which it must have been exposed, we can only admire its state of preservation. Mr. Newton's drawing of this snow-clad scene will explain it better than any description of mine, and, presenting, as it does, the combination of the magnificent object of art—the forest scenery—the alpine elevation, and the distant panorama, it is one of the most striking any of us had ever seen.'—pp. 340—342.

The mountain ridges which intersect and divide the face of Greece

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Greece into so many compartments, as it were, suggest an observation which, obvious as it is, we do not remember to have seen before :—

'I may here observe, that until I had visited Greece, I had never had any very distinct idea of the small extent of the most celebrated states, and of the *natural* causes which kept them divided into so many independent communities. It seems, in fact, that each state was composed of a kind of valley, separated from its neighbours by natural barriers of sea or mountains, which rendered the communications, either of war or amity, very difficult and circuitous, and maintained the spirit of separation and nationality between the several states. It took the powerful state of Sparta three hundred years finally to subdue the Messenians, which can only be accounted for by the difficulties of the intermediate country. In proceeding from Mistra to Messene, we were obliged to perform nearly double the direct distance between the two places, and through a country almost impracticable.'—pp. 306, 7.

The last place of note which they visited was Olympia. They were prevented by the floods of the Alpheus from fording the river at the usual point of Palaio Phanero, and were obliged to proceed to sleep at Agolonitza, where a room over a store, a milder climate, and a good fire, enabled them to pass a comfortable night, an event of such rare occurrence as to be specially noticed. This village is about a mile from the Alpheus, which was crossed next morning at a ferry, and turning to the right, the travellers in about two hours reached what once had been Olympia :—

'But, alas! of this scene of sacred triumphs, our first glance could hardly discover a vestige. The site of Olympia is on a flat low plain, about half a mile from the river, and the ruins are below the surface of the ground. It is possible that occasional floods may have contributed to the overthrow of the edifices, and there seems little reason to doubt that the story of Hercules turning the river through the stables of Augæus was founded on its liability to sudden inundation. The ruins have been but partially excavated; indeed only for the profane purpose of obtaining stone, as in England we open a quarry. We were not able to trace the Stadium, and could do little more than guess at the temple of Jupiter . . . . . Little as we saw we were still proud of our exploit in having seen it at all; and having thus reached the goal and termination of our Grecian expedition, we crowned ourselves with the wild olive as victors on the Olympic plain.'—pp. 347—50.

Here a little accident occurred, which, as it is the only instance of unbought native hospitality, and the only trace of a Greek country gentleman which we found in the whole town, we think worth extracting :—

'We now prepared to make our last journey in Greece to the neighbouring port of Pyrgo, at which we were to embark; but before we departed, a Greek gentleman came up, who pressed us to go to his house and take some refreshment; we were reluctantly obliged to refuse, but

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but we ventured some questions to discover why he went so much out of his way to show hospitality to strangers, no instance of which had hitherto offered itself to us;—it was because we were *English*. He had been one of the party, I know not in what capacity, sent to Munich to attend upon the king, when he came to assume the crown of Greece, and he was anxious to express to us his thanks for the attention and kindness he had experienced on board the English frigate, on his voyage from Ancona, or wherever they had re-embarked on their return. We should gladly have availed ourselves of this gentleman's hospitality if we had had time, not merely for the purpose of extending our observations on Greece, but because the proposition itself appeared to be made in a spirit to which we felt it a kind of duty to respond. I do not suppose he could have had any other motive than that which he expressed for his civilities to three nameless travellers. Taking leave of him, with all due acknowledgments, we cantered back through the valley of the Alpheus, and in two hours—having stopped for a few minutes to watch the sports of a party of peasants, who were dancing to the music of what nearly resembled a Scotch bagpipe—we reached Pyrgo.'—pp. 351, 2.

Pyrgo seemed the most active and industrious little place they had met with in Greece, and they arrived at a moment in which it was seen to advantage after the magnificent but somewhat dreary solitudes of their recent journeys.

'The different sheds or stalls, ranged along one side of the main street, of the vendors of sardines, caviare, and olives, with all other lawful eatables of Lent, were thronged and busy, while the rival tradesmen were shouting out lustily, each in praise of his own goods; and as the windows of our apartment overlooked the scene, we were not a little amused at the different manœuvres of the tradesmen and their customers. Nor was trade brisk in this spot only, for the road which we afterwards traversed, between the town and the port, was crowded with long trains of dromedaries, horses, and mules. . . . . This was an evening of great festivity and gaiety, being the last of the carnival—in our phrase, Shrove Tuesday—the day before the more severe observance of Lent. From our window in the evening we had a view of a procession of masques on horseback by torchlight, representing the arrival of King Otho in Greece; his majesty being represented by a boy, ornamented with a tinfoil crown. If these amusements had ended here we should have been very well satisfied; but, alas! the revellers of Pyrgo kept up their noisy games till daylight. This was particularly unpleasant to wearied travellers, more especially as our room was immediately over the *café*, from which every sound rose to our ears as distinctly as if we were in the same room. The destruction of the bottles and drinking cups seemed part of the fun, for the smashing of crockery and glass was constant. Under other circumstances than those of extreme fatigue, sleep would have been impossible; but as it was we slept, or rather dosed, through the infernal din raging beneath, and consoled ourselves next day by the scurvy pun of having passed a night in *Purgatory*.'—pp. 352-4.

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Here the party separated: Mr. Johnstone proceeded to complete the circuit of the Morea, and to visit Bœotia and Marathon, while Messrs. Giffard (whose limited time was expiring) and Newton embarked for Zante; and after eight days of quarantine (which was abolished while they were under it, and of which they were therefore the last victims), and two or three more, employed in seeing the curiosities of the island, they embarked on the 4th of March, on board the homeward-bound steamer for England, and arrived at Falmouth on the 24th.

A letter from Mr. Johnstone, describing his route after he had parted with his friends, adds an interesting chapter to the volume, and completes the tour of Greece. From Pyrgo Mr. Johnstone proceeded in two days to Patras, through a country rich in soil and in landscape, but barren of antiquities or historical interest. From Patras he took his former road to Athens, and thence visited Eleusis, Mount Cithæron, Platæa, Thebes, and Marathon. We shall make one or two extracts concerning Platæa and Thebes, which are seldom visited.

'We crossed a narrow shoulder of Mount Cithæron, and descended immediately upon the capital of the gallant little republic Platæa . . . the site of which is now untenanted; the walls may yet be traced in all their circuit, and a portion of the north-west wall continues in tolerable preservation. The masonry of this is excellent, and probably of the date of Alexander the Great, who rebuilt the walls, and re-established the city subsequent to its destruction by the Thebans. . . . . The following morning I made my examination of the city of Epaminondas. Strangely as have vanished from all the cities of ancient Greece, Athens excepted, the monuments and evidences of their former magnificence and civilization, from no one have they so completely disappeared as from Thebes. Corinth has its heavy Doric temple; Argos its theatre; Sparta the presumed tomb of Leonidas; Messene its splendid walls and towers; Delphi its excavated tombs and the foundations of its temples; but *Thebes has nothing.* A few scattered and disjointed columns of rare marbles testify that a city of wealth had once existed here; but there is no form or feature of an edifice of older date than a large uninteresting Turkish tower of patch-work masonry, reared, where probably once stood the Cadmean citadel, or than a ruined Christian church, which had evidently robbed chaster buildings of their ornaments. I was much disappointed that I could attach so little of antiquity to the modern site of Thebes; for Epaminondas had been with me a favourite hero, and I had interested myself in the fame that he had so rapidly raised for his state.'—pp. 371—374.

These excursions did not occupy more than three or four days, and might, of course, have been included in the original tour, if Mr. Giffard and his friends could have diminished by an equal number of days the unprofitable delays at Corfu and Zante. Travellers

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Travellers in general are not likely to be so strictly limited as to *time* as these gentlemen seem to have been, but they probably will always be under some degree of anxiety to suit their movements to the arrivals and departures of the steam-packets, and therefore every suggestion for 'economizing time' is deserving of attention. The most serious difficulty to travelling in the Levant, or indeed anywhere in the Mediterranean, is the *Quarantine*, the regulations of which, always varying, frequently capricious and sometimes absurd, are nevertheless inflexible; and a traveller, in making anything like a scheme for his proceedings, should take care to inform himself of the most recent quarantine regulations of the several places he may intend to visit, and to arrange his movements and mete out his time accordingly.

To those who can only make a *short visit*, Mr. Giffard's work will afford the best precedent that we know of. With the slight amendments which his subsequent experience has enabled him to make in his original scheme, we do not know that a better itinerary—with the object of seeing the most in the shortest space—could be devised:—and on the whole, we think we may safely repeat that—whether as a guide to the traveller, or as amusing summer reading to those who stay at home—Mr. Giffard's work is very creditable to its young author.

ART. X.—*The New Reign. The Duties of Queen Victoria: a Sermon preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith. London, 1837.

AFTER an interval of one hundred and twenty-three years a QUEEN again ascends the throne of England; and Europe sees, with a surprise and interest—not unalloyed by apprehensions—the sceptres of Great Britain, Portugal, and Spain, all held by female and inexperienced* hands. In the present state of affairs, and the present temper of men's minds all over the world, it must be admitted that this is bringing the principle of female succession to a severe trial; and that those may be well excused in whom such an extraordinary conjuncture creates, if not alarm, at least anxiety. With us in England, the hopes excited by the illustrious precedents of Elizabeth and Anne, are somewhat checked by the consideration that the difficulties of our times are greater, and, above all, of a much more serious character than those over which our former queens so gloriously

* The Queen of England is just eighteen, the Queen of Portugal a month older, the Queen of Spain not quite seven, and the regent, her mother, about thirty-one.

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triumphed. Foreign wars, or domestic factions, are but temporary evils, and seldom vitally dangerous to a great country; but such questions as now agitate the public mind—which reach the very foundations of society and the roots of government,—which affect, not an individual monarch or particular ministry, but the very existence of monarchical institutions,—these, we say, are of a much deeper and more permanent character, and are unfortunately those with which a *female* reign must necessarily have the greatest disadvantage in contending.

The principle of female succession seems to have been indigenous in Britain. Tacitus mentions it as a peculiarity of this nation—'*neque sexum in imperiis discernunt;*' and though Blackstone is under a slight error in considering Boadicea—who was the *widow* and not the *daughter* of the last king—as an instance of hereditary succession, it is clear that the British crown was in those early days *inheritable* by females. Tacitus's special mention of Britain, and his silence as to a similar custom amongst the Germans, (whose deference and even veneration for their women he nevertheless notices,) may lead to a doubt whether the practice was a general one in his time; but it seems, at all events, to have subsequently become so, because the exclusion of females from the throne of France by what is called the Salic law, is admitted to have been a special departure from a general rule: a fortunate one, it must be owned, for France; since, while England had to deplore such a long series of civil wars, arising chiefly out of questions of disputed succession, there is not, that we recollect, any similar instance in the whole history of France.

Indeed our English annals afford a curious and lamentable anomaly on this subject; for while the *principle* of female succession has never been denied, it has so happened in *practice* that from the Conquest to the accession of Mary I.—nearly five hundred years—there is not a single instance in which the female heir was not violently deprived of her regal rights, and generally by the next heir male. Matilda, the only surviving child of Henry I., was dispossessed by Stephen, and, after his death, passed over by her own son. Philippa of Clarence, and her issue, heirs to the crown on the death of Richard II., were excluded by the usurpation of the next male, Henry IV. and his descendants, which produced those bloody and protracted struggles called, somewhat inaccurately, the contest of the Houses of *York* and Lancaster—for the Duke of York's only title was as the son of Anne, the daughter of Philippa of *Clarence*. Elizabeth, only surviving child of Edward IV., was set aside first by the next male, her uncle, Richard III., and subsequently by Henry VII., who, though he was glad to repair

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his own illegitimate title by an union with her, never acknowledged her separate rights, and affected to transmit the crown to their son, Henry VIII., as the heir of the *Lancastrian* branch, though his real right was as the descendant—through three females and two males—of Lionel of *Clarence.*

Fortunately for England, there existed at the death of Edward VI. no one who could advance any claim to the crown to the exclusion of heirs female; and in the person of Mary was the first time brought into *practice* a principle which was coeval with the monarchy: the disturbances which she and her sister successively met with arose from questions, not of their *sex,* but of their *legitimacy;* for they were advanced by persons pretending to be *heirs female* like themselves, and were easily put down. How it might have been if there had been a *male* competitor may be doubted—though it is probable that the severe lessons inflicted on the nation by the war of the Roses would have taught them to acquiesce in the legitimate line of succession; and that first step being made in the case of Mary, the vigour, glory, and duration of Elizabeth's reign may be said to have fixed and consecrated the ancient theory of the constitution.

That theory was, no doubt, originally based on the legal analogies between the crown and *real estates;* but it seems extraordinary that—in the feudal ages, when so much depended on the personal prowess of kings and chieftains—the distinction which existed in so many inferior cases between *male and female fiefs* should not have been universally applied to the sovereignty of states: but it was so much the reverse that, as we have already said, the exclusion of females was, and is, the exception to the general rule. In England, up to the reign of William IV., it was our pride and safeguard to adhere to the emphatic pledge of our ancestors—*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari;* and however usurpation may have controlled the practice, this principle of constitutional succession was never questioned. Indeed, in the earlier times it was not so much the *sex* as the *weakness* of the Sovereign which led to the usurpations; for infant or captive *males* were, on some occasions, set aside with still more atrocious violence. So late as the Revolution, when some of the wisest statesmen that England ever possessed framed the Act of Settlement, they contemplated and provided for three female reigns in immediate sequence; and the reign of Queen Anne, so glorious in arms and illustrious in literature, has confirmed in the minds of the people of England the deep impression which the reign of Elizabeth had made in favour of the ancient principle of female succession.

But Elizabeth was twenty-five years of age, and had been disciplined

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ciplined in the rude school of adversity before she was called to the crown; Anne was thirty-eight, and had also undergone the ordeal of troublesome times: encouraging therefore, as those illustrious examples are, they do not exclude the natural anxiety which must be felt at seeing a princess of eighteen, educated in the wholesome retirement of domestic life, brought suddenly, like a young eaglet, into the blaze of day on so arduous a pinnacle. That interest must have been, in any case, very lively, but it is increased to intensity when we consider the peculiar—we had almost said preternatural—circumstances in which she is called to the exercise of the *regal duties*—we wish, from our hearts, we could honestly say —the *royal authority*.

It is impossible, and would, if possible, be mischievous to attempt to conceal that the age, the experience, and even the apparent popularity of the late king had failed to maintain, in his hands, the ancient constitutional prerogatives of the Crown. It is notorious that the ministers were not *his*—they were not his choice, they had not his confidence,—he felt that their measures endangered the constitution in Church and State, but he could not relieve himself and the country from the baneful thraldom of their domination. After the failure of one signal experiment, his deep and conscientious alarm at the proceedings of those who were acting in *his name* could only operate by a desultory and dilatory resistance in his own closet to two or three of their cardinal measures; and this resistance on those points he was only able to maintain by conceding others equally disagreeable to his private feelings, but not, in his opinion, so immediately fatal to the constitution and the country. The Ministers, too, were not really unwilling to lend themselves to this evasive policy. They, or at least the influential portion of them, had coalesced with the hereditary enemies of the Crown and the Church, *only* for the purpose of getting into office; and they were desirous of *doling* out to their troublesome allies just *so much and no more* of revolutionary innovation as was absolutely necessary to keep the party together. By these occasional concessions wrung from the reluctant monarch—by the unconstitutional devolution of all the real duties of the *Executive* Government to committees of the *Legislature*—and by the most lavish exertion of patronage—regular and *irregular*—that ever influenced a House of Commons, the Ministers were *just able*, if we may use a common but most appropriate expression, *to keep their heads above water*—having, in truth, neither the confidence of the King nor the approbation of the people, nor any real and substantial support, either in parliament or the country, except from their *Conservative adversaries*—who, as Sir Robert Peel says in his last address to his constituents, '*looking rather to the defence of great*

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principles than to mere temporary interests of party, have given a zealous support to a WEAK AND INEFFICIENT GOVERNMENT *whenever it has offered an opposition, however lukewarm and hesitating,*' to the further progress of revolution.

This was a condition in which, we hesitate not to assert, that no country ever before stood, and could not for any protracted time have endured—a King distrusting his servants, and unable either to direct or to dismiss them—a ministry gnawed in its vitals by its nominal friends, and only kept alive by the support of its avowed antagonists—a House of Commons adverse, by a *bare* but *certain* majority, to the notorious sense of the people of England—and a House of Lords—for the King's sake and by his example—temporising with their difficulties, and, with a prudent if not dignified policy, endeavouring to evade the quarrels which a 'rude and boisterous' faction in the other House was anxious 'to fasten on them:'—while, as the natural consequence of all this derangement of the organs, the general system of our constitution is so disordered and shaken, that we believe that there is *not one single principle, fundamental or practical,* of our ancient institutions, which has not been, in the course of the present parliament, questioned, altered, or menaced: and such is the dislocation of all the authorities of the State, that there appeared no possible resolution of, or extrication from, these complicated difficulties: the King was powerless—the Lords were powerless—the House of Commons was powerless—the people of England itself was powerless. If power was seated anywhere, it was in some thirty representatives of the Irish Roman-Catholic priesthood, who in the balance of the other parties alone preserved their preponderance, and, perfectly indifferent how the affairs of the rest of the empire were administered, shared amongst themselves and their acolytes the plundered patronage of Ireland. Such has been the state of this kingdom for the last two years—a *dormant anarchy,* ready, upon any alarm of public distress or danger, to start up into fatal activity.

We are not now speaking with reference to the character of the individual questions of *domestic or foreign policy* (which, God knows, are in themselves sufficiently awful), but to the actual *machine,* if we may so call it, of government, which has long been altogether incapable of executing its proper functions, and which will become, not merely 'weak and inefficient,' but wholly *disorganized,* if the people of England do not now make *a great effort* to replace the House of Commons in its natural constitutional relation with the Crown and the House of Lords, and to oblige the ministers—whoever they may be—to govern the country by the old constitutional means—under their own constitutional responsibility—instead of depending on factions and cabals for their strength,

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strength, and devolving, in every difficult case, on commissions and committees their ministerial duties.

Until that shall have been accomplished, the Queen's personal reign cannot be said to have really begun; she will still be under the *tutelage* of Lord Melbourne, and, in fact, no more than an *executrix*, with him, of the sad legacies imposed on her and on us by the early improvidence and ultimate necessities of William IV.

This however was, and is *for a time*, inevitable. Her Majesty could or can do no otherwise than she *most wisely* has done and is doing. The ministerial journals may, for their own purposes, represent the continuance of the late King's ministry in office as a triumphant pledge of their influence with the young Queen; but no one, knowing anything either of the actual state of parties, or of the former history or present circumstances of the country, could ever for a moment doubt that Her Majesty must—as *a matter of course*, and as the successive heirs to the constitutional throne of these kingdoms had almost invariably done—have continued in office the servants of her predecessor. The case of George I. was hardly an exception to this rule, for in fact Queen Anne had left him no ministry—the government being in a state of dissolution at her death. To have expected, therefore, that Her Majesty's accession was to be accompanied by ministerial changes, would have been, *at any time*, absurd; but at this particular juncture, when it was notorious that the late king could not venture to give effect to his rooted dislike both of the men and their measures, how could any one have been so insane as to suppose that the first act of the young Queen would be one of such extreme, and, as we have said, nearly unprecedented violence? We repeat, whatever be Her Majesty's private feelings as to the parties which divide the country, her course has been that which it ought, nay which it *must* have been; and, till the people of England shall elect such a House of Commons as may release their Sovereign and themselves from the *thraldom of the Lichfield-House-conspiracy*, it would be visionary to seek, in the ministerial arrangements or measures of the Queen's government, any indication of Her Majesty's personal sentiments.

Let us not be understood as reproaching the ministers with the difficulties, the state of abeyance, in which the royal authority is thus placed; they, as regards Her Majesty, are guiltless of it, and are, in truth, almost as little masters of their own conduct as she is of hers. They are responsible—deeply, awfully, responsible—for the series of revolutionary steps which have brought the government into this state of *atrophy*—but of their conduct towards their young mistress there is—*in this respect*, and as far as we

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we are informed—nothing to complain of:—as she could not help requiring, so they could not have helped continuing their services; but he could have neither the spirit of a gentleman, nor the feelings of a man—and Lord Melbourne is deficient in neither—who could betray into promises, pledges, or plans, which might lead to future embarrassments, the young, innocent, and lovely creature committed by a combination of accidents to his temporary guardianship. That Lord Melbourne may endeavour to persuade Her Majesty of the propriety, or, at least, the necessity of his line of policy, we can easily believe; but we do not, cannot believe—we have not the remotest suspicion—that either his bigotry to party, or his ambition for power, will induce him to lead his inexperienced mistress into any measure likely to lower the dignity of her crown—to impair the royal authority, or to embarrass or endanger—by any expedients of momentary convenience—the freedom and happiness of her—we trust—long futurity.

But though we express this confidence in Lord Melbourne's fidelity to Her Majesty's essential interests, there are some points on which, we confess, we think the country has already had reason to complain, and of which it has complained. We mean the decided political bias, and the marked political position, of some of the *ladies* selected to compose Her Majesty's household. It would be absurd to complain of the *household* appointments being of the same political colour as the ministry itself—they should in general be so—the men may be reasonably expected to vote with the King's government, and the ladies to be of the same class and connexion; but there has been in all times a marked difference between that party eagerness, that flagrant zeal, which may be pardoned in those who are exposed to political conflict, and the more moderate and measured deportment desirable in those who form the private society of the Sovereign—Who, it must never be forgotten, is not the Sovereign of one party, but of *all*—who expects to see at his or her court the various shades of political opinion testifying one common sentiment of respect for the station, and affection for the person, of the monarch. But this intercourse and interchange of courtesy and duty can never be as free and impartial as it ought to be, if the constant and inevitable attendants on the Court are to be hot, and therefore offensive *partisans*. We know to what unhappy and scandalous scenes a departure from this wholesome understanding gave rise in former reigns, and we trust there is no danger of their being repeated; but we must say that the appointment of the *wives* and *daughters* of *cabinet ministers* to *household* offices is, on these as well as on other accounts, highly objectionable. The first in rank of those attendants is the *daughter* of one and the *sister* of another *cabinet Minister*;

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Minister; the second is the *wife* of the Lord President of the Council; a third and fourth, and, we believe, half a dozen more, are daughters of the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their political colleagues. It is impossible to make the slightest objection to the personal character of any one of these ladies; but we do say that the accumulation of political and household offices in the same family is liable to serious inconveniences. It is neither constitutional in principle, nor convenient or becoming in practice, that the Sovereign should be *enclosed* within the *circumvallation* of any particular *set*, however respectable—that in the hours of business or amusement, in public or in private, she should see only the repetition of the same family faces, and hear no sound but the different modulations of the same family voices; and that the private comfort of the Queen's interior life should be, as it inevitably must, additionally exposed to the fluctuations of political change, or what is still worse—that political changes should be either *produced* or *prevented* by private favour or personal attachments. The Sovereign should not be reduced to such a state of unconstitutional dilemma as not to be able to change the ministry without also changing the Mistress of the Robes or the Maids of Honour—or, *vice versâ*, the Mistress of the Robes or Maids of Honour, without also changing her ministry.

These objections, serious in any case, become stronger in direct proportion to the personal amiability of the Sovereign, and were therefore never more important than they are in the present instance. Will the country sanction—will it tolerate a system which (however otherwise unobjectionable the selected ladies may be,) is founded on a principle so unconstitutional—so odious—so dangerous?

We ask, will the *Nation* tolerate this?—because the events of the last two years have proved, to the conviction, we suppose, even of the most incredulous, that the choice of the ministers, and consequently of all the subordinate servants of the Crown, is not —where the constitution places it—in the Crown itself—but in the *majority*—be it never so *narrow*—(*twenty-seven* on ordinary occasions, or even *five on a pinch*, will suffice)—of the reformed House of Commons.

We have been very much struck with an address to his constituents at Windsor from that shrewd and gallant old soldier, Sir John Elley: the following passage—though we may not concur in all its details—expresses the general danger of our situation, and points out its remedy, with great truth and force:—

'I have observed' [he says] 'many proceedings of the present House of Commons with alarm. The liberty of the subject has been unnecessarily outraged. Since the Long Parliament, no House of Commons has

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has imprisoned so many of their fellow-subjects as the present. Motions have been made—they have happily proved abortive—for the virtual abolition of the House of Lords. Mr. O'Connell, a man notoriously in the confidence, as he is professedly the master, of Ministers, proposed a motion to this effect. This same House of Commons have just voted themselves superior to law—that is, have usurped the right of declaring the law of England, by a simple resolution of their own body, without reference to the other co-ordinate members of the legislature, by asserting their right to publish libels on their fellow-subjects. I confess that these circumstances, together with many others which I might enumerate, have convinced me that danger is to be apprehended to the constitution from the House of Commons, and I shall do my best to resist that danger. The Lords are as integral, and a more ancient part of the legislature than the Commons; and I do not see how the House of Commons can invade the privileges, or, by altering the construction, destroy the power of the House of Peers, without violating that original contract, which all government presupposes, and without absolving the people from all further allegiance to the magistrate. For, if the legislature takes the lead in destroying the constituted authorities of the land, the people cannot be expected not to follow the example. The work which the Commons did for the Lords the people will soon do for the Commons; and anarchy will speedily create such misery as despotism alone can remedy. I do not wish England to be an absolute monarchy: I do not desire to see an exclusive aristocracy established. I profess my terror at the thought of a purely tyrannical democracy. England is none of these: but she will be, *if ever she allow any of these existing depositories of national power to overbear another.*'

We sincerely believe that the people of England, when they gave their assent to the Reform Bill, never thought of the extent of power with which they were thereby investing what is called in common parlance the *third* branch of the legislature. In vain did the opponents of the bill warn them of that inevitable consequence; the ministers, deluded and deluding—for there were some of both classes in the cabinet—assured them that such apprehensions were merely visionary; that the reform would do no more than restore the Commons to their natural and constitutional *share* of power; and that the authority of the Lords and of the Crown would be, not merely unimpaired, but strengthened in the *independent* exercise of their respective and proper functions. When the King and a large and influential portion of the peerage itself concurred in this (*now admitted*) misrepresentation, it is not to be wondered that the People should be led to support a plausibility which addressed itself so directly to their feelings, and, as they fondly imagined, their interests. But be all that as it may, the *result* is notorious—the House of Commons has acquired a vast preponderance, and anything like a restoration of the constitutional balance of power can, as matters now stand, be expected

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pected only from the moderation and good sense of the PEOPLE themselves.

This will appear to some a forlorn hope, and it certainly may at first sight seem over sanguine to expect that the People should be inclined to part with power, and voluntarily set limits to its own authority. Yet there are some reasons which induce us to admit such a hope. The People are attached to the *constitution* both traditionally and by experience; their zeal for the Reform Bill was mainly excited by the opinion that it was a *restoration* of the ancient constitutional balance: but having found that it has only *shifted* a still more undue preponderance to the opposite extreme, every sincere and honest reformer should be, and many we know are, anxious to see the equilibrium practically adjusted—and that can only be accomplished by electing a House of Commons which shall not proceed on the assumption that *whatever is is wrong*—which will be anxious to restore, not to pull down—to amend, not to destroy—which will see with cordiality the House of Lords resuming its constitutional activity —and which will contribute with joy to the *emancipation* of their Sovereign from the fetters, forged at *Lichfield House* for her uncle, and to which she has *succeeded*—a melancholy inheritance —*jure coronæ!*

But there is another—not more weighty or important, but—more *practical* consideration, which may affect the country in the choice of a new House of Commons. We mean, the discredit, the disrepute, into which the majority in that house has—we think deservedly, but at all events *undeniably*—fallen. An extensive change in the representative body has become necessary, in the opinion of all impartial and considerate men—nay, even of some of the ministerialists themselves—not so much for the relief of the *blockaded* House of Lords—not so much for the rescue of the *captive* Queen, as for retrieving the character and authority of the House of Commons itself—which has—notwithstanding the high and honourable position of the conservative minority—descended, as a body, so low in public estimation as to have excited in men's minds a strong and growing apprehension that our most immediate danger arises from its loss of character and its consequent incapacity to execute the multifarious duties with which it nevertheless continues to overload itself. It looks like an epigram, though it is but a melancholy truism, to say that the House of Commons as it has accumulated *power*, has lost *authority*,—and that we are in that anomalous condition in which the *managing* (we cannot call it the *governing*) body is descending rapidly into general contempt; while, on the other hand, those who

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who enjoy some degree of public respect and confidence are nearly powerless.

A great many causes concur in reducing the omnipotent House of Commons into this low and ridiculous state. First, the total failure of the exaggerated hopes so foolishly created and entertained of the transcendent talents, dignity, and efficiency which a *reformed* House of Commons *must necessarily* exhibit. The fall from these lofty expectations has been heavy. There are not, we believe, more than one or two men on either side occupying any share of public confidence or even notice, who did not belong to the *old* House of Commons. There are not more than one or two men (as we are told) who did not belong to the *old* House of Commons, who could get the *new* one to listen to them for five minutes on any subject whatsoever: while, on the other hand, some of these neoteric legislators have been exposed to imputations—just or unjust, it is not our present business to inquire—such as assuredly never clouded the reputation of the unreformed House.*

We shall give one instance—not because the charge against the individual was by any means so gross as others we have heard of, but because the House became mixed up with the affair, and conducted itself in a very *characteristic* manner. It appears that Sir Samuel Whalley, one of the metropolitan members, had some objection—on the part of his constituents, we presume—to the Joint Stock Portland Cemetery Bill, and after it had passed the committee, he took upon himself, without the authority of either the committee or its chairman, to interpolate a few words which accommodated the bill to his own views: the opposite party, surprised to find an addition essentially hostile to their interest, discovered how the change had been made; but instead of taking the fair and open means of having the error corrected (which as the interpolation seemed right in *substance*, though irregular in *form*, they feared might not be quite easy to do), they had recourse to a happy expedient, which six years ago no man would have dreamed of—they *threatened* to complain to the House of Sir Samuel's irregular proceeding unless he would not only abandon the interpolated words, but *withdraw his opposition altogether;* and this, *they alleged*, the honourable member consented to do, and even to *support* the measure to which he had been theretofore the most formidable opponent. It does not clearly appear whether this arrangement was in fact expressly concluded, nor, if so, how it was broken off. But the matter was ultimately brought before the House, which could not decline

* Mr. Hume's celebrated Greek loan affair—the worst case of former times—was not connected with his parliamentary character.

making

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making some inquiry into an affair which bore so scandalous an aspect; and accordingly an immediate examination took place at *the bar of the House*—the most solemn proceeding that its forms admit of. Some curious observations might be made on the details of the proceeding and on the adjournment of the inquiry to a subsequent day, when it was feebly resumed; but our business is with the result only, and that result was—the conviction, perhaps, and expulsion of Sir Samuel Whalley? No such thing. Then, of course, the detection and punishment of his accusers? Nothing like it! 'Here,' say the reports, '*the affair dropped!*' The House did nothing—said nothing—gave no opinion—made no decision—and has thus left the public in doubt which party was guilty of the offence charged against them, or whether indeed such matters are, in the opinion of the reformed House of Commons, any offence at all. Nor is it the least curious part of the story, that our ears have become so habituated to personal imputations of even a graver nature that the affair seems to have created neither surprise nor sensation in the public mind—an indifference much less complimentary to the character of parliament, than the severest animadversions would be.

We need not pursue this topic; the conclusion is clear and indisputable—that in the talents, station, or character of its individual members, the reformed House of Commons is infinitely below its predecessors, and that the persons in the present House the most eminent for all these qualities, are those who were members of former parliaments.

But though many of the individual members must be admitted to be of an inferior class, they may be still good hard-working men of business, and the whole body may be an improved, as well as a reformed, legislative assembly! The fact *might* have been so—it was so prophecied and promised—but, alas for such promises and prophecies! the reformed House is still lower in public capacity than even in private respectability. The recollection of old Bentley's pleasantry as to the size of the volume which would be necessary to contain all that a certain presumptuous blockhead did *not know*, forbids our attempting to give an adequate idea of the necessary and urgent business which the House of Commons has *not done*. But we must find room for a few leading facts.

The session began on the 31st of January. The Whigs had, in the days of their opposition, recorded on the journals of the House specific resolutions that the several estimates for the service of the year should be laid on the table of the House within fourteen days of the opening of the session,—that they should be brought forward and discussed, and that the budget should be produced

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produced at the earliest possible period—nay, since their accession to office, they had changed the conclusion of the financial year, from January to April, for the express purpose of having the estimates voted by the House before the expenditure should have begun. Well;—in the beginning of June, the mortal illness of the king overtook the ministers with the majority of the estimates *unvoted;* nor was there any appearance that, but for the necessity which that event imposed on them, they would have been all voted, or the budget produced, before the middle of July; and in fact at the moment we write (5th July) the estimates are not yet all passed, and the budget was only produced on the last day of June, when the parliament had been *five months* sitting! Of all the great measures of the government, *one* alone seemed to obtain the active and diligent attention of the government, and that was the celebrated Irish Municipal Bill, which was so favoured because it was a scion of the *Lichfield House* compact, and promised to be a source of difference with the House of Lords, and consequently, of so much excitement as would render the Houses and the country deaf and blind to the inefficiency, inconsistency, insincerity, and imbecility of the worst and weakest ministry that this nation ever saw.

But the following list of government measures introduced, but either already abandoned, or now lying hopeless and helpless on the table, will sufficiently prove, either their rashness in bringing forward what was unfit—or their deplorable weakness in postponing what was necessary to be passed.

1. Tithes, Ireland.
2. Benefices Plurality.
3. Registration of Voters.
4. Boundaries of Boroughs.
5. Poor Relief, Ireland.
6. Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues.—N.B Of this bill notic only was given.
7. Enclosure Awards.
8. Bankrupts, England.
9. Bankruptcy, Scotland.
10. Bankrupts' Estates, Scotland.
11. Municipal Corporations, Scotland.
12. Scotch Burghs.
13. Court of Session.
14. Sheriffs' Courts, Scotland.
15. Medical Charities, Ireland.
16. Registration of Births, &c., Scotland.
17. Municipal Corporations, Ireland.
18. Clandestine Marriages, Scotland.
19. Church-rates.

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The foregoing list of failures we have copied from a number of the 'Times,' in the beginning of July; it is, we believe, imperfect, and we are confident it will be doubled in number before the session is closed.

There is one subject of great importance and interest with which the Ministers have so grossly dallied, that it requires particular notice, and affords an admirable example of their parliamentary proceedings: we mean the 'Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt.'

This bill was introduced and read, 1st time -	6th Feb.
Second reading - - - -	15th do.
Committed - - - -	1st March.
Compensation to gaolers voted - -	3rd do.
Reported and printed - - -	7th do.
Further consideration adjourned to -	13th do.
Do. -	16th do.
Do. -	20th do.
Recommitted - - - -	21st do.
Fixed for - - - - -	23rd do.
Deferred to -	3rd April.
—*when there was no house.*	
Committed again on the - -	6th do.
Fixed for the - - -	7th do.
Deferred to - - -	10th do.
Do. - - - - -	13th do.
Do. - - - - -	18th do.
Do. - - - - -	24th do.
Do. - - - - -	1st May.
Do. - - - - -	5th do.
Do. - - - - -	8th do.
Do. - - - - -	9th do.
—*when the House was counted out.*	
It was then fixed for - - -	12th May.
Deferred to - - - -	18th do.
—*when the House was counted out.*	

From the 18th May to the 29th June we can find no notice of it,—it lay hid in some 'vacant interlunar cave.' But, if for near five months, it had been thus dragging its slow length along, it suddenly became endowed with a miraculous activity. It was again

Committed on the - - -	29th June,
Reported on the - - -	30th do.
And on the very next sitting day, - -	3rd July,

read a third time, passed, and sent to the Lords! Thus *three days* after the *King's death* sufficed for that which, during *five previous months*, the Ministers could not find time to accomplish. This bill, thus carelessly mumbled for twenty weeks, and thus indecently

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decently bolted down in three days (amidst nearly 300 other pieces of business), may be added to the list of *failures*; for it seems impossible that the House of Lords should be able—overloaded and hurried as it is—to examine this complicated and important measure.

It must, however, be confessed that the Ministers took every possible mode of getting rid of business, except the old-fashioned one of *doing* it. Was there any subject—the Poor-Laws for instance—however strongly they may have felt about it, on which they dared to assert their principles and exert their authority? No; but they granted a committee of inquiry. Thus exciting hopes of change which never were meant to be fulfilled; spreading doubt, and encouraging discontent on a subject, which, of all others, should have been met with the greatest firmness, and the most distinct expression of opinion.

In the same spirit, and for a still less worthy motive, when they found that a majority of *five* was not sufficient to enable them to carry their Church-Rate Bill, they most *preposterously* proposed to refer the matter to a committee of inquiry! If they had begun by that, we should have objected to thus devolving the responsibility of Ministers upon committees of the House of Commons; but we could not have charged them with the absurdity of beginning an *inquiry* into a question after having been defeated in an attempt to *decide* it; nor with the meanness of endeavouring to escape from the decision of the whole House, under the cloak of a *select*—that is, a *selected*—committee. Lord John, in moving for this committee, informed the House that he had intended to have placed on it Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Goulburn, and Sir W. Follett, but that they had *declined* that duty. How Lord John could have thought of applying to them amazes us; for the appointment of the committee involved the *principle* against which they had protested even more than the bill; but could Lord John find in the whole House but *one* gentleman who had not voted with the majority on that occasion, to place on his committee of twenty-one? For in fact this question, extinguished in a house of 556 members, was to be revived in a committee, so *impartially* chosen, that *only twenty* out of twenty-one of its members were in the ministerial majority! Public opinion and common sense were outraged by such a proceeding; but what cared the Ministers? They evaded the difficulty of the moment; they hoped to palliate the disgrace of their first defeat, and they *kept their places!*

But while the Ministry were thus *indefatigable in doing nothing*, the House on its part was equally assiduous in *helping it*. On the very opening of the session, on the 31st January, 1837, no

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no less than 71 notices of motions were given, embracing all possible topics, of every sort and size, from Mr. Ewart's elegantly-worded proposition,—

'That *the public* be admitted to the strangers' gallery without a member's order, *as well as* without any fee to the officers of this house.' —Votes, p. 9.

up to to Sir W. Molesworth's motion for

'A committee to inquire into the best mode of reforming the *House of Lords.*'—Votes, p. 12.

We really have not been able to trace what has become of these 71 notices; but we are confident that not half-a-dozen have borne any fruit; and we find that when the House adjourned at Easter, so far were the two intermediate months from having appeased the appetite for legislation, that there were on the 3rd April no less than 145 notices prospectively registered on the order-book, and that at Whitsuntide the number had increased to 167!!! About the result of these, we are as ignorant as about the former; but we have the same belief, that not a dozen ever came to a hearing, nor half-a-dozen to a vote. We could amuse our readers for an hour with the details of these heterogeneous notices, exceeding, in presumption, folly, and absurdity, any other dozen pages of print that we have ever seen; but the results are too serious, and the crisis too awful, to permit us to make ourselves merry with Mr. Ewart or Mr. Pryme; suffice it to say, that we believe that if these notices of motions could be reprinted and distributed amongst the constituencies, there is not any man of common sense who would not be ashamed to vote for the class of people whose claims to parliamentary distinction rest on these embryo efforts at legislation—these abortions of impotent vanity.

But it may be asked, do we hold the House at large responsible for these extravagant absurdities? We answer, at once, that we do; for they never could have even budded if they had not found a congenial atmosphere; and, in fact, the whole proceedings of the majority are marked by the same kind of presumptuous promise and miserable performance. Let us take, for example, the gravest and most really important measures of the whole session—Lord John Russell's bills for amending the criminal law. In this task, at least, he met no obstruction, but, on the contrary, good wishes and co-operation from all sides. In his laudable efforts to emulate Sir Robert Peel, he had no *external* difficulties: he was Secretary of State, with a preparatory commission to suggest and recommend, and with a legion of *liberal*—and *liberally paid*—lawyers, at his orders, to prepare and methodize his measures: he was leader, and, on this point, autocrat of the House of Commons, and master, therefore,

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therefore, of his own and the public time; yet it was not till the 29th of June—exactly five months from the opening of the session—and then only because it had become urgent to close it—that these bills were sent up to the House of Lords—that House in which, for a variety of reasons, bills of this class ought to receive the most mature deliberation.

Now, let us see in what state these bills reached the House of Lords. On the 4th July, Lord Denman, the Chief Justice of England, undertook the forwarding of these bills, and introduced the first of them with this preface:—

'Lord Denman begged leave briefly to state to their lordships the object of this bill. It came with several others from the House of Commons, which had for their object the amending of the criminal law of this country. Their lordships would no doubt agree with him, that it might have been *desirable that these bills should have been brought forward at an earlier period of the session*, when their lordships would have had a fuller and more fitting opportunity of examining all their provisions; but, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he thought their lordships would, nevertheless, see that there was not sufficient ground for further postponement, and he suggested, therefore, that the best mode they could now adopt would be to carry them into effect with the least possible delay. Although they had been but a few days before their lordships, they could not be looked upon as hasty or ill-considered measures, for the various subjects they involved had been most carefully and diligently inquired into and reported on by *commissioners* appointed by his late Majesty.'

Lord Lyndhurst followed;—friendly to the principle of the bills, he entered into a masterly dissection of the whole subject, but we can only extract a few of the points that touch our present inquiry.

'Lord Lyndhurst, although perfectly willing to assent to the principle of the bills, could not help objecting to them on the ground of their being so numerous, for he saw no reason why the whole of these enactments should not be consolidated into one or two bills, instead of being spread over eight or nine. *It was not thus that Sir Robert Peel proceeded* with the work of reform in our criminal law; the course which he adopted was exactly the opposite of that pursued by the promoters of these bills. That Right Hon. Baronet, in the changes which he introduced, comprehended in one bill all the scattered laws relating to each particular subject; he might add, that those changes extended to the whole body of our criminal law, and that they had been successful; they had met with the full approbation of the profession, and they had been attended with the best effects; yet those amendments were not, like the present, spread over eight or nine bills, but on the contrary, were measures of consolidation. That concise and compact mode of legislation, however, did not appear to accord with the opinions of the authors and promoters of the bills then on their lordships' table.

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No doubt eight or nine measures were calculated to make a greater impression upon the minds of that portion of the public who were not in the habit of paying much attention to subjects of that nature.

'As to the course followed by his noble and learned friend the Chief Justice, it certainly was the right course; he was perfectly right in considering *all the bills together*, for it was necessary that they should be all read together. When they came, however, to be examined, he did not hesitate to say that they would be found to have been framed without that caution, consideration, and minute attention which matters of so much importance required. (Hear, hear.) In order to show their lordships the manner in which bills of that sort were allowed to pass through the House of Commons, he should call their attention to the enactment relative to stealing in a dwelling-house above the value of 5*l.* A person guilty of that offence was subjected to punishment by transportation for a term under fifteen years, or five years' imprisonment; but the man who *broke* and entered a dwelling-house and stole from it was liable to a *minimum* punishment of seven years' transportation, or four years' imprisonment: thus making it a *less* offence to *break and enter and commit violence, and steal from a dwelling-house*, than simply to *steal without breaking or violent entry.*

'Again, burglary, which was a breaking and entering *by night*—what was the punishment? The punishment was fifteen years' transportation, or imprisonment for four years; but breaking or entering *in the daytime* was made punishable with *transportation for life.* So that, according to one of these bills, it was a greater offence to break and enter into a dwelling-house by day than by night, and it was esteemed a less offence to break in by day or by night than to steal to the value of 5*l.*

'He now begged to call the attention of their lordships to other instances of difference of punishment—that was, an actual increase of the punishment, though the crime itself was of a less serious nature than that in which the punishment was lessened. For instance, breaking and entering and stealing in a building, *not being part of a dwelling-house*, but within the curtilage, was by the 7th and 8th Geo. IV., c. 29, s. 14, made punishable by transportation for life, or seven years, or imprisonment for four years; but breaking and entering where the building *formed part of the dwelling-house*, and was within the curtilage, was not punishable by transportation for life, but only for fifteen years.

'But this was not all. Breaking and entering into a shop or warehouse, which was always considered a less offence than burglary, was made transportation for life, whereas burglary itself was only for fifteen years. Burglary, therefore, was by one of these new bills considered a less offence than breaking into a building not being part of a dwelling-house, or into a shop or warehouse. But their lordships were aware that burglary had always been looked upon by the law of England as one of the most serious offences. The framers of these bills, however, seemed to have a very different notion of the crime of burglary.

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'Again, stealing a lamb was made an offence for which the party might be transported for life, or for fifteen years, and yet the very same punishment was awarded for shooting at, or maiming, or even dangerously wounding, an officer of the army or navy on full pay (for those were the words of the Act), or officer of the customs duly employed for the prevention of smuggling.

'This, then, was the way in which they had been treated by the other House of Parliament. After having had those bills three months under consideration, they were sent up to their lordships on the 29th of June with all these imperfections and blemishes, and only a few days allowed to them for their consideration; and such were the effects of having these bills considered separately, and not consolidated into one comprehensive measure. These were objections which he felt it his duty to point out to their lordships: but they were only a few of several classes of objections which he could mention. At the same time, he thought that the bills ought to be allowed to proceed, and that they would be useful when freed from some of their present imperfections and inconsistencies.'

Lord Brougham, too, with a manifest desire to excuse these shameful delays and blunders,

'wished he could say that he approved of the time and the manner in which these bills had been sent up from the other House of Parliament, for he must say that after the long time during which the bills had been in the Commons, it was rather too much to expect that their lordships should be able to dispose of them in about as many *days* as the other house had taken *months* for their consideration. But this was *another illustration of the mode in which business was done in that house, at least during the present session.* Still with a due sense of the difficulties in which their lordships were placed with respect to these measures, he was not without the hope that time would be afforded for passing them with a strict scrutiny, even in the present session. He would admit that there were some *absurd anomalies* in some of these bills, as compared one with another; but that was not the only comparison that ought to be made with respect to them. They ought rather to be compared with the laws as they before stood on the several subjects to which they referred, and in that comparison the great improvements made would be obvious. The defects to which his noble and learned friend (Lord Lyndhurst) had alluded arose from the circumstance of their being introduced, as it were, piecemeal, and with the disadvantage of not waiting until the whole report of the commissioners should be complete. The commissioners themselves pointed out this disadvantage, but added their hope and belief that the whole of the report would be complete early in next November.'

Lord Brougham's mode of palliating the absurdities of these bills, by comparing them—not with what they ought to be, but with the errors they affect to remedy—is unreasonable and illogical. The errors to be corrected were not of the same class and kind as my Lord John's blunders—they, indeed, cannot properly be

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be denominated errors, or even defects—they were well-digested and well-considered parts of a system of legislation which it is now thought expedient to alter, and which it may be very wise to alter; but how can a defective or erroneous theory be brought into comparison with the *practical*—the *handicraft* blunders of Lord John Russell's amendments of the Criminal Law?

The modes, too, of doing such business as was done, seems to have been quite in character with all the rest. We have happened to take up two numbers of the *Votes*,—as the record of the proceedings is technically called,—and we find that on Wednesday the 22nd March, no less than *ninety-eight* separate items of business were transacted—a satisfactory proof, it would seem, of diligence, if not of deliberation: but while we were wondering how many hours of midnight oil must have been consumed in getting through this century of subjects, we arrived at the last item, which runs thus:—

'98. East India Officers' Bill. Motion made—"That the Bill be now read a second time." Notice having been taken that *forty members were not present*, House counted; and forty members not being present, the House was adjourned at—*seven o'clock*'!—p. 400.

Ninety-seven pieces of business dispatched between four o'clock and seven, by a House of less than a legal quorum.

On the next day, Thursday the 23rd March, we again find Mr. Speaker and the Secretary of the Treasury in the characters of *Old and Young Rapid;* and no less than 115 items of business actually dispatched, attest the velocity of this railway legislation; but at the 116th we find an entry, that 'The Dublin Police Bill'—one, no doubt, of the measures of '*Justice to Ireland*'—being read,

'Notice was taken that forty members were not present, and (*da capo!*) the House was adjourned at *half-past seven* o'clock.'

On Tuesday the 25th May, only 62 pieces of business had been transacted when, at *a quarter-past seven*, '*notice being taken*,' &c. the House adjourned.

On Tuesday 13th June, 39 items had been dispatched; but again, at *a quarter-past seven*, '*notice being taken*,' &c., the House adjourned.

On Monday 19th June, *only* 28 matters had been disposed of, when '*notice being taken*,' &c. the House broke up; but there is no guessing how much business *might* have been done that day, if its progress had not been thus interrupted—for the 28 matters were settled, we find, in *fifteen minutes*,—'the House,' says the Votes, 'having adjourned at *a quarter-past four*.'

There are several other instances of similar proceedings.

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Now, as the Speaker and the clerks seem to do the business so smoothly when they are left alone, it seems really a pity that the members in general should be permitted to interrupt them. We think, as everything is to be reformed, so might the practice of the Honourable House in this particular. The rule should be—that '*the House being counted, and above forty members being present, it was forthwith adjourned.*' Of all the schemes for accelerating the business of the country, this, on the authority we have just quoted, seems to us much the most promising. Mr. Brotherton should have a salary for keeping the House in a state of constant *countation*, and for moving the daily adjournment at seven o'clock. There might, perhaps, to repress idle curiosity, be a slight fine on the attendance of members—except in cases of private bills and joint-stock companies, 'when all that came should have voices.'

These are but *samples* of that system of parliamentary government upon the continuance of which the people of England are by their votes at the ensuing elections to decide. But there is another and more practical view of this subject, which has not, we think, been sufficiently observed. How is it that so 'weak and inefficient' a government maintains itself for an hour? We answer—by trimming—by doing as little as they can help—by flattering the Radicals with promises and professions—and by depending on the Conservatives for help in all real and substantial difficulties. The public knows very well that of the three parties—Conservative, Whig, and Radical—that divide the country, the Conservatives are much the greatest, and the Whigs the smallest; but the *extent* of the difference—even in the House of Commons that made and supports these Ministers—is not so generally known. We shall bring it to a *short but infallible test.* Let us take two questions, in one of which the *Radicals*, and in the other the *Conservatives*, supported the Ministers—for instance the questions on Spanish Affairs and on the Ballot, which were respectively *Conservative and Radical* motions,* and against which the *Government* might be supposed to put forth all its strength.

The division on Spain was—

Government and Radicals . .	278
Conservatives	242
Majority	36

* Though we use the general names *Radicals* and *Conservatives*, it will have happened that individual gentleman may, for some special reason, have occasionally voted with either party, though not specially belonging to it; but such accidents do not disturb the general results of the calculation.

And

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And on the Ballot the numbers were—

Government and Conservatives .	265
Radicals	153
Majority	112

So that, taking the Conservatives at 242, and the Radicals at 153, and subtracting these numbers respectively from the Ministerial majorities, we should find them reduced in both instances to *miserable minorities.* But the mere *numbers* do not give a complete view of the matter; because, although all the Radicals may be supposed to have voted in one case, all the Conservatives certainly did not in the other. We have, therefore, gone to the trouble of examining the *names* in each of these divisions, and we find—*common to the two majorities,* and, therefore, the real amount of the Government strength, independent of either of the other parties,—58 names—no more—58 Whigs against 153 Radicals—58 Whigs against 242 Conservatives.

Let us see how, on the same principle, the Government has been able to weather some other questions. Let us begin with the great division on Church-rates, 23rd May. That division was—

Ministers	287
Conservatives	282
Majority	5

But of the Ministerial majority 138 were members who had voted for the ballot, leaving the real *Ministerial* party little more than half the Conservative opposition.

Again. On the Scottish Church question, 5th May, the numbers were—

Ministers	216
Conservatives	176
Majority	40

But of the Ministerial numbers 104 had voted for the ballot; so that the *Ministers,* instead of being in a *majority* of 40, were, as far as their own party was concerned, in a *minority* of 64.

Now let us see how the converse proceeding works when the Radicals push the Government on questions of vital constitutional importance. On the *Ballot* question, 7th March, the division was as we have just stated—

Ministerial	265
Radicals	153
Majority	112

but of the *Ministerial* number 265, no less than 186 were Conservatives,

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servatives, leaving the *Ministerialists* but 79, so that if the Conservatives had only stood neuter, the Government would have been beaten on this vital question by nearly *two to one.*

Again; on the question for excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, 16th Feb., the division was—

Ministers	197
Radicals	92
Majority	105

but of the Ministerial numbers, 138 were Conservatives, so that, again, without their help the Ministers would have been beaten on a vital question by 92 to 59.

And again, on the motion for abolishing flogging in the Army, 7th April, the division was—

Ministers	167
Radicals	72
Majority	95

but of the Ministerial numbers no less than 119 were Conservatives; without whose aid this grave and perilous question would have been carried against the Ministers by 72 to 48.

There are, we believe, no less than *eighteen* similar cases in which the Conservatives have saved the Ministry from defeat; and the examples we have given, extracted from the lists of the divisions, will sufficiently establish our proposition, that the Ministerialists are, in *point of numbers, a small minority* of the House of Commons:—what they are in *consistency, integrity,* and *talents,* needs not our testimony.

Will a great country permit itself to be any longer deluded by this pretence of a government?—by these political rope-dancers, who can maintain their precarious position only by balancing themselves between two opposite weights, and who shift occasionally the fulcrum of the pole so as to make the lighter Radical end counterpoise the vast preponderance of the Conservative side:—even this they are able to manage,—not by their own strength or steadiness, nor even by their dexterity in handling the rope-dancer's pole, for they do it so awkwardly that there is not a night that they are not in imminent danger of breaking their necks; but simply by the *calculation* of one of the parties, and the *moderation* of the other. The Radicals feel that their time is not yet come, and that therefore they had better support a Government which works, as far as it works at all, in their favour; first, by adopting and encouraging Radical measures; and secondly, by rendering

government

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government ridiculous or odious in *their* hands, and impracticable in any *other*. The Radicals, therefore,—though they now and then think it necessary to bring themselves forward as a party by some theoretic vote, (as that upon the Ballot)—take great care, in general, to avoid any collision with the Government, and will even abandon their own pledges, principles, and wishes, rather than vote with the Conservatives on any practical question—as, for instance, that on Spanish affairs:—and in this they are certainly wise in their generation, for not being yet strong enough to assault the citadel of the Constitution, they have in the present Ministers a corps of sappers and miners, whose slow and dark, but unremitting operations will, in due time, spare them the difficulty and danger of an actual storm.

On the other hand, the Conservatives think—and we concur in the opinion—that great as is the evil of the existence of such an insidious and make-shift Government, it is less fatal to the great interests of the nation than a departure from their own *principles* would be: those principles are—as a party—the maintenance of the Constitution in Church and State; and as individuals—loyalty to the Queen, obedience to the law, and the subordination of personal ambition to the safety of the country. We suppose there is no thinking man in England who has not observed the essential difference between a Whig opposition and a Tory opposition. Can any instance be adduced, for the half century that the Whigs were in opposition, in which they gave any assistance to a Tory administration, or in which they did not coalesce with every temporary faction, and take advantage of every accidental topic of inflammation, and even of every public calamity, to embarrass and displace their Tory antagonists?* To illustrate this topic to its full extent, would be to transcribe the history of England from the American war, down to the *compact at Lichfield House*—the last and most shameful of Whig sacrifices to cupidity and faction.

What, on the other hand, has been the conduct of a Tory opposition? Have they joined in any factious cry—have they taken advantage of popular delusions to embarrass the Government? What, if the Tories had, (as many of them could conscientiously have done,) combined with Mr. Attwood and his followers against the ministry on the *currency question*, or the *corn question*, or the *free-trade question*?—what if they had concurred in the motions against military flogging?—what, above all, if—(as, again, many of them could most conscientiously do)—they had, in their individual

* It would be unjust to Mr. Sheridan's memory, not to notice as an honourable exception his conduct on the *Mutiny*; it would be unjust also to our own argument—for the *exception* proves the *general rule*.

capacities,

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capacities in the country, and in their collected numbers in the Houses of Parliament (as the Whigs in analogous cases always did) taken advantage of the popular *feeling on the Poor-laws*, and by inflammatory speeches and factious motions, had endeavoured to excite and extend the popular discontent?—what would have become of the Ministry? The Conservatives wish for place and power, as we suppose all public men do, and as they ought to do, but they will not purchase them at any risk to the public interests. If Sir Robert Peel could have brought a *Lichfield House conscience* to the discussion of any of these topics, the *Lichfield House ministry* would have perished by its own weapons. But if the Conservatives are to come into power, they will come by constitutional means, and for constitutional objects. The stake in the commonwealth, of the Conservative body, is so great that their private interests are identified with those of the public—with the honour of the Crown—the safety of the Church, and the prosperity of the Country.

We observe that the ministerial journals and partisans are endeavouring to play again the game that had some success in the elections of 1831, of identifying the personal feelings of the Sovereign with the party contests of the Ministers. We are told that we should show our love to the *Queen* by voting for Mr. Hume in Middlesex, Dr. Bowring in Kilmarnock, and Mr. Finn in Kilkenny. Such pretences, so inconsistent with Whig doctrines at any time, are now worse than ridiculous. Deeply did King William deplore to his latest day, and almost on his death-bed, the abuse of his name on that unhappy occasion. It clouded the remainder of his life—it deprived him of his royal prerogative, of his natural rights, and subjected him to the deep mortification of being obliged to accept, in April, 1835, the same Ministers whom he had, on his own personal feelings and judgment, discarded three months before, and whom he was disabled from ever afterwards changing, as he gladly would have done. But from any such future embarrassment our young Queen is safe. This use of her name must be unauthorised, and will be worse than useless to those who may venture to employ so indiscreet an expedient. The time will come when her Majesty's wishes—if she should have any occasion to appeal to her people, as twice in his life her illustrious grandfather had—will find an echo in their hearts; but neither can a reign of three weeks have afforded time for maturing her Majesty's opinion on grave questions of administration or policy, nor can the new-born loyalty of those who have been all their lives the active enemies of all royal authority have any other effect than to excite equal wonder and disgust at such impudent hypocrisy.

It

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It was, we suppose, with some vague object of favouring this delusion that the Reverend Mr. Sydney Smith—best known, to use his own phrase, as '*a diner-out of the first lustre*,' but also celebrated for much Whiggism and little theology*—has thought proper to preach and publish the *pamphlet-sermon* whose remarkable title stands at the head of this article.

The public has been so long accustomed to see and hear of this gentleman only in the character of a '*Joker of Jokes*' † (in which he is really inimitable) that they will be exceedingly mystified at finding him in the solemn office of Preceptor to the Queen. They will—as we confess we did—read his pamphlet with considerable doubts whether it is jest or earnest—and it is rather the *form* in which it appears, and the *place* in which it was delivered, than either the subject matter or the mode of *handling* it that convince us—after some hesitation—that Mr. Smith *is*, on this occasion, as *serious as it is in his nature to be*. If in this production, Mr. Smith only intends to bring himself to Her Majesty's notice *dressed in canonicals* instead of 'motley, his usual wear'—if he means to suggest that the irreverent Peter Plymley is now become a decent prebendary susceptible of a deanery—nay, of a mitre—we can easily believe that he is *in earnest*,—but not that he is *serious*.

The first question that would naturally occur to any one not personally acquainted with Mr. Smith is, 'What manner of man' is this who comes forward in such a remarkable and dictatorial style? Is he one whose station authorises—whose reputation justifies—or whose pious simplicity of character might excuse such an intrusion? Is he the '*pietate gravem ac meritis virum*,' who is entitled to step out before all the prelates and clergy of England, to deliver a *primary charge* to his Sovereign? These questions we shall answer in *his own* words:—

'Providence has made him a light, jesting, paragraph- [or *pamphlet*-] writing sort of man; and *such he will remain to his dying day*. When he is jocular, he is strong—when he is serious, he is, like Sampson in a wig—any ordinary person is a match for him. But, *I will be just*; if he could confine himself to these things, and consider the facete and playful to be the basis of his character, he would, *for that species of man*, be universally regarded as a person of a very good understanding; but call him a legislator [or *preceptor*]—a reasoner—and the conductor [or *adviser*] of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to be almost as absurd as if a butterfly [or a *blue-bottle*] were to teach the bees to make

* See Quarterly Review, vol. i., p. 387, and vol. iii., p. 185, for specimens of this gentleman's *professional* labours and merits.

† 'A pleasant man is come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a JOKER OF JOKES.'—*Peter Plymley's Letters*, p. 108.

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honey. That he is a *diner-out* of the first lustre I readily admit.—*Plymley's Letters*, p. 100.

This was the portrait which Mr. Smith ticketed in his exhibition as that of *Mr. Canning*, though everybody saw that it was much more like the artist himself. But however that may have been, one thing must be added for Mr. Canning's honour:—though not *professionally* bound to any special decorum, his wit was as chaste as it was brilliant—his pleasantries never deviated into irreverence or indecency, and his manners and deportment were 'to his dying day' nicely, yet naturally, fitted to the proprieties of his age and station. But we must return to a different 'species of man.'

The reverend gentleman is unlucky at the outset; and stumbles on the threshold, by making, *in his very text*, a blunder so awkward that it would be anywhere else positively ludicrous.

'*Daniel* iv. 31. Oh, king, thy kingdom is departed from thee.'

This, applied as it is by the learned divine to the death of King William, is stark nonsense. The text in Daniel has no more to do with the *death* of a king than with his *birth*. It announced, not the *decease*, but the *dethronement* of a monarch who *lived* many years after the denunciation, and finally recovered his crown. To suit Mr. Smith's purpose the text should be transposed,—'*Oh, king, thou hast departed from thy kingdom.*' Nor —considering the high character which the first pages of the sermon give of his late Majesty as '*of a sweet and Christian disposition*,' —a lover 'of the quiet glories of peace,' and 'of the happiness of his people,'—can we see (even if the text had related to a *death*) what resemblance Mr. Smith could find between good King William and the bloody and haughty heathen *Nebuchadnezzar*.

What, in the next place, can be more incongruous than a sermon preached to the *citizens* and their wives and daughters, on the personal duties of a *Queen*—nay, of the *individual* Queen Victoria —and now printed and dedicated to her Majesty as

'plain and honest advice, which will go some way to make you' [the use of the term *Majesty* is always carefully avoided] 'a happy woman and a great Queen.'—*(Dedicat.)*

The advice might be excellent at St. James's; but, if it were, it must have been somewhat out of place at St. Paul's. But let us observe the details of the advice.

'First and foremost, I think the new Queen should bend her mind to the very serious consideration of *educating the people*.'—p. 11.

Whether that be the *first and foremost* of the Queen's personal duties, or whether it be not rather a question of public policy, we shall not inquire; but at least we may say that it is *not* a topic of such *novelty* or *emergency* as to require its being urged in so unusual

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unusual and ostentatious a manner. The young Queen will probably think with more reverence and profit of her illustrious grandfather's homely and honest wish, that '*every one of his subjects should be able to read the Bible, and have a Bible to read,*' than of the rhetorical *phrases* of Mr. Smith—who, she may also think, would be better intitled to advise her if he were employed in teaching and feeding his *flock*, in his own country parish, instead of lecturing her Majesty from St. Paul's, and feeding himself at the gay and gossipping banquets of May Fair.

'A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this Royal Lady is, a rooted horror of *war*—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind, is a state of war.' —p. 14.

Here again we see nothing very novel, unless indeed it be the imagination that the *second* in point of imminence and magnitude of the *dangers* of the country, is that the *warlike propensities* of the young Queen—whom on *this* particular occasion he, with appropriate discrimination, designates as a '*royal child*,'—should plunge her people into the miseries of *war* after the manner of Harry the Fifth or the Black Prince!

——— fanaticus, œstro
Percussus, Bellona, tuo, *divinat*—

It is really difficult to imagine that such a topic on such an occasion can be anything but *frenzy* or *farce*. Sure we are, that we have heard Mr. Smith 'set the table in a roar' at a much less ludicrous combination of absurdities.

He next proceeds to warn the Queen against participating in the prejudices generally entertained against '*the Catholics—the great object of* OUR *horror and aversion.*' Speak for yourself, Mr. Smith. The Catholics are no objects of *horror* or *aversion* with *us*; we respect a conscientious adherence to a faith, though we regret that it is in some important points erroneous; but it is *their political principles*, incompatible with civil and religious liberty, that are the objects of our apprehension and jealousy. Mr. Smith—as his *alter ego* Peter Plymley did before—finds it very convenient to confound these two very distinct subjects. The young Queen, he says, will find

'that the Catholics, the great object of our horror and aversion, have (mistaken as they are) a great deal more to say in defence of their tenets than those imagine who indulge more in the luxury of invective than in the labour of inquiry—she will find in that sect, men as enlightened, talents as splendid, and probity as firm, as in our own Church; and she will soon learn to appreciate at its just value that exaggerated hatred of sects which paints the Catholic faith (the religion of two-thirds

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thirds of Europe) as utterly incompatible with the safety, peace, and order of the world.'—p. 19.

This may seem very adroit, but it can, we trust, deceive nobody; our constitution does not quarrel with the Catholics as bad *Christians*, but as dangerous *politicians*, and nobody ever denied that they might be good subjects 'in two-thirds of Europe' where their political tenets were in accordance with those of the governments under which they live. But is it not droll that this mingled eulogy on the religious and political merits of the Roman Catholics, should be addressed *by* one of a body which enjoys its stalls by having ousted the *Priests, to* a Princess of that family which enjoys the throne by having ousted the *Pretender*. If odd combinations be wit, Mr. Smith is, again, at his habitual pleasantries.

But next to Mr. Smith's apprehension that her Majesty should think too hardly of the Catholic religion, seems to be his fear that she should become *too much* attached to the doctrines and discipline of Evangelical Protestants, or what he formerly sneered at as the '*patent Christianity of Clapham*.'

'It will be a sad vexation to all loyal hearts, and to all rationally pious minds, if our Sovereign should fall into the common error of *mistaking fanaticism for religion;* and in this way fling an air of discredit upon real devotion. It is, I am afraid, unquestionably *the fault of the age*, her youth and her sex do not make it more improbable, and the warmest efforts of that description of persons will not be wanting to gain over a convert so illustrious, and so important. Should this take place, the consequences will be serious, and distressing—the land will be inundated with hypocrisy—absurdity will be heaped upon absurdity—there will be a race of folly and extravagance for royal favour, and he who is farthest removed from reason, will make the nearest approach to distinction: and then follow the usual consequences.'

We are assuredly no friends to 'fanaticism,' but we fear that Mr. Smith's facetious fancy may be too prone to call any degree of *seriousness* by that name. We should be glad to believe that it really was 'the *fault of the age*,' for undoubtedly every one—we suppose even Mr. Smith himself—must admit that it is a *fault on the right side*.

Such are the topics—all the topics—of Mr. Smith's very short, and yet *to his audience*, we suspect rather tedious, sermon; which we have observed upon with severity because, in the first place, we believe it to be an obtrusive and *unconscientious* attempt to bring *himself* into royal notice; and secondly, because it is composed, for the most part, of vapid commonplaces, slightly flavoured by the gall of a long professional disappointment—disappointment, we call it, according to his own estimate of his merits—for those who should strictly compare his clerical preferments with his clerical deserts, might rather consider him to have been scandalously favoured.

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favoured. But we will not be therefore unjust to him. There is one passage which we think finely conceived and eloquently expressed.

'Though I deprecate the bad effects of fanaticism, I earnestly pray that our young Sovereign may evince herself to be a person of deep religious feeling: what other cure has she for all the arrogance and vanity which her exalted position must engender? for all the flattery and falsehood with which she must be surrounded? for all the soul-corrupting homage with which she is met at every moment of her existence? what other cure than to cast herself down in darkness and solitude before God—to say that she is dust and ashes—and to call down the pity of the Almighty upon her difficult and dangerous life. This is the antidote of kings against the slavery and the baseness which surround them—they should think often of death, and the folly and nothingness of the world, and they should humble their souls before the Master of masters, and the King of kings; praying to heaven for wisdom, and calm reflection, and for that spirit of Christian gentleness which exalts command into an empire of justice, and turns obedience into a service of love.'

But this touching passage, and another rather too pompous tirade which follows it, are rendered almost ludicrous by a blunder with which the discourse concludes.

'What limits to the glory and happiness of the native land, if the Creator should in his mercy have placed in the heart of this royal woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if, giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, he should grant to her a long sojourning upon earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well stricken in years? What glory! what happiness! what joy! what bounty of God! I of course can only expect to see the beginning of such a splendid period; but when I do see it, I shall *exclaim with the Psalmist*—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."'

What can we think of the fitness of a man to address his Queen and his country in the *dogmatical* strain of this pamphlet, who does not know the New Testament from the Old—the Psalms from the Gospel—David from Simeon,—who expatiates so pompously on the duty and benefit of *prayer*, yet misstates and miscalls a portion of the *Common Prayer*, which he is bound in law and in conscience to repeat every evening of his life, and which, we suppose, there is not one clergyman in England—*except*, we suppose, Mr. Smith—that has not by heart, and does not know to be the *gospel* song of *Simeon*, and not a *Jewish* psalm of *David*—and thus this reverend instructor ends his sermon as he began it, with a *scriptural blunder!*

We said of him, thirty years ago, that he was '*obviously unacquainted with his profession*' (Quart. Rev., vol. i., p. 389). We find

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find that his stock of divinity, being like Slender's love, 'not great in the beginning, it has pleased heaven to decrease it on better acquaintance.'

In conclusion, we beg leave to remind Mr. Smith of what once before happened to a bulky *bon vivant*, who, in the hopes of *preferment, obtruded* himself into the presence of his *young Sovereign* in the very *first moments of a reign:*—

'*Falstaff.* My King—my Jove—I *speak to thee*—my heart!
'*King.* I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man—
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane!—
Make less thy body and the more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing—know the grave doth gape
For thee twice wider than for other men—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest!
Set on ———.'

This advice is susceptible of an application, quite as wholesome, and a good deal more appropriate, than that which Mr. Smith has volunteered to bestow on the Queen, through the *delicate medium of the inhabitants of Cheapside.*

But we must return—not indeed to graver subjects—but to a graver style of discussing them.

We have already said that the age, experience, and public services of the late King had not enabled him to break through the *Lichfield House* bondage; and unless the sense of the country, on the election of a new Parliament, shall restore her Majesty to something of independence and freedom in the exercise of her royal prerogatives, it will be as idle to talk of the personal wishes of the *Queen* as it would have been to have for the last two years talked of those of King William IV.

We the more deeply desire this *emancipation*, and shall the more gladly hail the Queen's growing experience in the execution of her high duties; because, in our view of the constitution, the personal character of the Sovereign has, and ought to have, more weight in the Government than the mere theorists usually assign to it. The theorists tell us that the King has no will, except in *the choice of his ministers*, and some go so far as to say, not even there; for that a new minister, on accepting office, becomes responsible for the dismissal of his predecessor.

Without entering into a disquisition on these nice points, we may venture to assert, that practically, and in the best and freshest times of the constitution, the King—(William III. for instance)—was no such puppet as the strictness of this theory would make him. A King, after a reign of ten years, ought to know much more of the working

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working of the machine of Government than any man in the country. He is the centre to which all business gravitates. He is aware of precedents, and acquainted with motives of which an individual minister, however able and well informed, may be ignorant; and his elevated station—while it enables him to take large and general views, particularly of individual character—places him above any personal interest in one line of policy more than another. He can have no object in a choice of measures but the quiet of his Government and the good of his people, with which his own personal ease and happiness are inseparably interwoven. Theorists may say what they please, but a Sovereign so placed cannot be a puppet, and must have a real and substantial constitutional influence. He can, it is true, *do* little or nothing but by his Ministers; but he can, in a healthy state of the constitution, *prevent* much that Ministers might be inclined to do; and this is his proper duty in the machine of the state. He is not the moving but the regulating power. The personal weight of a really constitutional King of mature age—of some experience in public affairs—and that knowledge of men, manners, and customs which, with ordinary good sense, are more easily attained by one in whom all business centres than is generally thought—all this, we say, is so much ballast keeping the vessel of the state steady in its bearings, by counteracting the levity of popular Ministers and orators forced by oratory alone into public councils;—the constant ground-swell of discontent, created by the toil and the hardships to which the majority of mankind are inevitably doomed—and the periodical tempests of democratic insanity to which England, and, we suppose, every free country is liable.

> 'Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
> Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frænat,
> *Sceptra tenens*, mollitque animos, et temperat iras;
> Ni faciat, *maria*, ac *terras*, *cælumque* profundum
> Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.
> Sed Pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris:
> *Hoc metuens*—molemque et montes insuper altos
> Imposuit: REGEMQUE dedit—qui *fœdere certo*
> Et premere, et laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.'

The *sea*—the *land*, and *heaven* itself—that is, our strength—our glory—our property, and our religion, have been frequently saved from revolutionary convulsion by the private character and constitutional authority of a wise and conscientious Sovereign.

Such are the proper functions of a King in a representative monarchy—functions of vast importance even in times when there were other restrictions on popular violence—when its disturbing influence was hidden in deeper recesses, and less capable of frequent

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frequent excitement and sudden explosion. If in former times this paternal authority was requisite, and to be exercised *fœdere certo,*—by the nice tact of an experienced hand, how much more valuable—how necessary—would it now be, when every institution of the country is reeling—when the lists of the House of Commons *Notices* that we have mentioned menace with subversion every establishment in Church and State—when

——— jactamur gurgite vasto—
Excutimur cursu, et cœcis erramus in undis?

The full measure of this constitutional protection is at this critical moment denied to us by the youth and inexperience of the Sovereign, who, however judicious her education may have been, and however great her natural capacity—which we have *good reason to believe to be excellent,*—cannot—in the most favourable possibility—be fully acquainted with the extent of her interests or her duties in the present chaos of public affairs. She has, of *necessity,* accepted the guidance of those whom she found at the helm, and, for aught we know, she may be at present satisfied with what *chance* has given her; but the Constitution requires, and it behoves the good sense and loyalty of the country, to provide that she shall have the power of *a choice.* This is now the urgent duty of the *Constituencies,*—it is a duty which has formerly devolved upon their predecessors, and which was performed in memorable circumstances, and with honourable results. No two periods of history can be exactly alike; there will be, of course, a difference of personal talents, tempers, and motives, but there may be a near approximation of principles, and a strong analogy in circumstances and parties. We were lately struck—while reading some of the controversial publications relative to the earlier years of the reign of Queen Anne—with a curious passage, in which the *Whigs,*—whom the Queen had found in office, and whom she for a time continued,—*complained* that the *Tories* had given her Majesty such unconstitutional and insidious advice as the following:—

'*That the Queen should not give up herself and her power into the hands of any Junto whatsoever without reserve—that she might reign for herself and judge for herself—that her subjects, without distinction, might have* access *to her—that* all *might be reconciled to* her *and to* each other: *in short, that she might be fully instructed both in the character of* persons *and in matters of* fact, *and act as well by* Knowledge *as* Advice.'—The Other Side of the Question, in answer to the Duchess of Marlborough.—p. 262. Ed. 1742.

Such was the Tory advice of that day; which gave as much offence to the contemporary Whigs as, we suppose, the very quotation will now give to Lord Melbourne and his colleagues: but it

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was *ratified at the ensuing election by the voice of the people;* and deeply mortified and alarmed for the safety of the monarchy shall we be, if in the present *more* critical, *more* vital struggle—between stability and innovation—between Protestantism and Popery—between monarchy and democracy—between constitution and revolution—deeply mortified and alarmed shall we be if the Constituencies of England do not emulate the loyalty, the justice, and wisdom of their ancestors, by purging the House of Commons of those ridiculous and disreputable persons, whom impudence, accident, and delusion, have so egregiously misplaced amongst the legislators of the land. The defeat of *twenty* candidates—the most notoriously unfit by the absence of property, integrity, talent, or even education—is all that is necessary to restore harmony between the organic powers of the state—to enable the constitutional machine to do the business of the people—and to vindicate for their young Queen—the object of their affection and their pride—her birthright of liberty—her personal independence! We anticipate that they will do so—that they will protect, like gallant Englishmen, the august and interesting being whose sex and age render her, at the moment, unable to protect herself—that they will, as depositories of constitutional power, take care that those whom *accident* has made her *Ministers* shall not, by intrigue, however skilful, or violence, however disguised, become *her* MASTERS!

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *A Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy; its Natural History, Manners, Customs, Superstitions, Scenery, Antiquities, Biography of Eminent Persons, &c. &c. In a series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.* By Mrs. Bray, Author of 'Travels in Normandy,' 'Fitz of Fitz-Ford,' 'The Talba,' 'De Foix,' &c. 3 vols. 1836.

2. *A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the Summer of* 1835. By Sir George Head, Author of 'Forest Scenes, and Incidents in the Wilds of North America.' Second Edition. Vol. I. 1836.

3. *A Home Tour through various parts of the United Kingdom —being a continuation of the 'Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.' Also 'Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General.'* By Sir George Head. Vol. II. 1837.

MRS. BRAY, who is well known by her novels and her very pleasing account of the self-taught poetess Mary Colling, has aimed in these volumes at combining more of general interest with local history than topographical works are commonly found to possess. For this the tract of country which she describes affords peculiar advantages, being a remarkable part of one of the finest counties in England. The good old vicar of Berry Pomeroy, who thought himself fortunate in having been born as well as beneficed in Devonshire, praises his native shire for 'yielding a great abundance of all things which the air, earth, or water can afford for the use of man; and that not only,' he says, 'as to necessaries, but delicacies also; insomuch (without envy be it spoken), what has been avouched of England in general, may be applicable to this county in particular, that she can live better of herself, without being beholden to the rest of the kingdom, than that can subsist without being obliged to her. And whereas Dr. Fuller, speaking of the Worthies of England in general, bids us to observe how each county is innated with a particular genius, inclining the natives thereof to be dexterous, some in one profession, some in another—one carrying away the credit for soldiers, another for seamen, another for lawyers, another for divines, how might I bid you take notice, and without vanity, too, that such is

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the genius of Devon, it seems equally propense and inclinable unto all?'

It would be well if a determination to make the best of every thing was as commonly found among the rest of mankind as it is in local historians and biographers. To see nothing but what is good is impossible, and to say nothing but what is good would be deceitful; but it is the part both of wisdom and of charity to see all that there is, and to say all that we can. There is a great deal of latent good which must be looked for before it can be found, but which is worth finding, and therefore worth looking for. Mrs. Bray describes her own region in the same cheerful spirit with which she has explored it, making the best of its few disagreeables, and heartily enjoying the much that is enjoyable. 'I have invariably found,' she says, 'with persons who rather choose to see the faults and deficiencies than to trace the advantages either of the natural or the moral world, that whenever I speak in praise of Devonshire, or of Tavistock in particular, they oppose to such commendation the climate, and ask me how I can be partial to a place so constantly exposed to rain?' Charles II., when any one remarked that it was a fine day, used to say he was sure it was raining at Tavistock. Some unknown poet, who seems not to have been so well contented with his position as Mrs. Bray, has thus described the Devonshire climate:—

'The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together,
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.'

Common, however, as rainy weather is, a storm of thunder and lightning is believed by the peasantry to be preternatural; they call it conjuring time, and say that at such times, somewhere or other in the country, 'there is a parson a laying of a spirit all in the Red Sea, by a talking of Latin to it, his clerk after each word ever saying Amen.' The peasantry, however, are said to have been taught this. Mr. Polwhele says, that within his remembrance there were conjuring parsons, and that he could mention the names of several whose influence over their flock was solely attributable to their pretensions of this kind. These must have been men who laid claim to the power of exorcising at first, that they might not seem inferior to their Romish predecessors, and who continued the pretension because they found it profitable, and partly, perhaps, because they half believed in it themselves.

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'Bad as our climate may be,' says Mrs. Bray, 'it has, nevertheless, its redeeming qualities; and, amongst others, assuredly it teaches us to know the value of a good thing when we have it, a virtue getting somewhat scarce in these times; for a real fine, dry, sun-shiny day in Tavistock can never pass unnoticed; all living things rejoice in it; and the rivers run and leap and sparkle with such brilliancy, and offer so much to delight the eye and cheer the spirits, that the clouds and the damp and the rain that helped to render them so full and flowing, are all forgotten in the gladness of the genial hour; and the animals, and the birds, with the insect tribe (which is here so numerous and varied) play, or sing, or flutter about with a vivacity that would almost make one believe they hailed a fine day as truly as would King Charles, could he have met with such a recreation on the banks of old Tavy.'—vol. i. p. 6.

Notwithstanding the general mildness of the climate, some remarkable instances of its occasional severity are related in these volumes. Some favourite swans who were in possession of a piece of water which had formed part of the stew ponds of Tavistock Abbey, were killed there by a sudden frost. Their owner was once snow-bound for three weeks at a comfortless little inn, then the only one, at Moreton Hampstead; more fortunate, however, in his quarters than a traveller who, in attempting to cross the same tract of country at the breaking up of a long frost, was overtaken by a great snow storm as night was drawing on, reached a solitary cottage on the moor, and asked to be taken in for the night. He found there an old woman and her son, a sturdy peasant, who was smoking his pipe over a great fire. There were but two beds in the cottage, and the son offered to give up his own and sleep himself on the settle in the chimney corner.

'The good dame busied herself in preparing such food as the house could afford for the stranger's supper; and at length he retired to rest. Neither the room nor the bedding were such as promised much comfort to a person accustomed to the luxuries of polished life; but as most things derive their value from comparison, even so did these mean lodgings, for they appeared to him to be possessed of all that heart could desire, when he reflected how narrowly he had escaped being perhaps frozen to death that night on the bleak moor. Before going to rest he had observed in the chamber a large oak-chest: it was somewhat curious in form and ornament, and had the appearance of being of very great antiquity. He noticed or made some remarks upon it to the old woman who had lighted him up stairs in order to see that all things in his chamber might be as comfortable as circumstances would admit for his repose. There was something, he thought, shy and odd about the manner of the woman when he observed the chest; and, after she was gone, he had half a mind to take a peep into it. Had he been a daughter instead of a son of Eve he would most likely have done so; but, as it was, he forbore, and went to bed as fast as he could. He felt cold and

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miserable, and who that does so can ever hope for a sound or refreshing sleep? His was neither the one nor the other, for the woman and the chest haunted him in his dreams; and a hollow sound, as if behind his bed's head, suddenly started him out of his first sleep, when a circumstance occurred which, like the ominous voice to Macbeth, forbade him to sleep more. As he started up in bed, the first thing he saw was the old chest that had troubled him in his dreams. There it lay in the silvery silence of the moonlight, looking cold and white, and, connected with his dream, a provoking and even alarming object of his curiosity. And then he thought of the hollow sound which seemed to call him from his repose, and the old woman's odd manner when he had talked to her about the chest, and the reserve of her sturdy son, and, in short, the traveller's own imagination supplied a thousand subjects of terror; indeed so active did it now become in these moments of alarm that it gave a tongue to the very silence of the night, and action even to the most inanimate things; for he looked and looked again, till he actually fancied the lid of the chest began to move slowly up before his eyes!

'He could endure no more; but, starting from his bed, he rushed forward, grasped the lid with trembling hands, and raised it up at once. Who shall speak his feelings when he beheld what that fatal chest now disclosed?—a human corpse, stiff and cold, lay before his sight! So much was he overcome with the horror of his feelings, that it was with extreme difficulty he could once more reach the bed. How he passed the rest of the night he scarcely remembered; but one thought, but one fear, possessed and agonized his whole soul. He was in the house of murderers! he was a devoted victim! there was no escape: for where, even if he left the chamber, at such an hour, in such a night, where should he find shelter, on the vast, frozen, and desolate moor? He had no arms, he had no means of flight; for if plunder and murder might be designed, he would not be suffered to pass out, when the young man (now, in his apprehension, a common trafficker in the blood of the helpless) slept in the only room below, and through which he must pass if he stirred from where he was. To dwell on the thoughts and feelings of the traveller during that night of terror would be an endless task; rather let me hasten to say that it was with the utmost thankfulness, and not without some surprise, that he found himself alive and undisturbed by any midnight assassin, when the sun once more arose and threw the cheerful light of day over the monotonous desolation of the moor. Under any circumstances, and even in the midst of a desert, there is pleasure and animation in the morning; like hope in the young heart, it renders all things beautiful. If such are its effects under ordinary circumstances, what must it have been to our traveller, who hailed the renewed day as an assurance of renewed safety to his own life? He determined, however, to hasten away; to pay liberally, but to avoid doing or saying anything to awaken suspicion.

'On descending to the kitchen he found the old woman and her son busily employed in preparing no other fate for him than that of a good breakfast; and the son, who the night before was probably tired out with labour, had now lost what the gentleman fancied to have been a very

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very surly humour. He gave his guest a country salutation, and hoping "his honour" had found good rest, proceeded to recommend the breakfast in the true spirit, though in a rough phrase, of honest hospitality; particularly praising the broiled bacon, as "Mother was reckoned to have a curious hand at salting un in."

'Daylight, civility, and broiled bacon, the traveller now found to be most excellent remedies against the terrors, both real and otherwise, of his own imagination. The fright had disturbed his nerves, but the keen air of those high regions, and the savoury smell of a fine smoking rasher, were great restoratives. And as none but heroes of the old school of romance ever live without eating, I must say our gentleman gave convincing proofs that he understood very well the exercise of the knife and fork. Indeed so much did he feel re-assured and elevated by the total extinction of all his personal fears, that, just as the good woman was broiling him another rasher, he out with the secret of the chest, and let them know that he had been somewhat surprised by its contents; venturing to ask, in a friendly tone, for an explanation of so remarkable a circumstance. "Bless your heart, your honour, 'tis nothing at all," said the young man, "'tis only faythe r!" "Father! your father!" cried the traveller, "what do you mean?" "Why you see, your honour," replied the peasant, "the snaw being so thick, and making the roads so cledgey-like, when old faythe r died, two weeks agon, we couldn't carry un to Tavistock to bury un; and so mother put un in the old box, and salted un in: mother's a fine hand at salting un in." '—vol. i. pp. 29—32.

There are now as good roads in the Devonshire highlands, as in every part of Great Britain; but in inclement or misty weather Dartmoor will always have its perils for horsemen or foot travellers. There is not only the danger of being storm-stricken, or lost in the snow, which is common to all high and open countries, but that of the bogs, concerning which there are stories enough to have obtained for them the name of Dartmoor stables. The Pixies have the credit of leading into these quagmires those who 'disturb their ancient solitary reign,'—solitary as regards the reign, though the imps themselves are sufficiently social and gregarious. Their propensity to play these tricks upon travellers seems rather to favour Brand's explanation of the name as Pucks or Pucksies, an opinion which is supported in that singularly curious work the Faery Mythology. This sort of double plural is common in some of our dialects. A farmer in one of the midland counties actually believed that the persons spoken of so frequently in the New Testament with the Scribes were such *Fairieses* as made the rings in his meadows in their nightly dances. Pucksies is just such a plural, and Pixies may be only a provincial pronunciation of the same word. Mrs. Bray thinks that Pixy is more like Pigmy but pigmies are less likely to have been heard of in our faery land. Sir John Graham Dalzell, in his work upon the darker superstitions

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superstitions of Scotland, says, that 'the vulgar, even in his earlier years, ascribed the origin of Linlithgow Palace to an ancient diminutive race, the *Paichs*, endowed with extraordinary strength, and capable of the greatest efforts in the shortest time, as evinced by the erection of that structure.' These Paichs, however, seem rather to have been Picts than Pixies, for a spot in that district, called Paich's Hole, is 'the reputed site of a battle.'

Mrs. Bray thinks that 'the Pixies are certainly a distinct race from the fairies, because the elders among the more knowing peasantry will invariably tell you, if you ask them what Pixies really may be, that they are the souls of infants who were so unhappy as to die unbaptized.' Everything, however, which is attributed to fairies in other parts of England is attributed to Pixies in Devonshire. They steal children, they lead travellers astray, they delude miners, they reward good housewives and punish idle ones, and make rings on the turf where they dance. The good people affirm that of late years the Pixies are conjured away to their own domains and held tolerably fast there; and the reason they give for this is, that the burial service is much enlarged to what it was in former days, and the clergy much more learned. A more extraordinary hypothesis concerning them, which was advanced some thirty years ago by Dr. Cririe, seems not to have been heard of in the west.

'Most of the traditional stories respecting fairies,' says the doctor, 'especially such as represented them as embodied spirits, might perhaps be accounted for upon supposing that the Druids, or rather some conquered aborigines, had fled from their enemies and taken up their residence in those subterraneous dwellings so frequently discovered in digging in various parts of Scotland, and in some places called Picts' Houses. Covered with artificial mounds, they were generally green hills. When the country came to be inhabited around them, a regard for their own safety would induce them to be hid by day, and to come abroad only in the night. It would be of consequence if at any time their occasions should force them abroad in daylight that their clothing should be as like the ground as possible; hence they were always dressed in green. Their narrow dwellings kept them much confined by day; but the exercise of dancing by moonlight must have been to them most delightful, and frequently repeated in remote glens and sequestered places. Hence also their music by night in the open air, by day in their dwellings it must have betrayed them. Hence also in dark nights those gleams of light which were necessary to find their way to water, or anything else they might need. Their stock of provisions might at times run short; hence their females appearing in green gowns, borrowing oatmeal and repaying it. Their families, in that confined state of life, from putrid or infectious diseases, might become thin or wear away; and hence their carrying off women and children to recruit their stock; hence also the return of those carried off, being permitted

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permitted to depart, after several years of absence from their own families, under a promise of keeping their secret. Difficulties may be started; but such a supposition serves to account for stories that passed current with people who, though superstitious and apt to be imposed upon by their own imaginations, were not indifferent with regard to what they thought to be truth, more than people of the present age.'

Dr. Cririe adds: 'it may be proper to remark that the fairy tales of Scotland are widely different from those we generally find in books.' No part of Scotland, however, would have afforded better cover for his dancing Druids in Lincoln green than Dartmoor, nor upon this most marvellously absurd supposition is there any place where they would have been more likely to earth themselves than in what was peculiarly their own ground. In no other part of England are there so many Druidical monuments remaining as in Devon and Cornwall, once called West Wales. The discoveries which Mr. Bray has made among the rocks at Dartmoor warrant the assertion in these volumes, that perhaps there was not a more celebrated station of Druidism in the island; one reason for this being the facilities which the masses of granite, everywhere strewn throughout the moor, and the tors that crowned the summits of every hill, afforded for the purposes of their altars, circles, obelisks, cromlechs, and logans.

'But,' says Mrs. Bray, 'they who, like the Druids themselves, have been accustomed to pay an almost idolatrous worship to that primitive and most noble structure Stonehenge, may here exclaim,—"If this be true, how is it that you have no such memorial of equal magnitude on Dartmoor?" To this I answer, Stonehenge (like Carnac in Britanny, which I have cursorily visited and described*) stands on a plain: it required, therefore, such a structure to give to the ceremonies of Druidical worship that awful and imposing effect which Tacitus so repeatedly implies to have formed the chief character of their religious mysteries. On the plains of Salisbury nature had done nothing for the grandeur of Druidism, and art did all. On Dartmoor the priests of the Britons appropriated the *tors themselves as temples*, erected by the hand of nature, and with such majesty, that their circles were only memorials of their consecration: so that what in level countries became the most imposing object, was here considered as a matter of comparative indifference. In such scenes a Stonehenge would have dwindled in comparison with the granite tors into perfect insignificance; it would have been as a pyramid at the foot of Snowdon. The architects of Egypt, like the Druids of Salisbury Plain, had a level country to contend with, and they gave to it the glory of mountains, as far as art may be said to imitate nature in the effect of her most stupendous works. Whoever attentively examines the tors and vestiges of antiquity on Dartmoor will soon be convinced that art was but very slightly em-

'* In "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy and Britanny in 1818."'.

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ployed in the masses of granite which crown the heights that were consecrated to the divinities of British Idolatry.'—vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

The granite tors, which give Dartmoor its peculiar character, are mostly found on its summits; they are rocks which 'lie piled, mass on mass, in horizontal strata.' Mr. Bray, when very young, was the first person who explored the remains of British antiquity on the moor, and upon most of these tors he has found rock basins, evidently the work of man, such as Borlase describes in the Scilly Islands, and in places where they are now covered by every full tide, though they were considerably above high-water level when the basins were wrought in them. In clearing one of these basins from the moss and mould with which it was filled, Mr. Bray accidentally discovered one of those logans, or rocking-stones which the Druids made so much use of in their priestcraft, or law-craft. For want of instruments, his companion kicked away the earth with his heels, as he was sitting on a large flat stone, eleven feet long and nine in breadth, divided by a fissure, and at every stroke of his heel, the part on which he sat shook, and was heard to strike the rock below.

The Western Britons seem to have been less disturbed by wars during the Heptarchy than any other people in the island, and not, like their brethren in Wales, to have been engaged in intestine struggles. They bordered only upon Wessex, which was generally the best governed of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, was strong enough for the most part to make them quiet neighbours, and was too much occupied, on the other side, to think of molesting them. Exeter, till the time of Athelstan, was held jointly by the Britons and West Saxons, *æquo jure*, as Friburg, in Switzerland, is at this day divided between two languages. The Druids, or rather the Bards, were thus enabled to keep up the old religion, which they had laboured, with some success, to revive, when they were delivered from the dominion of the Romans. Athelstan extended his borders to the Tamar, confining the West Welsh to Cornwall: how long the Druidical system was kept up there among the initiated, or retained its influence among the people, there are no means of ascertaining, so little is known of Cornish history, and so little has been preserved in the Cornish language.

Fifty years ago a writer in the Archæologia, inviting the antiquary's attention to the British antiquities in Derbyshire, adds, 'he will have to lament that while the turnpike roads facilitate his visit, the barbarity of turnpike surveyors will destroy the objects of his search; barrows, Druidical temples, rocking-stones, and whatever comes in their way, fall a prey to their sacrilegious hands.' Of five remaining stones at Abury, four were demolished not long ago by order of the commissioners of the roads. Between

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tween utilitarianism and mischief, which, in other things as in this, tend to the same effect, monuments of antiquity have little chance now of being preserved unless something is to be gained by preserving them. There can be little doubt that these volumes and Mr. Bray's Druidical researches, will draw many tourists to Dartmoor, and the authoress expresses a hope that sufficient interest may be excited to check the unfeeling spoliation which has of late been so rapidly carried on:—

'When we find on Dartmoor masses of granite, buried under the earth, and resting upon its surface,—here lying close to the road, and there impeding the culture of its soil—surely it would be better to serve the purposes of commerce from sources like these, than to despoil (as they are now doing) the summits of its eminences,—of those very tors that give beauty and majesty to the desolation of the moor. The cairns, —the obelisks,—the circles, and the poor remains of British huts, might be permitted to last out their day, and to suffer from no other assaults than those which are inevitable—time and tempest; and these are enemies that will not pass over them in vain. Dartmoor has, indeed, been a field to the spoiler; and many of its most interesting memorials have been destroyed within the last twenty or thirty years; for during those periods, vast walls of stones, piled loosely together without cement, and extending, in every direction, for many miles, have been placed up as boundaries or enclosures for cattle. This great demand for stones caused the workmen to remove those which lay, as it were, ready to their hand: you may judge, therefore, what havoc it made with the circles, cairns, and cromlechs. Others—such as were straight and tall—have been carried off (so the people of the moor tell me) to make rubbing-posts for cattle, a rubbing-post being sometimes called "cows' comfort" in Devon.'—vol. i. pp. 52—54.

The indignation which was expressed some years ago, when a naval officer threw down the logan near the Land's-End, and the orders which he received from the Admiralty to repair, if possible, and at his own expense, the mischief he had done, manifested a proper feeling on the subject in the public press and in the government; yet mischief is so contagious, that the people of the nearest hamlet, who derive some advantage by conducting strangers to the spot, have found it necessary to secure the stone by iron chains.

The replacement of that rocking-stone was a most impressive sight. Greater multitudes than were ever before collected on that wild coast were assembled to behold an attempt which required all the skill and coolness of British seamen. When the rock had been raised, the person who directed the proceedings asked of the spectators, while it was yet suspended, whether it was in the exact position? One man who seemed to speak with the certainty of accurate knowledge, and to whose judgement others

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others deferred, advised a little movement to one side, and when his approbation was given, the stone was let down. As soon as this was done, the men who had been employed in replacing it fell on their knees and thanked God that no life had been lost; and it was not till they rose from this act of spontaneous devotion, that the multitude, who had been kept silent, first by expectant suspense, and then by the devotional feelings which they partook, filled the air with their huzzas!

Davies, of Olveston, whose Celtic Researches and Mythology of the Druids are full of that curious information which is preserved nowhere but in the Welsh remains, advances an opinion that the patriarchal religion of the Druids received its heathen corruptions from the Phœnicians by way of Cornwall. But notwithstanding the intercourse of the Phœnicians with Cornwall, there is more reason for supposing that the corruption was of earlier origin in Ireland, where Baal was the name of the God they worshiped—a name which not many years ago was held up for veneration in that clumsiest and most impudent of all supposititious works, O'Connor's Chronicles of Erin. But many traces to the Phœnicians have been found in Ireland. General Vallancey, indeed, supposes that the first inhabitants of that island were Canaanites flying from Joshua. That some of its inhabitants were of that stock seems as probable as anything of such remote antiquity can be of which there are no existing records; and with them the worst corruptions of heathen worship would be introduced. It has been remarked by Whitaker, of Manchester, that the word 'Druid' retains no marks of honour in any of the British dialects, all the derivations from it relating either to magic, or to lewdness—to the former in Irish only, exclusively to the latter in Welsh and Cornish. But though the old English and French word *druerie*, in its later signification, might be adduced to support this assertion, it bore a better meaning in its earlier use, and there are words in the glossaries denoting truth, friendship, and fidelity, which might with as much probability be traced to the same root.

One of the most remarkable spots on Dartmoor is Wistman's Wood, which Mr. Bray supposes to be the last remnant of a Druidical grove, or, rather, the last vestige of its posterity. Wistman's he conjectures to be the same as Wise-man's, and the opposite hill of Bair-down, to be Beirdd-dun, the Hill of Bards:—

'The ascent to Wistman's Wood is strewn all over with immense masses of granite, that lie scattered in every direction. The soil about these rocks is very scanty, and appears, the same as in many other parts of the moor, to be composed of decayed vegetable matter. In the midst of these gigantic blocks, growing among them, or starting, as it were

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were, from their interstices, arises wildly, and here and there widely scattered, *a grove of dwarf oak trees.* Their situation, exposed to the bleak winds, which rush past the side of the declivity on which they grow, and through the valley of the Dart at their base (a valley that acts like a tunnel to assist the fury of the gust), the diminutive height of the trees, their singular and antiquated appearance, all combine to raise feelings of mingled curiosity and wonder. The oaks are not above ten or twelve feet high, so stunted is their growth by the sweeping winds to which they stand exposed; but they spread far and wide at their tops, and their branches twist and wind in the most tortuous and fantastic manner; sometimes reminding one of those strange things called mandrakes; of which there is a superstition noticed by Shakspeare—

"Like shrieking mandrakes, torn from out the earth."

In some places their branches are literally festooned with ivy and creeping plants; and their trunks are so thickly imbedded in a covering of fine velvet moss, that at first sight you would imagine them to be of enormous thickness in proportion to their height. But it is only their velvet coats that make them look so bulky, for on examination they are not found to be of any remarkable size. Their whole appearance conveys to you the idea of hoary age in the vegetable world of creation; and on visiting Wistman's Wood, it is impossible to do other than think of those "groves in stony places" so often mentioned in Scripture, as being dedicated to Baal and Ashtaroth. This ancient seat of idolatry seems to have undergone, also, a great part of the curse that was pronounced on the idolatrous cities and groves of old; for here, indeed, do "serpents hiss," and it shall never be inhabited, "neither doth the shepherd make his fold there;" "but the wild beasts of the desert and the owl dwell there," and "the bittern" still screams amidst its "desolation." Many of the immense masses of granite around and under the trees are covered with a cushion of the thickest and the softest moss; but to sit down upon them would be rather too hazardous; since such a seat might chance to disturb from their comfortable bed a nest of adders that are very apt to shelter in such covert; and few persons, now-a-days, would feel quite so confident as honest Hannaford in the power and efficacy of the ashen wand to render them innocuous. The oaks, though stunted, and turning from the west winds to which they are most exposed, are by no means destitute of foliage; and the good-natured farmer cut me down a branch to carry home in triumph, after having achieved the adventure of a visit to Wistman's Wood,—a visit by no means common with ladies. This branch has upon it several acorns, the smallest I ever saw in all my life; but the leaves are of the usual size, and as vigorous as most other trees of the same kind.'—vol. i. pp. 100—102.

There is a tradition that this wood was planted by Isabella de Fortibus, in Henry II.'s reign; but 'to any one who has visited the spot, it is evident no other hand has planted it than that of God. No one would or could have planted trees in the midst of such rocks.' Indeed, there is preserved in the office of the Duchy

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Duchy of Cornwall a perambulation of the moor, by which it appears that Wistman's Wood was nearly in the same state as at present at the time of the Norman conquest. In the trunk of one of these trees Archdeacon Froude by means of a microscope counted above seven hundred circles.

Mr. Bray's father spent a fortune in improving and inclosing Bair-down, where he built a house, and a bridge over the Cowsick. In the bed of this torrent, and in a little island formed by it in its course, there are a number of inscriptions on the rocks, which might puzzle the most learned of our antiquaries, as much as those ancient characters in Gibel el Mokatab, or the Written Mountains in the wilderness of Sinai puzzled the Prefetto of the Franciscans in Egypt, 'though he had in his company persons who were acquainted with the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages. None of them had any knowledge of these characters, which had nevertheless been cut into the hard rock with the greatest industry. The Prefetto thought it probable that these unknown characters contained some very secret mysteries, and that they were engraved either by the Chaldeans, or some other persons long before the coming of Christ.' These inscriptions, which excited among biblical scholars in the last century much more interest than they deserved, 'had been cut,' says the Bishop of Clogher, 'into the hard rock with the greatest industry, in a place where there was neither water, nor anything to be gotten to eat.' The Cowsick inscriptions required as much industry—but not of so dry a kind: water enough was to be found at all times, and frequently too much;—and, moreover, hard by, in the elder Mr. Bray's cellars, there was wine, 'which all who tasted declared to be the finest-flavoured they had ever drank in England, and this flavour (whatever wine-merchants may think of the fact) was considered to be the effect of the atmosphere, the bottles being always covered with moisture, which those who partook of the contents called Dartmoor dew.' The Cowsick inscriptions, though in characters which none of the Franciscan Prefetto's polyglot train could have deciphered, were engraved after those cellars had been stocked.

They were the work of the present Mr. Bray in his youth: when engaged in the pursuit of Druidical remains, and 'smit with the love of song,' he pleased himself with adding an imaginative interest to the most beautiful spot upon his father's ground, and 'peopling, as it were, the wilderness with his favourite authors.' His first intention was to select passages from those authors, and accordingly some of the Latin and Italian poets were laid under contribution for that purpose; but he found that

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that Virgil's hexameters could not easily be brought within the compass of a rude granite stone, where capitals only could be used, and these too of no small dimensions; as many of the most appropriate passages were of inconvenient length; and moreover, inscriptions of them had been so frequently repeated, that he could not hope to attract attention by any novelty of application. On further reflection, however, he says, 'I made a great alteration in my original design, and resolved to consecrate particular rocks to particular persons. As the name alone of Theocritus, or of Virgil, could not fail to communicate to a poetical mind a train of pleasing associations, I did nothing more at first than inscribe upon a few rocks "To Theocritus," "To Virgil," &c. This of itself, in so wild and solitary a scene as Dartmoor, was not without its effect; it seemed to people the desert; at any rate one might exclaim, "the hand of man has been here!" I then conceived it would give more animation to the scene by adding something either addressed to, or supposed to be uttered by, these fancied genii or divinities of the rock; and, accordingly, for the sake of conciseness, as well as a trial of skill, composed them in couplets.' He composed, therefore, about two hundred inscriptions for these rocks, the greater number in couplets, some in triplets, a few only extending to four or six lines. Those in the island he chose to have in Bardic letters, as they are given in Owen's Welsh Grammar, and in the Celtic Researches, painting them himself in large characters on the rock, and then employing a labourer to work them out with what is there called a *pick*. If Mrs. Bray had not thus revealed the secret, the Archæologia and the Gentleman's Magazine might have been enriched with many edifying dissertations, and much animated controversy concerning the Written Rocks of the Cowsick.

It is not often that we can look upon the memorials of our youth with unmingled pleasure. Some thirty years, however, after Mr. Bray had amused himself with inscribing these stones, he thus describes a visit to the spot:—

'On crossing the bridge which was erected by my father over the Cowsick, Mrs. Bray expressed a wish that I would point out to her some of my inscriptions on the rocks below, which, from some strange circumstance or other, she had never seen; and even now I thought that, without much search, we should not have found them; not recollecting, after so long a period, where I had placed them. But, on looking over the parapet, she observed, on one of the rocks beneath, the name of her favourite Shakspeare. Perhaps, under other circumstances, it might have altogether escaped notice; but the sun was at that instant in such a direction as to assist her in deciphering it, as did some of our English officers in Egypt, who thus were able to interpret the inscription on Pompey's Pillar, which the French savans had so long attempted in

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in vain. Many an officer (for a large body of troops had guarded, for years, the French prison on the moor) no doubt had visited Bair-down, and probably fished on the river, and yet these inscriptions seem never to have attracted their notice, nor, indeed, that of other persons; or, if they have, it has never reached my ears. But I have long been taught to sympathise with Virgil, when he exclaims—

> " Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
> Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius."—Geo. l. ii. 485.

Had my name been so renowned as " virûm volitare per oras," I doubt whether I should have experienced greater pleasure than I felt when my wife first discovered my inscription on the rock, and expressed the feelings it excited in her.'—vol. i. pp. 136-7.

Mrs. Bray has given in one of these letters an entertaining sketch of her husband's history, as a person fairly entitled to a place among the Worthies of Devonshire, in a continuation of Prince's work, or in a supplement to Fuller's. He was once addressed in these words at a visitation by the Rev. Dr. Hunt: 'Mr. Bray, I have had the pleasure of seeing you but three times in my life: the first was in your regimentals, at a dinner given by General England to the military; the second was in your wig and gown, as a lawyer, in the court of Exeter; and now I see you in gown and bands, as vicar of Tavistock.' When a young man, he had been a captain-lieutenant in a volunteer corps, called the Royal Devon Miners, which was afterwards turned into an artillery corps. Having been called to the bar, he went the Western Circuit for five years, but he never liked the law as a profession, and though well qualified for it in many respects, never could overcome the disqualification of timidity. A remarkable circumstance made him turn his thoughts seriously to the church. Dr. Disney, of Socinian celebrity, who was one of the men of letters with whom he associated during his abode in the Temple, gave him the Unitarian version of the New Testament—of all unfaithful versions, the most faithless. It was given him with the view of making him a convert; 'but so far was this from producing the effect designed, that 'not content with refuting many of its principles in notes on the margin, he resolved more sedulously to study the Scriptures than he had ever done before, and, by the blessing of God, he considers this was no small means of bringing him to the decision of entering the church as a profession.' His friend, Mr. Mathias, to whom he had been introduced in consequence of his fondness for Italian literature, dissuaded him from going through the form of keeping terms at a university at his time of life, and applied to the late Bishop of Norwich to ordain him; and he, who in this respect deserves the praise of liberality, said, 'he was happy to say he had not tied up his hands as some of

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of his brother Bishops had done; for he had always considered that a person who entered the church on choice, the result of mature reflection, would be more likely to be an honour to it than one who was destined to it at an early age, merely to take advantage of the interest of his friends.' The case was one to which the Bishop might afterwards have referred as a proof of the justness of his opinion.

Mr. Bray has placed this inscription under a shed in the garden of the Vicarage:—

> ' "From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade,"
> Beneath this shed, my feeble hands have made,
> May I *with God*, like holy *Enoch walk*,
> *As friend to friend*, like Moses, hear him *talk!*
> And He, who's the true *shadow from the heat*,
> *And shelter from the storm*, shall guide my feet,
> Not only here, where first I drew my breath,
> But "wheresoe'er I go, through life or death." '
>
> vol. ii. p. 150.

The Chapter-House at Tavistock was destroyed about a hundred years ago, by one Mr. Saunders, who is proverbially remembered there for his folly in having built a large house on another man's property. The school-house is supposed to have been pulled down by this same person of barbarous memory; it had been one (and perhaps the last) of those Saxon schools, many of which were kept up in the monasteries: their earlier charters and muniments being written in that language, these foundations were provided in order to keep up the knowledge of it, from time to time, where that knowledge was required. The Grammar School in which it merged is at the present time very slenderly attended, there seldom being more than one or two scholars on its list. The Duke of Bedford's steward sends as many boys as he chooses in the name of the Duke, each boy paying two guineas entrance-money, and one guinea annually to the master. There is another school called the British Free School, the name of Lancasterian having been pretty generally dropt by those who supported Joseph Lancaster's impudent pretensions. They who attend Tavistock church have cause to wish that this same school was as poor in numbers as the Grammar School; for the whole pack of boys make the responses in full cry, as if vying with each other who should bawl loudest. Use may possibly have accustomed the congregation to this obstreperous nuisance, which to a stranger's ear is so bad; that if it was actually intended for mockery, it could not be worse. Nothing can be more irreverent.

Well would it have been for Tavistock if it had escaped as well at

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at the Reformation as it did at the Reform Bill. Dr. M'Crie, in his Life of John Knox, justifies the destruction of the monasteries, 'as a piece of good policy, which contributed materially to the overthrow of the Roman Catholic religion, and the prevention of its re-establishment. It was chiefly,' he says, 'by the magnificence of its temples, and the splendid apparatus of its worship, that the popish church fascinated the senses and imaginations of the people. A more successful method of attacking it, therefore, could not be adopted than the demolition of what thus contributed so much to uphold and extend its influence. There is more wisdom than many seem to perceive in the maxim which Knox is said to have inculcated, that "the best way to keep the *rooks* from returning, was to pull down their *nests*." In demolishing or rendering uninhabitable all those buildings which had served for the maintenance of the ancient superstition (except what were requisite for the Protestant worship), the Reformers only acted on the principle of a prudent general, who dismantles or razes the fortifications which he is unable to keep, and which might afterwards be seized and employed against him by the enemy. Had they been allowed to remain in their former splendour, the popish clergy would not have ceased to indulge hopes and to make efforts to be restored to them; occasions would have been taken to tamper with the credulous, and to inflame the minds of the superstitious, and the Reformers might soon have found reason to repent their ill-judged forbearance.'

The biographer breathed in this passage the spirit of his Saint. Yet he might have asked himself whether the destruction of their nests in Ireland has prevented the rooks from returning to that country, and increasing and multiplying there, so as to become the pest of the land? And whether the preservation and maintenance of the English cathedrals has tended to discourage sound learning? to lessen the respect of the people for the Established Church? to lower that Establishment in the estimation of all Christendom? and to weaken the Protestant cause? These questions he ought to have asked himself, before he attempted to justify the demolition of such edifices as those at Elgin, Melrose, and St. Andrews; Fountains, Rivaulx, Tintern, Glastonbury, and Tavistock.

> 'They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build.'—WORDSWORTH.

As little did they dream of John Knoxes and Jonathan Martins; or of men who, without the plea of fanaticism or madness for their excuse, would renew the system of spoliation by which the Russells and the Seymours of the sixteenth century profited so largely,

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largely, and who are now exerting their utmost endeavours to dissolve that alliance between Church and State, which our ancestors established, by the blessing of God on their integrity and their wisdom.

The Abbot of Tavistock was added by Henry VIII. to the twenty-six Abbots and Priors who were summoned to parliament as Barons; but being 'created in the eighth year of that eventful reign, he acted,' says Fuller, 'so short a part on the stage of parliament, that with Cato, he might seem only *ingredi ut exiret* —to come in that he might go out.' Would it not have been better for Tavistock and for the West of England if Henry VIII., instead of granting the abbey with all its possessions, *de gratiâ suâ speciali et mero motu,* to one of his favourites, had thought proper, *de uberiori gratiâ suâ ac ex certâ scientiâ affectando utilitatem,* to convert it into a College, with its Master and Fellows?—if a Saxon professorship had been founded there to replace the Saxon school? and if the grammar school had been made a seminary for the College, and had become, as it would have become, the best place of education in that part of England? Is there any instance in which it has been any—even the slightest—benefit to the neighbourhood or the nation, where what the Destructives of that age called a Rookery has been demolished, and a Dukery planted in its stead?—where the Hierarchy has been plundered, and the Squirarchy has shared the spoils?

'Let Ramsey tell, and let tell Tavistock,
And let the marsh of Glastonbury tell!'

Though Henry had founded a great many grammar schools, with good salaries to the masters, yet early in Elizabeth's reign the Speaker of the House of Commons complained to her that many of the schools and benefices were seized, the education of youth disappointed, and the succours for knowledge cut off. For I dare aver,' said he, 'the schools in England are fewer than formerly by an hundred, and those which remain are many of them but slenderly stocked. Covetousness has laid her hands upon the impropriations, and thus the encouragements of learning are stopt in their course, and turned into a new channel; thus the tree of knowledge grows downward, to the dishonour of God and the commonwealth.' Henry's courtiers and his son's ministers 'minded nothing more,' says Burnet, 'than the enriching themselves, and took a certain course to make the mischief perpetual, by robbing the church of those endowments and helps it had received from the munificence of the founders of its cathedrals, who were generally the first Christian kings of this nation; which, had it been done by law, would have been a thing of very ill

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consequence; but as it was done, was directly contrary to Magna Charta, and to the King's Coronation Oath.' Burnet was a Whig—and a thorough-paced one, for the pace of his age;—yet he had a proper respect for church property, and believed that oaths were binding.

Mr. Pennant has observed that 'no family profited so much by the plunder of the church as that of the Russells. To the grant of Woburn in 1547,' says he, 'it owes much of its property in Bedfordshire and in Buckinghamshire;—to that of the rich Abbey of Tavistock, vast fortunes and interest in Devonshire; and to render them more extensive that of Dunkeswell was added. The donation of Thorney Abbey gave Lord Russell an amazing tract of fens in Cambridgeshire, together with a great revenue. Melchburn Abbey increased his property in Bedfordshire. The priory of Castle Hymel gave him footing in Northamptonshire, and he came in for parcels of the appurtenances of St. Albans, and Mount Grace, in Yorkshire; not to mention the house of the Friars' Preachers in Exeter, and, finally, the estate about Covent Garden, with a field adjoining called the Seven Acres, on which Long Acre is built.' 'The grants to the house of Russell,' says Burke, 'were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but to stagger credulity.' The bitter satire of that great orator upon the last Duke of Bedford may be left in that letter where the occasion justifies it; but when the lessees of the cathedral lands are disturbed in their possession by the machinations of a ministry whereof a member of that house is the organ, that house would do well to remember what it was reminded of by Burke, that its grants, which 'are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages,' and which are guarded by the sacred rules of prescription, 'will stand as long as prescriptive law endures,'—*but no longer.* 'They are secure against all changes, *but one.*' 'If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on the strand as well as the periwinkles.' Whatever be the obligations by which the Queen's ministers have bound themselves to those dealers in agitation, with whom

'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,'

let the cetaceous tribe of Russell especially beware of bargaining with them for a wind which may cast up the periwinkles.

There were only four bells in Tavistock church when the present Duke left it to the inhabitants to choose whether he should present it with a peal of eight, or with an organ: they chose the bells, making the better choice, and the Duke liberally gave both. The churchwardens' books notice many collections in Charles II.'s reign for the relief and redemption of captives in Algiers and

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and others of the Barbary states. In the same reign a collection was made there 'towards the relief of the poor distressed people of the town and university of Cambridge,' and another towards the subsistence and the relief of the distressed Protestants of France. The reward for killing a fox, which in 1588 was one shilling, was in 1673 fixed by the masters and inhabitants of the town and parish at three and four-pence. Wolves were formerly numerous there: their extirpation in so large an island as Great Britain would alone be proof of great civilization. The red deer were destroyed in the time of the present Duke's grandfather, upon a petition of the farmers, on account of the injury to their crops. Stag-hounds were sent from Woburn, and the race was extirpated. So great was the slaughter, that only the haunches were saved, and the rest given to the dogs. Yet one might think that Dartmoor was wide enough for its population and its deer also, and that it would have been better to extend the inclosures, and strengthen the fences where they needed strengthening, than to have extirpated the race.

In the history of Devonshire, it is said that in this part of the county 'the fences are chiefly high mounds, surmounted by coppice wood, which not only affords a sufficient supply of fuel for the occupiers of the estates, but also a surplus of poles, cord wood, faggots, and oak bark for sale. This kind of product is regarded as a crop of some value, in addition to its utility as a fence, as it affords to the pasturing animals excellent shelter from wind and sun, with but moderate care and expense in repairing. These hedges are better adapted to the hilly surface of Devon than to more level countries, commonly forming altogether a barrier thirty feet high, which so softens the rigour of unfriendly blasts, that most of the inferior hills are cultivated to the very summits. A stranger, unaware of the practice, considers himself as travelling in deep hollow ways for miles, till arriving at some elevated opening, he is charmed with the delightful scenery of the fertile country he has passed.' Many who have never set foot in the county have learnt what a Devonshire lane is from the pleasant verses in which poor John Marriot (Sir Walter Scott's friend) has compared it to marriage:—

'In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

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Then the banks are so high both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely when deck'd with the comforts of home;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of cares—cheers the winter of life.'

Cumberland has observed, in the preface to one of his comedies, that 'the level manners of a polished country like ours do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagances. Wherever, therefore, he had made any attempt at novelty, he had found himself obliged,' he said, 'either to dive into the lower classes of men, or betake himself to the outskirts of the empire, the centre being too equal and refined for such purposes.' This general remark might well be controverted; and Cumberland himself never failed more than when he substituted brogue for humour, and national caricature for character. Classes of men disappear in the progress of society as occupations become obsolete, and characters change in the same degree that they are formed by conventional manners, but they change no farther; and other classes are produced by the new circumstances of every inventive and stirring generation; and through all circumstances and all changes, the infinite varieties of the human mind, as well as of the human countenance, continue. Characters enough in their humour, and out of their humour for one of Ben Jonson's plays, may be found at all times and among all orders of men, in all parts of the empire, town as well as country—the metropolis as well as the borders. Mrs. Bray has shown in these volumes what abundant materials one provincial town and its neighbourhood afford for farce, comic or serious ballad, and tragic tales of the deepest and most painful interest. There is one story of long-continued and complicated wickedness, which in all its details is so perfectly suited to Crabbe's peculiar genius, that if it had been related to him, he would certainly have made it the subject of a poem, especially seeing that nefarious as the circumstances are, it carries with it its warning, and that a most impressive one. For though the mother and son, who were the plotters and perpetrators of this tragedy succeeded completely in their object, and escaped not only punishment but trial, they were pronounced guilty by the general opinion of their neighbours, founded on the strongest circumstances; and they found themselves under a moral excommunication. 'The doors of the rich were closed to the man who, in point of wealth, was now their equal. The poor, however low, would pay him no respect. No servant of respectability would eat

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eat his bread; and few even of the miserable would ask charity at his hand, for a saying went abroad that whatever money he touched, it became cursed.' The mother, who was the original instigator of all this guilt and misery, met from him that most just requital, an ill return for all the wickedness she had worked for his benefit. 'There are spirits,' says Mrs. Bray, 'who dare act in the sight of God deeds that make them quail before the eye of man, and his spirit was of this class. He could not brook the public scorn and abhorrence with which he was treated, and he died, as was very generally believed, of a proud yet broken heart.'

There are other narratives in these volumes which Crabbe might have versified for their deep and painful interest, their development of human feelings, and the impression which they must leave upon every good heart. Such is the story of the poor widow and her son, a boy of weak intellect, but industrious, and in the highest degree dutiful, who was killed in the mines. Such, too, is the history of Jenny Dobson; when her troubles began she could scarcely remember, so early had she been called upon to endure the evils of pinching poverty, but they ended only with a life which extended beyond the ordinary term. She had a sickly husband, 'and in him she had to bear with the frequent consequence of long-continued sickness, a peevish temper.' One of her sons, the industrious father of a family, was killed by a fall of earth in a sandpit. Another twisted a halter round his arm, by which he was to lead a horse and cart home; the horse took fright and dragged him across two fields, and so miserably was he lacerated, that he died on the third day. A third son received a kick in the forehead from a horse, the bruise became cancerous, and he died after nine years of continued suffering. 'In talking over her troubles with me,' says Mrs. Bray, 'though she very seldom says a word about them, she declared that God had supported her through them wonderfully: what her feeling of her trials had been, God alone could know; but that in them all she had never lost sight of Him; and her prayer had been, in the worst of them, that He would give her strength to bear her burden; and so He had, or how could she have suffered so, and yet been able to maintain herself and her family? And in the midst of all, there was one blessing He had never kept from her, and that was a mind contented with whatever He pleased to give her, and to do any labour.' How many talk of resignation, but how few practise it like this poor creature? She died while these volumes were in the press, resigned—as well she might be—to death, and 'strong in the hope of a Christian.' Mrs. Bray says that her countenance was always placid, and had such a marked character of

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of honesty and benevolence, that it might have excited a feeling of interest for her even in a stranger.

A story of a very different character is related here, 'as an instance of the danger arising from presumption, when the half-educated and whole-conceited take on themselves to interpret Scripture after their own mind.' The person in question began life as a weaver, but afterwards turned to farming, and with very considerable success. He was strictly honest in his dealings, 'and would pay even a farthing in settling an account, rightly saying that a farthing debt was as much due as a pound.' He was an excellent master to his labourers, and a lover of old customs, observing every festival throughout the year, and giving his men their full share of festivities:—

'There was nothing to be said against this liberal old farmer, excepting that he considered himself a profound theologian; controverted the doctrines of the Established Church, and in his advanced years chose to give a practical example of patriarchal living that scandalized all the neighbourhood; for after living forty years with his wife, he publicly avowed his intention of taking her maid, as his own handmaid, after the example of Abraham; saying he chose, in this particular, to walk after the old law; nor would he allow, when his friends remonstrated, that there was any sin or shame in the act; seeing that he did not intend to turn out his old wife, but still to give her the first place of honour in the house. This beautiful scheme he carried into effect; but, somehow or other, the old wife did not think her husband's illustration of Scripture quite orthodox, and very properly refused to live longer under the same roof with him; and so she left him, to reside with her own married daughter. But no sooner had she removed, than the patriarchal farmer paid her the utmost attention, and to keep up her authority and rights, deputed the handmaid to carry her almost daily the best things his table or his farm could afford. The old man next turned prophet, and declared he knew he was to become the father of five children, who were to be brought up on his wife's knees, in all reverence to her, as in the days of Sarah and Rebecca; and five children he really had—for, as an old divine says, "if we give the devil our ear to false doctrine, he will grant us our heart's desire in the fruits of the sermon that goeth after his text." The boys he named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; one girl was called Sarah, and the other he wished to name Rebecca; but the handmaid begged she might be called after herself—Mary. So the old farmer said he had no objection, for the child could not be called after a better woman than the Virgin Mary, whose life he intended her to imitate in holy prayers and good works. It is lamentable to think that this man died, as I am assured he did, in the full conviction that he had committed no sin, in his way of life, either towards God or towards society.'—vol. ii. pp. 256-7.

This person was unfortunate in dying before the passing of the Reform Bill, that event having been celebrated at Tavistock by a procession

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procession said there to have been *classically* got up. St. George figured in it, dressed like one of the riders at Astley's. Moses also walked, carrying the Ten Commandments; Joseph, in his coat of many colours; Bishop Blaze, in a woollen wig; and Jacob, in a cocked hat, bearing the golden fleece. This matrimonial reformer might with great propriety have joined the procession in the character of a Patriarch.—The Reform Bill brought upon Tavistock none of the evils which it has inflicted upon so many large towns, and it gave the inhabitants a harmless holiday, with the addition of a good dinner to the poor and needy people, who had, so far, reason to be pleased with the grand performance of the political jugglers. They were not more credulous than most of their countrymen;—and seldom indeed are those practitioners deceived, be their profession what it may, who count upon the credulity of mankind.

It is not long since a man and woman were exhibited at Tavistock as 'the extraordinary male and female Esquimaux Indians, in their natural state, just arrived from the North Pole, to be seen, all alive and very tame, for sixpence a-head; twopence more feeding times'—for this pair of rogues, who had oiled their skins, daubed their faces with rose-pink and lamp-black, and gibbered like apes, kept up the cheat by eating raw beef. They were very properly committed for six months as rogues and vagabonds, and sentenced to hard labour.—Mrs. Bray has given us the proclamation of a showman, certainly an honest one, taken verbatim as he cried it through the streets. It was worth taking:—

'"Will be shown at the Town Hall, Tavistock, at the hours of seven, eight, and nine, to the nobility and gentry, what is called in the French language phantasmagory, in the English, magic lantern. All sorts of birds, beasts, reptiles, and pantomimes, 'specially the forked lightning seen in many parts of England, but chiefly in the East and West Ingies; also what we are and what we is to be; namely, Death as large as any living being—six foot high, with an hour-glass in his hand; and everything instructing and amusing to all ages and societies, both the old and the juvenile. I hope you will all come. If you cannot all come, as many as can come; and nobody can say it a'n't worth seeing, except he says it agin his conscience. Boys and girls for the sum of one penny. Their honest working parents for the sum of twopence. Gentlemen and ladies, sixpence each. God save us all!"'—vol. iii. pp. 157, 158.

There is before us at this time a broad sheet, printed at Tavistock, and sold in the market there on a market day, entitled 'A Receipt for Ill-wishing,' that is to say, against witchcraft. It seems that a certain powder should have been purchased with it.

'Take a little of this powder,' the bill says, 'into your right hand, and

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and strew it over the backs of all your cattle; begin at the head of the near side and go to the tail, from the tail to the head up the off side, and as you let it out of your hand say these words, "As thy servant Elisha healed the waters of Jericho by casting salt therein, so I hope to heal this my beast, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen." What is left, keep in the chimney-corner to keep it dry.

'If anything is bad, do this:—Cut off a bit of hair from between the ears, a bit from behind each shoulder, and a bit from the stump of the tail; a little blood, a tea-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of gun-powder: put the whole into a bit of a blow (bladder) and tie the top of it; then get some green ashen wood, and make a fire, and set on the brand-irons, and take the bladder into your right hand, and say these words: "I confine all evil and enemies of mine and of my cattle into the fire for ever, never to hurt me nor mine any more for ever, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then drop it into the midst of the brand-irons and let it burn out.

'Read the first thirteen verses of the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, and no more, every morning before you go to see your cattle.'

Then follows a receipt for a drench. After which—

'If not better in two or three days, do this:—bleed the beast as it will bear, and mix it with barleymeal, as warm as you can, and make three images, one in the shape of a man and two in the shape of a woman. Stick five black thorns into each breast and five white thorns into each head, and three new pins into each leg and arm. Say to each as you stick them in, "I do this to torture and torment, in the name of the Lord, that man or woman which hath hurted me and my cattle:" then burn them with green ashen wood. When you put them in the fire, say, "I confine all evil and enemies of mine and of my cattle into the fire for ever, never to hurt me nor mine any more for ever, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen."

'If anything should die, do this:—take out the heart as soon as you can and stick it full of black and white thorns, and new pins, and old horse-nails, and double flint glass, and say to each as in sticking it into the images; then hang it up to the bar of the chimney, and burn a little of it every day for fourteen days following; then burn it out.

'For the ground, do this:—take a little of this powder into your right hand and strew it across your house-doors, and to the court-gates and to each barn-door, reading the first thirteen verses of the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, and no more. Then strew a little of the powder across every gate and bar on your estate, saying these words, "As thy servant Elisha healed the ground and the waters of Jericho by casting salt therein, so I hope to heal this ground, that no evil may come on it, and that it may yield to me its full strength, and that there might not be any barren land on all this estate; in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen."

'Direct to Doctor Tuckett, No. 22, Bartholomew Street, Exeter.'

This is not a paper of the last century, but of the last year, bought

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bought in Tavistock market, 1836. The lightest punishment which a rogue of this description would have suffered in former times for practices so manifestly borrowed from the black art, whatever pretensions he might make to the character of a white wizard, would have been a year's imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, and once in every quarter of that year 'to stand six hours upon the pillory in some market town, on a market day, or at such times as any fair was kept there, and there openly to confess his error and offence.'

Superstitions of this dark and odious character are found in every part of our island, and will continue to exist while men remain what they are. No extent to which national education can be carried can extirpate them, as long as credulity is one of the characteristics of the human mind. The 'schoolmaster' can do little towards it: it is not in schools that religion is or can be so taught as to arm the understanding against that misbelief to which it is alike prone in its weakness and in its obliquity. The provincial superstitions of the western counties are happily most of them either fanciful or connected with festivity. Mrs. Bray happened one evening to witness a ceremony, of which the account her servant gave her upon the spot was, that 'it was only the people making their games, as they always did, to the Spirit of the harvest.' Having finished reaping a field, the labourers took some of the best ears from the sheaves, and tied them together, twisting in flowers with the reed. With this, which they call the *nack*, they proceeded to the highest part of the field; the bearer elevated it, his companions formed themselves into a ring round him, each held up his reaping-hook, and they all shouted as loud as they could these words, which Mrs. Bray spells as she heard them pronounced, presuming, she says, that they are not to be found in any written record:—'*Arnack, Arnack, Arnack, Wehāven, Wehāven, Wehāven,*' three times repeated, and the cider handed round between each shout. Many women and children, some carrying boughs, others with flowers in their hands or on their heads, were dancing and singing the while. When the weather is fine, different parties of reapers, each stationed on some height, may be heard for miles round, shouting, as it were, in answer to each other. That this is a vestige of Druidism, as the authoress thinks, is most probable; but the words, which appear so mystical when written, by ear seem to be neither more nor less than good Devonshire English—'A Nack! A Nack! A Nack! *We have 'en, We have 'en, We have 'en.*' The Academy of Inscriptions has never produced a more satisfactory interpretation.

When Roger North accompanied his brother, the judge, on the Western Circuit, he observed of the Cornishmen that 'their trade

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trade lying mostly with Londoners and foreigners, they had a better English dialect than the people of Devonshire, whose common speech (says he) I think is more barbarous than in any other part of England, the north not excepted.' The fact, however, is to be explained, not by the commercial relations of the different counties, but by their history. The Cornish people continued during many centuries to speak their own Celtic tongue, and as this gradually became extinct, it was superseded by English, the change being total. 'The English which they speak (says Carew) is good and pure, as receiving it from the best hands of their own gentry and the eastern merchants.' Meantime, wherever the Angles, Saxons, or Danes established themselves, different dialects were formed as that population blended with the Normans more or less, sooner or later; and in the remoter, or least frequented parts of the country, more of the Anglo-Saxon was preserved, and it was retained longer.

Defoe says that the west country dialect was called 'jouring' in his time; and he gives a curious anecdote of the readiness with which a boy at school, as he read the Bible, interpreted it off-hand into his mother tongue. The instance which he noted was a verse in the Canticles, 'I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?' The boy, looking on the book, and his head moving from side to side as the lines reached across the columns of the page, read it thus, with his eyes full of the text—'*Chav a doff'd my coot; how shall I donn't? Chav a wash'd my feet, how shall I moil em?*' 'How the dexterous dunce,' says Defoe, 'could form his mouth to express so readily the words which stood right printed in the book, in his country jargon, I could not but admire.' What, then, could be more unjust than to call the boy a dunce, for showing, at the same time that he understood what he was reading, and that he was gifted with the tongue of a ready interpreter?

Libations of cider are made at Christmas to the best apple-trees in the orchard. This ceremony was not confined to the orchard in Herrick's time.

> 'Wassaile the trees, that they may bear
> You many a plum and many a pear;
> For more or less fruit they will bring,
> As you do give them wassailling.'

The Silurean poet directs a less costly offering to the orchard from its own produce. After the fruit has been pressed, and watered and pressed a second time, to make what is called water-cider, he says to the farmer,—

'Nor

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'Nor shalt thou now
Reject the apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth;
Such profit springs from husks discreetly used.'

Phillips says—

'Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should froth?
Respect thy orchards.'

But he was giving instructions for their culture in elaborate didactic verse, and Herrick only touched upon the customs of a land which he seems to have hated. He has noticed more old customs and popular superstitions than any other of our poets, and in this almost the whole value of his verses consists, for perhaps no other writer ever thought it worth while to preserve so many short pieces which had so little to render them worthy of preservation.

One who loves Devonshire, like the authoress of these volumes, would not easily forgive Herrick for his hatred of the good land in which his lot had fallen. He congratulated himself, as on a piece of good fortune, upon being ejected from his living:

'Rise, household gods, and let us go,
But whither I myself not know.
First let us dwell on rudest seas,
Next with severest salvages;
Last, let us make our best abode
Where human foot as yet ne'er trod;
Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.'

If Johnson had written his life, Herrick would have found favour in the eyes of his biographer for the delight with which he looked forward to living in London, though he had to seek his fortune there and live by his wits. He was born in Cheapside, and no music to him was so delightful as the sound of Bow bells.

'From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the fragrant east,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity.
Thus, thus with hallow'd foot I track the ground
With thousand blessings by thy fortunes crown'd.
O fruitful genius, that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year!
O place! O people! manners framed to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer, then,
That I among you live a citizen.

London

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London my home is, though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment:
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For rather than I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;—
Give thou my sacred relics burial.'

He could not bear 'dull Devonshire,' and what he calls the 'warty incivility' of the village in which he was fixed there; even one of the beautiful Devonshire streams was to him an odious object.

'Rocky thou art, and rocky we discover
Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners, now and ever known
To be a rocky generation.
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest salvages.'

Yet it appears that, notwithstanding his dislike of the people, among whom he passed nineteen years of his life as their parish priest, their descendants, more than a century afterwards, spoke of him as a famous poet, and a woman was found there who, in her ninety-ninth year, used to console herself in sleepless nights by repeating in a prayer his 'Litany to the Holy Spirit,' some lines of which, poor creature, she could understand feelingly:

''When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

'When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

'When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

'When God knows I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.'

It is greatly to the honour of the villagers that these, and other of Herrick's 'Noble Numbers,' should have been preserved in memory by them, and laid to heart, while his filth (for of mere filth no other English poet ever produced so much) has been forgotten. Neither this poet, nor William Browne, of Tavistock, though the former

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former delighted in the popular stories of elves and goblins, and the latter laid the scene of his long pastoral tale, and of his Eclogues also, in his own country, ever mention the Devonshire fairies by their peculiar name of Pixies. The belief in them keeps its ground, and is likely long to do so. Mrs. Bray has inserted in these volumes several tales concerning them, such as those which Thiele collected in Denmark, and the brothers Grimm in Germany,—rich subjects they might afford for Cruikshank, and for poetry also, if Dartmoor and Exmoor should ever have their shepherd like Ettrick Forest. These tales are probably of Scandinavian or German importation, wherever they originated. In addition to her own stock of traditions, Mrs. Bray has obtained many by aid of Mary Colling, the young woman whose fables and other pieces in verse she introduced to the public in 1831, and whose interesting story was transferred from the preface of that volume to the pages of this* journal. Throughout that part of the country the common people hold in great reverence certain herbs, which they use as remedies for divers diseases, accompanying the application with charms in verse. Mrs. Bray never could induce any of the old women to repeat these charms before her, and never could have obtained them had it not been for Mary Colling. The reason was a belief with which they were fully possessed that if any such charm once got into 'a printed book,' its efficacy would be destroyed for ever. The good old souls, therefore, when she questioned them, would not risk a charm in her hearing, having taken it into their heads that all she heard would go into print; but with Mary they were less suspicious.

These charms are carefully handed down from one generation to another, a woman imparting them to a man, or a man to a woman, as the most approved means of preserving them in full efficacy, though sometimes they are communicated by man to man, or woman to woman. Some, Mrs. Bray tells us, are decidedly of Pagan origin, and as these are not made known in the present volumes to the profane public, their efficacy has not been impaired. The two specimens which she has given are more rude than they would have been if they had not been corrupted in the course of transmission from one ignorant person to another for many generations. The first is to stanch blood:—

'Jesus was born in Bethlehem,
Baptized in river Jordan, when
The water was wild in the wood,
The person was just and good:

* No. XCII., March, 1832.

God

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God spake, and the water stood,
And so shall now thy blood.
In the name of the Father,' &c.

Two fragments seem to have been put together here, the last two lines only belonging to the styptic charm, and the allusion to them (in the spirit of such compositions) being apparently not to the river Jordan but to the Red Sea. The other is for a scald or burn:

'Three angels came from the north, east, and west;
One brought fire, another brought ice,
And the third brought the Holy Ghost;
So out fire and in frost.
'In the name of the Father,' &c.

Felix Hemmerlin gives the reason why charms in all languages are generally in some kind of verse. He says in his barbarous Latin, '*Carminantur in omni lingua, ut ipsius materiæ progressus firmetur facilius etstabiletur in humanæ sagacitatis memoria; et ornatius, et floridius, et labilius, et lympidius, ac facilius proferatur in omni prolaturâ.*' But for the same reason that such charms are more easily remembered in verse, they are more easily corrupted also. Even with many admires of poetry, 'if it rhymes and rattles, all is well;' much more, then, are the ignorant vulgar likely, while they retain the rhyme, to look for little or no meaning in the lines, which it is sufficient for them to repeat and believe, and which they might think it presumptuous to attempt to understand. Thus it is that such charms become nonsensical. They had always some meaning (however fantastic and reprehensible) when composed, as undoubtedly they often were, seriously and in good faith. Sometimes the form bore a direct relation to the disorder for which it was prescribed; as in that which Mr. Marsden met with in Sumatra, and which, from the many folds that appeared in the paper, he had reason to think had been worn, and by some Englishman, he says, whom frequent sickness and the fond love of life had rendered weak and superstitious enough to try the effects of this barbarous and ridiculous quackery. Marsden supposed it to be translated from one of those which are used by the Portugueze Christians, but it is just as likely to have come from some whom the Dutch had converted, or from the Christians of St. Thomas. At the top of the paper was the sign of the cross. The charm was in these words: 'When Christ saw the cross he trembled and shaked; and they said unto him, Hast thou an ague? And he said unto them, I have neither ague nor fever; and whosoever bears these words, either in writing or in mind, shall never be troubled with ague nor fever. So help thy servants, O Lord, who put their trust in thee.' This has evidently either been composed

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composed as an ague charm, or possibly suggested for one by a passage in some of the spurious gospels. There are others in which the rhyme served for sufficient connexion, as for example, in one of those which Martin del Rio would only give in a Latin translation—'*Ne quis utatur, si eo quo pronuncianda sunt verba, idiomate et rythmo proponerentur;*' but the original of which we happen to possess in one of the very curious volumes of Felix Malleolus, alias Hemmerlin, an author *de hæresi tantum non damnatus,* but in most of whose writings, says Del Rio, *multa sunt temeraria, erronea et scandalosa, quare maturo et sapienti consilio Ecclesia Romana ejus nomen inter primæ classis prohibitos scriptores, quorum cuncta scripta sunt vetita, retulit.* It would have been well if the great volume by which Martin del Rio himself is known had done as little harm in the world as the works of the canon of Zurich:

'Christus ward geboren,
Christus ward verloren,
Christus ward gefunden,
Der gesegnet dise wunden.'

Many a poor soldier's wound has been allowed to heal by being bound up and left to nature after a charm like this had been repeated over it, which would have cost him his life if it had been treated according to the most approved practices of the sixteenth century.

It is still believed in Tavistock that one who is troubled with fits may be freed from them by going into the church at midnight and creeping three times under the communion table while the chimes are playing twelve o'clock. Another remedy for the same disease is to be obtained at the same hour in the churchyard. While this book was in the press, Mr. Bray, as clergyman of the place, received the following letter:—'Rev. Sir, I should take it as a great favour if your honour would be good enovgh to let me have the key of the churchyard to-night, to go in at twelve o'clock, to cut off three bits of lead about the size of a half farthing each from three different shoots (spouts) for the cure of fits. Sir, I remain, your humble and obedient servant, J. M.' A more disgusting superstition still keeps its ground in Tavistock against the schoolmaster and the march of intellect. Take an old skull found in a churchyard, says the receipt, bite a tooth out of it, and keep it in your pocket all the year round, and never more will you have pain in your teeth or gums. On the very morning that Mrs. Bray had transcribed this receipt, 'Mary Colling,' she says, 'came running in and said, if I wanted to see an old custom she had told me of, I had only to go to the churchyard; for several skulls having been dug up in making a grave near the remains of Orgar's tomb, there was such a scene going on as she had never before witnessed

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witnessed, men and women tugging with their mouths at every tooth they could find left.' About forty years ago, when the churchyard was open by night as well as by day, two brothers had the fool-hardihood to wait till midnight in the church porch on midsummer eve, and look through the key-hole, in the expectation, according to the popular belief, of seeing all those who were to die in the course of a year from that time enter the church. *Crede quod videas et vides.* They saw *themselves.* Very soon afterwards they both died and were buried in the same grave; and as a mark of the more than ordinary impression which the story produced upon the inhabitants of the town, the bells were muffled at their funeral.

Among the tragic stories which Mrs. Bray has preserved in these volumes is one of a lady in the reign of Charles I., who in some fit of caprice demeaned herself so towards a suitor whom in her heart she loved, that, believing himself utterly discarded, he joined the king's army, and found the death which he desired in the battle of Newbury. In obedience to her father she afterwards married an officer on the parliamentary side; but on the marriage day, feeling too surely that her heart was broken, she wrote a letter, expressing that conviction, and relating the cause, and requesting that she might be buried near her first and only love. These words were written on the envelope beneath a black seal:—

'When I am dead and cold,
Then let the truth be told.'

According to her own presentiment she died, and on her deathbed pointed to the cabinet, and to the part of it where the paper would be found in which the cause of that secret grief which had consumed her was disclosed.

This was a case in which death was occasioned, not by the imagination, but by the will,—it was a mental suicide. The Tavistock brothers died of the fear of death; they had seen (as they believed) their own ghosts, and the expectation of death produced a mortal disease. In neither case was there any external cause; in the former the desire of death was inflamed by remorse. Mr. Polwhele relates a tragedy in which, as in Mr. Coleridge's poem of the 'Three Graves,' a curse carried poison with it. In the poem, indeed, which is founded upon a story well known in the neighbourhood where it occurred, and which we have heard upon the spot, the sufferers had nothing with which to reproach themselves—they were the innocent victims of a wicked and revengeful person. In this point the Cornish tragedy differs from it. A man named Thomas Thomas, who lived in the village of Drannock, in the parish of Gwinearnas, courted his first cousin Elizabeth, and it was understood that he was engaged to

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to marry her. She was very beautiful, but of an extremely irritable temper, even, as the event shows, to madness. Some disagreement occurred between them, and he, either to pique her, or out of resentment, paid particular attention to another young woman, whom, on a Sunday afternoon, he accompanied to a Methodist meeting. Elizabeth, knowing this, and concluding that she was discarded by him, took a prayer-book, folded down the 109th psalm, and taking the book with her into an adjacent field, hanged herself. As soon as Thomas came from the preaching he inquired for her, and hearing that she had not been seen for two or three hours, he exclaimed, 'Good God, she has destroyed herself!' whence it was inferred either that she had threatened to do so, in consequence of his desertion, or that he apprehended such a catastrophe from the violence of her disposition. But when he found that she had indeed committed self-murder, and had seen the leaf filled with curses, which she had marked as her dying imprecation upon him, he cried, 'I am ruined for ever and ever!' Endeavouring, however, to escape from the thoughts and feelings which pursued him, he removed from Drannock to Marazion. Change of place brought with it no relief; the curse he believed was on him, and 'he attributed to it whatever misfortunes befel him, and they were not a few, for he was several times hurt and even maimed in the mines in which he worked.' He carefully avoided the evening service on the twenty-second day of the month, and dreaded to go near a reading-school, lest he should hear the fatal psalm read as a lesson. Frequently in his dreams he saw the deceased looking at him vindictively, and holding open the marked passage, and he was often heard to cry out 'O, my dear Betsy, shut the book! shut the book!' In the forlorn hope that if he were to marry and have a family, his thoughts might be drawn off from the one miserable subject which possessed him night and day, he paid his addresses to many young women in Marazion, but they looked upon him as a doomed man, and asked him, cruelly, whether he wished to bring all the curses in the 109th psalm upon their head? At length, nearly six years after the suicide, he obtained a wife, and lived with her long enough to have two children. But the poison continued its operation, and in the third year of his marriage, and the 37th of his age, on Friday, October 20th, 1780, he died—of the curse. On the following Sunday he was buried at St. Hilary, during evening service, funerals, it seems, being performed at such times in that part of England, as christenings and churchings are in some other parts. 'But here,' says Mr. Polwhele, 'observe a strange coincidence of circumstances; for while the body lay in the church, to the astonishment of all the congregation, who knew that the 109th

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psalm had caused his death, that very psalm came to be read in the ordinary course. Against this event there was more than sixty to one; and that his funeral should also happen on a Sunday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, exactly corresponding to the time in which the girl destroyed herself, is another remarkable occurrence. It does not appear, however, that the maledictions of the psalm were verified after his death by any ill effect on his family; for both his children died before himself; so that they were neither fatherless, nor forced to beg their bread; and his wife took care to frustrate the curse of perpetual widowhood designed for her, for in 1784 a young man brought her to St. Hilary church, when she was married a second time. This dreadful example of perfidious courtship made such an awful impression on the young men in the neighbourhood, that no instance of broken faith occurred for a considerable time; and in the parish of St. Hilary, where the tragedy was best known, though the annual average number of marriages since the year 1754 had been only fifteen, no less than one and forty couple were married in the year ensuing Thomas's death.'

The mental poison acted slowly here, because it appears to have been resisted as much as possible by the will, yet the *aqua tofana* was not more sure in its operation. Among the Northern Indians, if a juggler threatens secret revenge, the threat often proves fatal, for as the belief prevails that the juggler possesses the power to which he pretends, fear brings on a mortal disease in its object, and a threat of this kind sometimes causes the death of a whole family. Hearne was supposed by an Indian leader to possess this art, and was earnestly pressed by him to kill an Indian who was not less than three hundred miles off. He was under great obligations to this Matonabbee, who was very urgent with him, on the plea that his own life was in danger from the man; and Hearne to please him, not expecting that any harm could possibly ensue, made a rough sketch on a piece of paper of two men struggling, the one holding a bayonet to the breast of the other. 'This is me,' said he, pointing to the figure with the bayonet, 'and the other is your enemy.' He then drew a pine tree opposite to the figures with a human hand coming out of it, and over the tree a large human eye. This paper he gave to Matonabbee, and advised him to make it known as publicly as possible. When the leader came to Prince of Wales Fort the following year, he told Hearne that the drawing had done its work: the Indian was in perfect health when he heard of it; but almost immediately became gloomy, refused all kind of sustenance, and in a very few days died.

If this had happened an hundred years before, the person who thus

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thus committed an act of deadly sorcery, without believing that it would produce any injurious effect, would have been not merely surprised, as Hearne was, by finding himself actually a sorcerer, but by finding himself, according to the statute, a felon, without benefit of clergy. It does not appear that he felt any compunction for the circumstance: however that may have been, he took advantage of the reputation which it gave him. 'I was frequently,' he says, 'applied to afterwards on the same account both by Matonabbee and other leading Indians, but never thought proper to comply with their requests; by which means I not only preserved the credit I gained in the first attempt, but always kept them in awe, and in some degree of respect and obedience to me. In fact, strange as it may appear, it is almost absolutely necessary that the chiefs of this place should possess something a little supernatural, to be able to deal with those people.' Woe to those who avail themselves of such artifices, instead of relying upon Providence in a straightforward course of probity and firmness!

Formerly, in Cornwall, when the master of a family died, the bees were put in mourning by hanging a piece of crape or black cloth upon the hives; otherwise, it was believed that the bees would die, or forsake the place. An opposite superstition prevailed in Cumberland: there, upon the master's death, the bees were immediately destroyed. Yet in both counties bees were once regarded as things too sacred to be sold, and honey was to be obtained only as a gift, not by purchase. Mary Colling, in one of her walks happening to pass a cottage and garden about which everything was neat and pleasing, according with the beauty of the spot, stopped to look at the flowers: a poor woman came out, invited her in, and gave her a nosegay. Mary observed in the window several beautiful plants, having each a piece of black crape or riband tied round it, and upon asking the reason, the poor woman said she had very lately buried her husband, and if she had not put the plants into mourning, they would have died too. Mary had seen no instance of this before, but the woman said it was the custom in those parts:—

'I know not any county in England'—Mrs. Bray says—'where this taste for a garden with the peasantry is more universal than in the west. A Devonshire cottage, if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are grey, and if not whitewashed (which they too often are), abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch, and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the de-

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light of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement of hollyhocks, &c., has a bed or two of flowers before the house, of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder, that most useful of all domestic trees, are seen near the entrance.'—vol. ii. pp. 138-9.

The moral keeping of this picture, which in every other respect is so beautiful, is injured by the bird-cage. The prettiest fairy story in these volumes relates to a cottage garden:—

'Near a pixy field in this neighbourhood there lived on a time an old woman who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The pixies, it is traditionally averred, so delighted in this spot, that they would carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often, at the dead hour of the night, a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of the most melodious music would float in the air, that seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these delicate flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it sometimes seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the pixies would return to the neighbouring field, and there commence dancing, making those rings on the green, which showed even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night season. At the first dawn of light, the watchful pixies once more sought the tulips, and, though still invisible, they could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured by a race of genii, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers in the garden; whilst, though contrary to their nature, as the pixies breathed over them, they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem. At length, however, she died; and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley bed; a circumstance which so disappointed and offended the pixies, that they caused it to wither away; and, indeed, for many years, nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting an injury, were, like most warm spirits, equally capable of returning a benefit; and if they destroyed the product of the good old woman's garden, when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude; for they were heard lamenting and singing sweet dirges around her grave: nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night before the moon was at the full; for then their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman, who had nurtured the tulip bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it; the sod was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing or planting; and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to its original dust.'—vol. i. pp. 190—192.

The

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The cricket is considered unlucky in Devonshire, though in other parts of England it is supposed to bring good fortune where it takes up its abode, and hearths have been colonized with them in that persuasion. The barn owl is wisely protected by the farmer: a pair of owls, while rearing their brood, bring home to the nest in the course of a week more than three hundred mice, besides what they consume themselves. The cuckoo is an ominous bird there, and to hear him for the first time, on the left hand, is a most sinister token. Some Devonshire poet has supplied the children with a set of rhymes upon this bird which once learned are never likely to be forgotten:—

'In the month of April
He opens his bill;
In the month of May
He singeth all day;
In the month of June
He alters his tune;
In the month of July
Away he doth fly.'

Mary Colling, who has assisted Mrs. Bray in collecting the curious particulars contained in these volumes, is still 'the same modest, graceful, single-hearted creature' that she was before she had the good fortune to be known to that lady. Mrs. Bray thus speaks of her with affectionate kindness:—

'Since the publication of her little volume, she has devoted as much time as the duties of her service would admit to her improvement; and I rejoice to tell those who fancied I might do her an injury instead of a benefit by bringing her forward, that the success of her book (and for one in her station of life it was considerable), and the notice it procured for her from so many honourable quarters, have done her no harm whatever; but, I trust, much good. There cannot be a more feeling, affectionate, or humble mind, or a more perfectly natural and engaging character. I am proud to call Mary my friend, and I shall never meet with one more constant or deserving. . . . . After the publication of her volume, as soon as she had received from the subscribers sufficient funds for the purpose, she paid all the expenses incurred in printing, &c. She next erected an inscribed stone in our churchyard to the memory of her beloved grandmother. She made many little presents to "Sister Anne" on her wedding; and, I know, did many other little acts of generosity and bounty that I do not name, lest it should be painful to her feelings: all this was done out of the profits of her book: and lastly, as a mark of thankfulness to God, whose goodness she always acknowledges in raising up friends to serve her, she put down her name as a *yearly* subscriber of five shillings to the Church Missionary Society. After all these payments and donations, I believe her own share of what she had gained amounted only to about twenty pounds; since (unless the publishers may have recently received further payments

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ments for her) nearly one hundred of her subscribers had not paid for their copies of the work: distance of time and place very probably have made them delay or forget their little debt, which, though very small to each individual, becomes, in the aggregate, a serious loss to her.'—vol. iii. pp. 130—132.

The following fable, which has not before been printed, is very characteristic of this humble poetess, who sees beauty wherever it can be found, and always regards it with a moral and religious feeling:—

'THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

'The brakes with golden flowers were crown'd,
And melody was heard around,
When near a stream, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head.

While trembling to the breeze it hung,
The streamlet, as it roll'd along,
The beauty of the morn confess'd,
And thus the sparkling pearl address'd:—

"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness;
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedew'd by thee:
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew.
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove;
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me to the sky;
And, I must own my humble power,
I've but refresh'd a humble flower!"

"Hold!" cried the stream, "nor thus repine,
For well 'tis known a power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Hath made the dew-drop and the stream.
Tho' small thou art (I that allow),
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou;
Thou hast refresh'd a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.
All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author form'd them all.
This thought may all repinings quell,
What serves His purpose serves Him well."'

The

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The verses of this remarkable young woman bear fewer marks of imitation than are commonly found in the productions of the educated. Hers is one of those happy dispositions which may truly be said to find

> ' ——— books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

From her good master's garden, and the Tavy, which passes at its foot, she has learnt more than all the essays on poetry that ever were written, and all the lectures upon it that ever were delivered, could have taught her.

It is said, in a work upon the Rural Economy of the West of England, that 'the style of driving an ox-team there cannot pass unnoticed by a stranger. The language, though in a great degree peculiar to the country, does not arrest the attention, but the tone, or rather tune, in which it is delivered. It resembles with great exactness the chauntings, or recitatives, of the cathedral service. The plough-boy chaunts the counter-tenor with unabated ardour through the day, the ploughman throwing in at intervals his hoarser notes. It is understood that this chaunting march, which may sometimes be heard at a considerable distance, encourages and animates the team, like the music of a marching army or the song of the rowers.' That this should have been caught from the cathedral service, which it is said so nearly to resemble, is unlikely, but not impossible. Defoe noticed, in his time, the solemnity, decency, and affecting harmony with which the service and the music, vocal and instrumental, was generally performed at Exeter, by the choral vicars, organists, and choristers, and which is 'well worthy of imitation,' he says, 'by the numerous congregations that attend the daily prayers winter and summer. It was no uncommon thing,' he adds, 'to see five hundred persons there at six in the morning,' which was at least five times as many as usually attended at St. Paul's, or any other six o'clock chapel that he ever was at; and he remarked as commendable, that the reader 'did not curtail the morning service, by leaving out any part of it, as they did in other places.'

William of Malmesbury describes the ground about Exeter as wet and miry, so that it would scarcely produce a crop of bad oats, often yielding empty ears without grain. Could he behold that neighbourhood now, the state of agriculture would appear to him not the least remarkable of the changes which six centuries have brought about there.

It was particularly remarked of Exeter, in Charles II.'s reign, that 'it was almost as full of gentry as of tradesmen, and that there had been more mayors or bailiffs of it who had descended from good families, or had become the founders of them, than in any

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any other place of equal size in the kingdom; the great trade and flourishing state of that city tempting gentlemen to settle their sons there, contrary to the practice in the midland and northern counties, where, according to the vain and ruinous notion of the Normans, trade was then left to the vulgar, and gentlemen were not to foul their fingers with it.' When Cosmo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, passed, during the same reign, through Exeter, the journalist of his travels admired the appearance of the sword-bearer, who always walked in boots, and in a robe of black velvet reaching to the ground, with a long sword in his hand and a red cap on his head, embroidered with gold; which cap was never to be taken off except to the king himself, because it had been Henry the Eighth's, who, in passing through this city, made a present of it for this particular service.

At that time the roads in the west of England were scarcely practicable for wheel-carriages. It was but a very few years before the accession of George III. that a three days' stage-machine, from Bath to Exeter, was set up: it ran during the summer only, and the fare was twenty-three shillings. The same journey will soon be performed in about five hours, at ordinary rail-road speed. Few things impressed Cowper so much as the invention of air-balloons. What would he have said to rail-road travelling? He was of opinion that as nothing within the reach of human ingenuity would be left unattempted for steering balloons, the means of effecting it would probably be discovered; and he asked whether it would prove in its consequences a mercy or a judgement? 'I think,' said he, 'a judgement. First, because, if a power to convey himself from place to place, like a bird, would have been good for him, his Maker would have formed him with such a capacity. But he has been a groveller upon the earth for six thousand years, and now, at last, when the close of this present state of things approaches, begins to exalt himself above it. So much the worse for *him*. Like a truant school-boy, he breaks his bounds, and will have reason to repent of his presumption. Secondly, I think it will prove a judgement, because, with the exercise of a very little foresight, it is easy to prognosticate a thousand evils which the project must necessarily bring after it, amounting at last to the confusion of all order, the annihilation of all authority, with dangers both to property and person, and impunity to the offenders. Were I an absolute legislator, I would therefore make it death for a man to be convicted of flying, the moment he could be caught; and to bring him down from his altitude by a bullet sent through his head or his carriage, should be no murder. Philosophers would call me a Vandal; the scholar would say that had it not been for me the fable of Dædalus would

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would have been realised; and historians would load my memory with reproaches of phlegm and stupidity and oppression; but in the mean time the world would go on quietly, and if it enjoyed less liberty, would at least be more secure.'

Cowper rested upon a weak argument when he inferred that man ought not to travel through the air because he has not been formed with a capacity for it. The argument would be just as applicable to travelling on the water; and the capacity with which man is formed extends to whatever his inventive faculty can achieve. As to the political evils to be apprehended if ærostation were to become as common as navigation, artillery would be quite as efficient against a fleet or squadron volant, as Peter Wilkins found it against the rebel army of Glums in the air, when he winged and brought them down by scores at every discharge. What may be the effects produced upon society by the marvellously increased facility and rapidity of loco-motion, in this age of movement, we shall begin to see when rail-roads are extended, as they soon will be, throughout the kingdom. Wordsworth augurs more cheerfully of this mode of travelling than Cowper did of ballooning. He says, in his Sonnet upon steam-boats, viaducts, and rail-ways,—

'Motions and Means, on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change; that point of vision, whence
May be discover'd what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that Beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er her brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffer'd crown
Of Hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.'

Space, however, might with as good reason smile at his brother Time; for these Motions and Means seem as if they were endeavouring to fulfil the prayer of another poet who once called upon the Gods to annihilate both Time and Space, in order to make two lovers happy. We are not, however, yet at the maximum of our speed, nor at the end of our rail-ways. The rail-ways have only put in abeyance a notable project for laying down tubes, instead of forming roads, and propelling passengers through them by blast, at the rate that a cannon-ball travels. And, with regard to the extension of rail-roads, we are gravely told that there is no insuperable difficulty to prevent the formation of one from Calais to

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to Pekin. '*All that is wanting,*' says this member of the movement party—'all that is wanting is a generation of civilization in the more barbarous of the intervening nations, so as to admit of the co-operation of the different governments'!

Looking only at possibilities, if the great highways should all be converted into rail-roads, the byways would still be left for those who like to travel at leisure, and to see the country through which they pass. It remains to be seen how far the convenience of such persons will be affected by the change; whether the increased facilities of travelling along the great lines may not tend to diminish that of moving in any other direction. 'Nothing,' says Sir George Head, 'can be more exhilarating than locomotion on an established rail-road; but, of all travelling, that on a branch line is the most irksome; delays and unpunctuality being unavoidable, owing to the uncertain number of people to be conveyed.' In one of his journeys on such a line, the surplus power of the engine, he says, was expended in pushing before it half a score of laden coal-waggons; and, in the rear of the carriages with the passengers, heavy goods and enormous logs of timber were yoked astern. Between two such heavy uncontrollable bodies, one before, the other behind, they were (especially on going down an inclined plane) 'most cruelly jerked and bumped all the way.' On another occasion this lively and observant tourist was nearly three hours in getting over eight miles of cross rail-road. He had proceeded about a mile and a half when the driver suddenly pulled up and demanded sixpence for fare for the part of the distance performed. But a writer who tells his own story so well, is injured when it is told in any words but his own.

'I therefore ventured to ask by what means I was likely to accomplish the remainder. The man replied that I must wait on the road, where we then were, while he went back to the Liverpool and Manchester line to wait for the trains and bring more passengers; adding, in a consolatory tone, he would not be absent more than an hour. Here I actually waited an hour, plus one quarter, at the bottom of an inclined plane, to the summit of which the carriages are drawn by a stationary engine and an endless rope, when they descend the declivity, on the other side, by their own gravity. As the laden carriages are thus raised, an iron *skid* is attached to the last, to prevent accident, in case the rope should chance to break; and a low small carriage follows the laden ones, in which a man sits, whose sole business is to attend this *skid*. Arrived at the top of the inclined plane, the man removes the skid into his own vehicle, and taking charge, at the same time, of a set of empty carriages, down they go all together back again *à la montagne Russe*. Having nothing to do, I amused myself, while waiting for my conveyance, by accompanying this man a few trips up and down, though a few experiments were quite sufficient, till I perceived the carriage, on its return

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return from its expedition, crawling slowly along towards the bottom of the inclined plane, where it was taken in charge by the dragsman, and being detached from the horse, was fixed behind a train of laden coal waggons, and drawn to the top. Not a single passenger had arrived from the Liverpool and Manchester trains, so that the delay (of some importance at least as far as regarded numerous coal-waggons some time since ready to proceed to Runcorn) was to no purpose. A heavy-looking old man now took charge, and commenced business by demanding nine-pence, the remainder of my fare to Runcorn. Under this person's guardianship, it was necessary to descend the inclined plane, a performance not altogether agreeable, as some consequence is to be attached to the management of the brake, the only countervailing power on the occasion, to the impulse of gravity; and somehow or other I had an apprehension that this old man would run us down too fast. As it happened in the result, the fault was on the opposite side, for he went down too slow. The engine-man, moreover, instead of taking the vehicle, as is usual, in tow to follow in the rear, proposed instead to place it in front, and so, as it were, dragging after him a heavy train of laden coal-waggons, push it, or rather kick it along; and matters being thus disposed, we began to descend the declivity. The carriage was a sort of hermaphrodite vehicle, one part open and the other close. I took my station in the open part, behind, and, with my back to the direction of our motion, had a full view of everything that followed on the line, particularly of our engine and its train of coal-waggons, halting at the top, in order to allow the old gentleman in charge sufficient time to get down: in short, my face was in the same direction as that of an outside passenger behind with his back to the stage-coach. The engine-man miscalculating distance, and under-rating the celerity of his own movement, now came trundling along down the hill after us at a winning pace. I had scarcely made up my mind that collision was inevitable, when we got a tremendous thump from the huge body, weighing at least forty tons, that followed in our wake, and impinged with such force that, no matter what became of the old man, I, not having rightly judged the direction of the impulse, though not in the least hurt, was thrown violently out of my seat. We were now taken in tow, for a short distance, by a second engine, after which it became necessary to walk a mile and a-half from the railway station to the Mersey, and, finally, with considerable delay, we crossed that river at the established ferry, previously to our arrival at the town of Runcorn.'—pp. 88—91.

The newspapers just now mention, as 'a curious and striking instance of enterprise, and the advantages of free competition,' that a day-coach performs the journey between London and Manchester within an hour of the time in which it is accomplished by the combined agency of the coaches and the Liverpool and Birmingham rail-way, 'notwithstanding the boasted speed of that rail-way.' The paragraph proceeds to say, that 'the spirited conduct of the proprietors in keeping such a coach on the road, in defiance of the extraordinary power with which they have to contend,

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tend, is a most striking and laudable specimen of moral energy and skill.' It is well that this 'free competition,' and this 'moral energy,' manifested in racing horses against steam-power, must soon be put an end to, if for no other cause, by the completion of the rail-way between London and Birmingham. One of the most satisfactory results to be expected from steam-travelling is, that, as far as it extends, it will remove from England the old reproach of being the Hell of horses; compared with what it is now, it was then Elysium when that reproach was cast upon us. 'I know not,' says Sir George Head, 'whose province it may be to regulate the maximum of load allotted to an unfortunate animal now-a-days on the public roads: for I believe, so long as the proprietor pays for his license, little trouble is taken to ascertain particulars.' This remark was drawn from him by his journey in 'a vehicle, licensed to carry four inside, and four outside, luggage unlimited, and drawn by one unlucky horse!'

Sir George witnessed

'a severe competition' [upon the Knottingley canal] 'between the rival powers of steam and cattle—a boat rapidly towed by horses and a small steamer; and although fortune has since decided in favour of the latter, it was not for lack of energy on the part of the horse proprietor. His boat was, to use a common expression, better turned out, and in every respect more fancifully equipped, than any other of these quickly towed craft, of which the one from Glasgow to Paisley in Scotland may be said to have been the first established. This latter I saw at its work only a few weeks ago, when it was evident that though they have reduced their pace to a reasonable rate, eight or nine miles an hour, and the boys ride decidedly better, and give their horses a fairer chance than those I have happened to see in the service of any of our English boats; yet, even with all these advantages, the animals were subject to too violent exertion. The Knottingley proprietor has failed, not from a want of desire to please the public, but from requiring too much of his cattle; in order to arrive at which conclusion, it is quite sufficient to see the state of a towing horse at the close of his labour: the dead, heavy pull is, without the nicest management on the part of the rider, really heart-breaking; precisely like forcing a horse, without feeling or consideration, to gallop at the top of his speed through a stiff fallow: yet with some of these boats the fellows appointed to ride frequently welter-weights, crack their whips as happily as a ten-stone postilion, without taking the slightest pains to control and regulate the powers of their horses.'—pp. 229, 230.

Even where there is not the reigning principle of 'free competition' to call forth the sort of 'moral energy,' which cares not at what cost of suffering to others the great object of gain is obtained, the same observer tells us that horses are worked to death in quite as merciless a way:—

'The proprietors of these canal-boats have endeavoured to establish a theory,

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theory, which, setting philosophy aside, is surely a bad one for horses: they maintain, that the animal works more at his ease at the rate of ten miles an hour, than at eight, or even less; because the swell at the head of the boat is, they say, by the greater velocity, surmounted before it accumulates; whereas at less speed the increase of the obstacle more than counterbalances the diminution in labour. Much depends, at all events, upon the width of the canal, the depth of water, and so forth; but, in practice, I think the experiment fails. I never saw horses more defeated than these, although the stages were usually only four miles. At the end of each they sweated and panted, as if they had undergone a severe burst with foxhounds: there they stood, planted as it were, reeling and shaking their tails till led away. We were generally on these occasions very soon out of sight; for on changing the cattle, no other ceremony was requisite than merely to unship the eye of each trace from the hook, and fix the other instead: nay, so quick were our movements, that frequently, on whisking round a corner, a traveller was seen waiting for a passage, and within the space of twenty seconds, from the moment the boat stopped till she proceeded on her way,—from the blast of the horn to the sound of the whistle, the packages and our new companion, the owner, were all together gliding away on our voyage. Even with the advantage of short stages, the cattle, unless highly bred and in tip-top condition, are unequal to the work assigned to them: twice during the passage, one horse, on both occasions, overpowered by the draft, as narrowly as possible escaped being soused in the canal. Such casualties having frequently happened, have at last suggested an alteration in the towing-path, now gradually carried into general effect. Instead of making the slant inwards, it is now inclined the contrary way: thus, not only are accidents in a great measure prevented, but a better foot-hold and purchase against the draft is afforded to the animal. It is extraordinary, for how long a period in many cases, principles, diametrically opposite to common sense, are acted upon.'—pp. 422-3.

There is this advantage in rail-road travelling, that fewer accidents will happen; and when they occur, they cannot easily be concealed. Sir George chanced, when he was travelling in one stage-coach, to see an unfortunate man thrown from the top of another, the coach, with a violent lurch, being all but over, and then righting:—

'I saw him,' [he says] 'with his heels up, and his head downwards, in figure like the letter X; and in that position he fell, with the joint force of gravity and progressive motion. Our passengers were eager to render assistance, as well from curiosity as commiseration, being really desirous to know, at least, whether the unfortunate man were alive or dead; but the driver whipped on his horses in spite of intreaty and remonstrance; neither to this moment do I know how the poor fellow, whom I saw on this short journey, head foremost, to the hard ground, fared when he got there. The object of the coachman, by his forward movement, no doubt was to keep his passengers in ignorance of the extent of the damage; and thus it is that the necessity is not unfrequently obviated

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ated of providing answers to obliging inquiries, and coach accidents are prevented from finding their way to the ears of the public.'—vol. ii. p. 93.

The overthrow of a train of carriages would be a catastrophe not less disastrous and astounding than the late explosion on board the steam-packet at Hull. The chief cause of danger, however, is removed, because there can be no overloading, and the passengers will never be put in jeopardy by the rivalry, or recklessness of drivers, who are exposed to such frequent hazard themselves, that they become insensible to peril. 'Coachman,' said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate over one of the most mountainous roads in the north of England, 'have you no consideration for our lives and limbs?' 'What are your lives and limbs to me?' was the reply; 'I'm behind my time.'

The very contrast between Mrs. Bray's book and Sir George Head's has been a reason for bringing them together here. One describes old England, as it is in an agricultural country; the other, what, in conformity with the ominous language of the times, may be called Young England, as it is in the great manufacturing and trading districts. Both show us how much there is to be seen at home, which even those who have seen most of the island are little acquainted with, and they may suggest a question concerning the comparative advantage of travelling in foreign countries or in our own: not as regards those whose professional pursuits, or whose station in society must always render foreign travel an indispensable part of their education, but the far more numerous class who, having means and leisure at command, seek how to pass a portion of their time most agreeably, yet always with a view to improvement. By such persons more is to be learnt at home than abroad, because they know better for what and into what they have to inquire; they can make their inquiries without any danger of being misunderstood, and are not likely to be misled by misunderstanding what is told them; and as nothing English can be foreign to them, though many things may be new, they may observe some things worthy of imitation in the rural or domestic economy of different parts of the kingdom. 'Ferme dicam,' says Linnæus,* 'fieri non posse ut vel per dimidium diei aliquâ in provinciâ Patriæ proficiscaris, quin aliquid discas in œconomicis: multa occurrent primo sanè intuitu levia quidem, sed si paullo attentius mentem oculosque adverteris, faterebere statim in rem tuam esse, et longe utilissima, qualia passim observare licebit in vario vestiendi, cibi parandi, pecoris pascendi, modo ac ritu; ut taceam vivendi mores, et commercia infinito numero alia.'

* De Peregrinationis intra Patriam necessitate.

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It is not a hundred years ago since a journey to London was considered an act of such imprudence for a respectable provincial family, as to be a fit subject for exposure on the stage. Expeditions from London into any distant part of the country for mere pleasure were at that time unheard of. No people have ever undergone a greater change in the course of a century than the increase of wealth, and the increased facilities of locomotion, have produced among us in this respect. But in the further change which steam power is now rapidly bringing about, it is possible that while the number of those who travel either on business, or to make the most of a few holidays, is greatly multiplied; those of a different class who look for repose and comfort at the close of a day's journey, may find reason to think that they order these things better in France; and on that account to determine on making a foreign tour, though they would otherwise have preferred one in their own country. One line there is, and that too not exceeded by any other in Great Britain for picturesque beauty and variety of interesting objects, which Sir George Head's account must show, is not to be undertaken by any tourists who are not able to *rough it* (as the phrase is) both by land and water. Sir George embarked at Glasgow to visit Staffa and Iona, and proceeded by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. At Glasgow he says that 'inasmuch as to be quietly lodged, civilly treated, and readily supplied with local information, are the main points required by a traveller, in that city of all places in the world, he has the means of being gratified in all these particulars.'

'The windows in the agents' houses in the Broomielaw, and the walls into the bargain, are made patchwork by the numerous sliding boards in panels, that serve to render information to the public of the departure of the various steamers from the port, and being easily movable, are shifted accordingly at every successive change of the home navigation. In silence and at leisure, even without wasting a word in the way of inquiry, an individual may here determine a projected course, and gratify his feelings, without farther labour and pains than stepping on board the chosen bark, by swimming as it were with the crowd along the current, and marking the progress of improvement, inch by inch, through the country. . . . . In due time, that is to say on the morning of departure, I had reason to know by experience that I had formed a too flattering picture of the ensuing voyage, and certainly I did feel at the moment when I stepped on board the vessel at the quay, a sensation of chilling disappointment. Placards and panegyrics everywhere set forth in the most flattering colours the delights of the expedition; and above all, I expected at least to meet with persons whose notions sympathised with my own as regarded a mutual party of pleasure. The poetic appellation "Maid of Morven," naturally created in the mind the semblance of a craft such as the Lord Mayor of London's barge, or that of Cleopatra, an airy swan-like galley, stealing through the balmy air,

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air, amid the wild land of mountain and of song, and bearing on her gilded decks fair woman's sylph-like form, her countenance melting to the harp's thrilling cords, and yielding up an elevated soul to the soft witchery of music. But, alas! in the estimate of fancy and reality, it little matters whether the one wings inordinately high its upward flight, or whether the other descends proportionally low; therefore I will, as regards the Maid of Morven, simply describe the state in which I found her.

'At half-past eight o'clock in the morning, after making way with much difficulty across two or three other vessels that lay nearer the quay, I finally succeeded, by walking along a rough plank, in getting on board the steamer. The morning was more than usually cold for the time of year, and a stiff gale blew steadily, directly ahead of our course, up the river. So far was unfortunate. When told I was on board the Maid of Morven, I could hardly give credit to the information, such was the scene of dirt and confusion, such the quantity of packages, and the mob of owners wrangling about stowage, that disturbed the thoroughfare. A few quarter-deck passengers meanwhile stood disconsolately regarding each other, as if lamenting the untoward fate that had brought them together, each unable for a moment to stand still, without being molested, or molesting others. A multitude of poor folks from the Highlands, busily arranging their own property, jabbered together in Erse, so loudly and fluently, that the captain, unless shouting at the full extent of his lungs, was unable to make himself heard. The Maid of Morven was a very Cinderella in her working dress—as black as a Newcastle collier, and crammed full till she rolled with stores and and packages of every description. There were sacks of oatmeal and barley, sugar-hogsheads, crates, deal cases, trunks, and band-boxes, stoves, frying-pans, scythes, hoes, and sickles; besides all sorts of agricultural implements and hardware. Among the fore-decks' passengers were lads and lasses from the mountains, shepherds with long poles, and plaids folded across their shoulders; and especially, as is usual among crowds under the most forbidding circumstances, plenty of mothers with young children. When the hour of departure, protracted to an unusual period, at last arrived, the authority of the captain was seriously exerted to oblige the shore-people to conclude their leave-taking and quit the vessel. Several, as no other argument would suffice, he finally pushed out by the head and shoulders. When we began to move, it was at once evident the vessel was grievously ill-trimmed and top-heavy; in fact she reeled and swung from side to side, as if really about to rest on her beam-ends; whereupon the captain filled his nostrils with snuff, disposed of the crew in the way of equilibrium, and placed heavy plugs of iron on the deck to serve as ballast. In spite of all these measures, always a heavy mover through the water, and furnished with an engine weak in proportion to her dimensions, she was considerably weighed down by the head, and sensibly quivered by the concussion of the waves. Meanwhile the more lively craft overtook us with the utmost facility, as we tardily weathered the head swell, and others meeting us with wind and tide in their favour, flew upwards before the

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the gale with inconceivable rapidity; a confused semblance of forms and features in a row along the bulwarks, joint property, as it were, of a string of tall, upright, staring figures, ranged in order for inspection. Four hours of toil and trouble were expended on the way to Greenock, and there, fast to the quay we remained another full hour, while the exchanging of passengers, the shifting the cargo, embarkation and altercation proceeded as strenuously as before. In one place knots of men stood wrangling together without an ostensible object; in another, bales and packages were handed from one to another without apparent presiding authority, and in every direction coils of rope were flung across the deck with no heed to bystanders. We were hustled by porters, plagued by bare-legged children with baskets of "berries;" absolutely without the enjoyment of a single moment's security, or a dry spot whereon to stand or sit down; and finally, a rampant steamer alongside belched black smoke and cinders on board in a continued cloud, whereat the Maid of Morven, hissing as if to cool her impatience, bespattered the passengers' clothes with her spare steam. Altogether, with the sounds of puffing, blowing, and panting of the engine, and the sights of ashes, fire, and smoke, ours for the present was the den of the salamander or the Cyclops' cave. Matters however, fortunately, had actually arrived at the worst, and, as it frequently happens in the affairs of life, they afterwards began to mend.'—pp. 98—103.

The day's voyage was delightful, but owing to the delay at starting,

'It was past ten o'clock at night before we arrived at the end of our first day's voyage, at the village of Lochgoilhead. Here again it was our lot to taste the vicissitudes of life and peregrination; the place at the head of the Creenin canal, where we were now about to pass the night, being ill calculated to afford even a single traveller decent accommodation. Having made our way through the first lock of the canal, we disembarked at the principal alehouse, where being so far fortunate as to obtain a bed, I was conducted to my apartment. Here indeed I might have slept, had the desire of rest been a unanimous feeling with the inmates; but such was the noise of talking and disputing among those who, having no beds of their own, cared not to disturb those who had, and so crazy and thin were the partitions, that no sooner had a mouse rattled a teacup in one room than he was heard in all. Owing to various disturbances of one sort or another, I had hardly closed my eyes when I was aroused, at four o'clock in the morning of the next day, by a continued blast of a tin horn. It was indispensable to start thus early, in order to overcome the delay of passing the other locks of the canal, so as to arrive at twelve o'clock, the time of rendezvous with the other boats at Oban. Besides those persons in the public-house, were several others out-lodgers in the village, wherefore the man, till all had assembled, never for a moment ceased to blow.'—pp. 104, 5.

Setting steam at Oban for Fort William, and arriving there at half-past eleven at night:—

'Even at that unseasonable hour the passengers were not permitted to go on shore, but, on the contrary, constrained to remain on board

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amid the hoisting and trundling barrels to and fro, besides other attendant nuisances of disembarkation. We then slowly moved to the commencement of the first artificial cut of the Caledonian Canal, and entered the first lock of the great series, called Neptune's Staircase. Here, at nearly one o'clock in the morning, all the passengers were turned out of the vessel to make the best of their way on foot, a mile and a half along the towing path of the canal, to the place of the night's repose; and since we were thirty or forty persons altogether, and the point of destination merely a small alehouse, incapable of providing beds for half the party, it followed that those who possessed long legs turned the same on the present occasion to special account. With fair prospect of success, I would in former days have immediately started in the handicap; yet I derived equal satisfaction, perhaps, without the means of serving myself, in rendering a little assistance to others. I therefore attached my fortunes on the way to a married couple, travelling *en suite*, with all their incumbrances; that is to say, two nursery maids, and four or five young children. Of these I carried one,—a little creature of two years old, in my arms; a short period of time, and distance, one would think hardly worthy of being considered. Nevertheless, during the aforesaid space of a mile and a half, I found my right arm, from the want of usage in the office, ache most grievously. Meanwhile the infant, lost in the placid intensity of sleep, appeared to me to gain every five minutes successively a year's growth in weight. Arrived at the inn, as might be anticipated, not a bed was to be had; the first comers being all served, none remained for the last. Nevertheless, though sleep be the unbought gift of Heaven, I found means to purchase it on the present occasion; and by the aid of a fee properly applied was introduced to a parlour below stairs, occupied by a party of whiskey bibbers, who, by dint of drink, and tobacco, and spinning long yarns, were already nodding and prosy. In conformity with arrangements, they received notice to depart, and in a few minutes I was alone in the room, extended at length on three chairs placed in a row, to rest for the night.'—pp. 152, 3.

The conclusion of this terraqueous expedition was as comfortable as the beginning. At half-past ten at night they cast anchor, one mile from Inverness:—

'A capacious omnibus was here awaiting our arrival to convey us to the end of our journey; into which carriage persons recklessly crowded, to the imminent danger of it upsetting; for since it was incapable of containing more than half the present party, personal safety, owing to the lateness of the hour, was sacrificed for the sake of expedition. Having fortunately or unfortunately obtained an outside seat, among the first detachment, I am precluded from the necessity of relating the further adventures of the rest of the travellers, who remained pacing backwards and forwards on the towing-path of the canal, like ghosts on the banks of the Cocytus, till the return of the vehicle. But I may observe, as relates to myself, on the present occasion, that notwithstanding we arrived without the slightest accident at the point of our destination, and even before the Inverness clock struck eleven were received by the sleek rosy landlord of the Caledonian hotel, I never remember in

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in any other wheel-carriage, and within equally short space of time and distance, to have encountered more peril. An infernal machine, it might really and truly be called; like Charon's leaky boat, groaning under surplusage of substantial perishable lumber, and like Charon's boat particularly, inasmuch as it was laden indiscriminately, in total disregard and disrespect of persons. Literally speaking, among auld wives, Highland swains of every degree, wearers of the kilt and fillibeg, especially one ambulating performer on the bagpipes, or doodlesack, as the instrument is provincially termed in this part of the country, no less than a royal personage, such is the uncertain will of fate, sat inside, crammed and squeezed promiscuously with all the rest, among the heterogeneous group. Prince Adalbert, brother to his majesty the king of Prussia, then travelling incognito in the guise of a private English gentleman, was among the passengers brought by the Maid of Morven from Glasgow to Oban, and submitted without murmur to all those miseries of peregrination which, in the detail of the present voyage, I have laid before the reader. And I recall to mind with feelings of pleasure, that in numerous instances on the way, without knowledge of the prince's high rank and station, I witnessed his affability, and benefited by his conversation. At the period I am relating, while sitting on the box of our ponderous and preponderating vehicle, whose weak springs were well nigh weighed down by gravity and oscillation, and whose still weaker horses were driven helplessly scudding on their haunches down a steep descent; while I looked at our coachman, a small Scots boy, not exceeding in weight a good-sized Norfolk turkey; and finally, while I cast a glance on the prince's tall aide-de-camp, sitting in the middle between us, enveloped in an ample blue cloak, his mustachios curling towards the moon;—while I regarded all these sights, I say, and thought of difficulties and discomfitures from which not even royalty itself is free, my imagination for a moment wandered towards the many-tinted allegorical picture of the ancients, that symbol of mortality and immortality, the stagnant lake,

"Scilicet omnibus
Enaviganda—sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni."'—pp. 155—7.

Such expeditions, if pleasure be the object, are practicable for those only who are not particular either about company or clean sheets; who can scramble for their food, can sleep upon three chairs where beds are not to be obtained, and be thankful if they can get three chairs to sleep on.

Though Sir George Head has not galloped over so much ground as his brother, whose rough-riding and 'Rough Notes' have amused as many readers as his 'Bubbles from the Brunnen,' few men have encountered more hardships than he did in his winter journey from Halifax to the Canadas. His perseverance never was overcome, and his good-humour seems never to have forsaken him; but no doubt it was put to the proof more by the disagreeables which he frequently met with in his Home Tour, than by

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the privations and positive sufferings to which he was exposed when travelling through an uninhabited country. Artificial and avoidable evils are never taken so patiently as those which, being natural, are felt to have been inevitable; or if they are borne with that *paciencia por fuerza*, of which Sir George must have heard, and said so much, and has so often been called upon sadly to practise, and more sorrowfully to enforce, during his commissariat services in the Peninsula,—it is never without a feeling of displeasure and of suppressed resentment. It is disgraceful that in one and the same concern there should in some things be the most consummate arrangement, and in others the most barbarous want of arrangement. No commissariat was ever more perfect than are all the great stage-coach establishments in this kingdom; everything belonging to them is attended to with admirable care—except the convenience and safety of the passengers. No set of men have been so greatly improved within the last forty or fifty years as stage-coachmen: as individuals, they are now not more remarkable for civility and steadiness, than they are, as a body, for sobriety; tea, or more generally coffee, having almost entirely superseded the use of spirituous liquors among them, and this without propping their good resolutions upon the crazy crutch of a Temperance Society, or making an asinine profession of Teetotalism. Yet, notwithstanding this moral improvement in the drivers, the improved construction of the coaches, and the improved state of the high-roads throughout the kingdom, stage-coach travelling is more dangerous than it ever was before, owing to the unmerciful speed of the swift coaches, and the unmerciful loads which are piled upon the others, like Pelion upon Ossa, or suspended from them wherever they can be hung on. The law which was intended to afford some security against this danger is disregarded, because it is no one's business to see it observed. But if the number of miserable accidents which are caused by such overloading, in defiance of the law, were fully made known, the evil would appear so great, that some effectual regulations would loudly be called for, and might surely be expected. The newspapers might do as much good by reporting all accidents of this kind, as they do evil by publishing the details of every atrocious murder that is committed; such publicity rendering such atrocities more frequent, because all crimes which have a taint of madness in them are infectious.

There is, however, a general tendency to improvement in most things; and among the changes which must be occasioned by new modes of travelling and new lines of road, some material ones may take place both with respect to security and comfort. There can be no competition between blood-horses and steam-power, however

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however cruelly the experiment may be made during the interval in which alone it is possible. When any line of rail-way is completed, stage-coaches can neither compete with it in speed nor in prices; nor will it be worth their while to race against each other, because all hurried or hasty travellers will prefer thirty miles an hour to any rate at which the most inhuman driving could be kept up. Their competition, therefore, must be in the safe and convenient construction of the coaches, in the precautions taken against every kind of danger against which it is possible to provide, and in the accommodations on the road. Even in this age of movement, when the feverish pulse of society beats as fast as a squirrel's, there is a very considerable number of persons to whom travelling would be a pleasure, if it were not made a toil; and it must now be for the advantage of coach proprietors to consult the safety and the comfort of their passengers, which, while speed has been their principal object, have been altogether, and of necessity, disregarded.

ART. II.—*England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis.* By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Spy,' 'Excursions in Switzerland,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1837.

IF the Quarterly Review were, as Mr. Cooper asserts, the organ of a national antipathy to America, and if Mr. Cooper were, as he affects to be, the representative of his nation, these volumes would be the most acceptable present which our malevolence could receive; for so ill-written—ill-informed—ill-bred—ill-tempered, and ill-mannered a production it has never yet been our fortune to meet. But we deny both propositions—the first, that relates to ourselves, with mere contempt; and as to the second, we must say, in justice to every thing American that we have happened to meet either in literature or in society, that we never met such a phenomenon of vanity, folly, and fable, as this book exhibits—we say *fable*, because (whatever may be Mr. Cooper's intentions) his ignorance and presumption betray him at every moment into mis-statements so gross, and sometimes so elaborate, as to have all the appearance and effect of absolute falsehood.

We have had great doubts whether the book was worthy of our notice. As a literary work it is really below contempt. Its style, topics, and arrangement are trivial, frivolous, and confused. It has nothing solid but its ignorance, and nothing deep but its malice. It contains neither that class of facts from which an intelligent

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intelligent American could form a judgment of our manners, nor that species of criticisms by which a candid Englishman might profit. In fact the title-page is an utter misnomer. Instead of '*England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis, by J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire,*' the title should, in truth, have been '*J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire, in England, with Sketches of his Behaviour in the Metropolis.*' The subject of the book is not England, but Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper; and every object or topic is treated with strict and exclusive reference to the feelings and tastes of the aforesaid Cooper, who—being unfortunately cursed with a peculiar share of the common malady of narrow minds—namely a jealous, captious, and sour egotism—has produced what may be justly called *an autobiography of excoriated vanity.* We now and then read in the newspapers of some unhappy brewer's workman falling into a vat of hot wash, from which he escapes alive indeed, but with the loss of every particle of skin on his body. This is a very accurate image of the state of Mr. Cooper's mind: a scalding vanity has stripped it of every inch of epidermis. He winces at the very breeze—writhes and groans under the gentlest touches of good nature or sympathy—and the ordinary contacts of society drive him to absolute frenzy. Knowing nothing of Mr. Cooper personally, we cannot tell what subordinate accidents may have inflamed his susceptibility to so extravagant a degree, but its first germ is, we think, obvious enough. Mr. Cooper, as he himself, with some circumlocution, confesses, entered early the merchant service as a common seaman—and there he spent the most important years of his life. This was no very promising school for the literature, manners, or morals of 'the Author of the Pilot.' We know not when he emerged into a higher course of life; but he evidently has had a late and scanty acquaintance with polished society. The success of some nautical novels (of which, after all, we believe the chief attraction lay in such professional technicalities and manners as are learned where nothing else can be) appears to have had an effect on Mr. Cooper's mind—not unnatural in its direction, but extreme in its degree. It is rare, even in the sober and phlegmatic climate of England, and amidst a pretty general instruction and civilization, that the rise of low-bred talents is accompanied by modesty and discretion, and still more rare that early vulgarity in manners or ideas is worn out, or even softened down by sudden notoriety; but there must have been a concurrence of circumstances natural, professional, personal, and national, to have produced in Mr. Cooper such an intoxication of vulgar vanity, as, with all its consequent delusions and impertinences, is exhibited in the work before us.

But

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But may not we ourselves be prejudiced against our American censor, and is it not the just severity of his strictures that offends us? We think not.

In the first place, because we showed, in a former article,* that Mr. Cooper's '*anti-British zeal*' did not prevent our treating his travels in 'France and Switzerland' with leniency—not to say favour—though, as we then hinted, there was abundant opportunity for a more severe criticism. We saw that he was ignorant, and knew that he was prejudiced, but we had no reason to doubt his sincerity, and no desire to quarrel incidentally with his style and manners. But it is quite another thing when we find him daring us to a conflict—concentrating his ignorance and inspissating his malice under the influence of his publisher's dollars, and endeavouring to turn a penny at the expense of truth and decency.

In the second place, we have seen a volume on England 'by the author of *A Year in Spain*'—Captain Slidell, of the American navy; but though that work was begun, as the author honestly owns, '*in a feeling of animosity towards England*,'—though many of his criticisms are exceedingly severe, and though he often mistakes, and occasionally misrepresents us, yet no one complains of Captain Slidell's book—because it is written in good faith, and with good manners. His views, when erroneous, are not distorted either by vanity or malice; and hitting, as he does, much harder, and on sorer places than Mr. Cooper, his strictures may be read by an Englishman sometimes with profit—often with regret—but never with anything like the mingled disgust and contempt which are excited by the rancorous triviality of Mr. Cooper.

It is not with a view to the discussion of any of the many interesting and important questions which might arise from a comparison judiciously made of the manners and state of society in England and the United States that we notice this at once stupid and ridiculous book, but to amuse our English, and enlighten our American readers, by specimens of the taste, temper, and acumen of Mr. Cooper, who, with all his avowed malignity against England, is, as we shall show, quite as bitter, and—considering his professions and partialities—a much more effective libeller of his own country. In England we can afford to laugh at his absurdity—in America, we apprehend he will not meet such contemptuous indulgence.

In a work which has no order of subjects, and in which any one page is just as silly as every other,—'as like one another as halfpence, each seeming monstrous till its fellow comes to match

* Quarterly Review, vol. lviii. p. 497, *et seq.*

it,'—

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it,'—we are at some loss where to begin, and should be at still more to maintain any thing like a continuous examination. Our readers must, therefore, forgive us for being almost as desultory and rambling as our original.

One main and predominant feature, however, distinguishes itself in Mr. Cooper's work—that to which we have already alluded—his endeavour to make his *personal* distastes *national* grievances, and to enlist his countrymen in general as partners in imaginary slights and visionary insults—which, whatever they may have been, were incurred by Mr. Cooper, not *because*, but *although* he was American—not *parceque*, but *quoique*, as Mr. President Dupin would say:—for it is clear, from his own account, that he received much attention in his national character, which he forfeited when he became personally known.

His vanity never fails to assume as paid to his own individual merit whatever civilities he receives, but whenever he fancies that he is at all neglected, he complacently sets down his failure to the score of *national prejudice*. At his first coming he received some attentions from being mistaken for the son of an American gentleman of the same name who had left behind him more amiable recollections than his namesake, we fear, has done.

'I was told a lady, known a little in the world of letters, was desirous of making my acquaintance, and, of course, I had only to go forward and be presented. "I had the pleasure of knowing your father," she observed, as soon as my bow was made. I observed that she had then been in America. Not at all; she had known my father in England. I then explained to her that I was confounded with another person, my father being an American, and never out of his own country. This news produced an extraordinary change on the countenance and manner of my new acquaintance, who, from that moment, did not deign to speak to me, or hardly to look at me! As her first reception had been quite frank and warm, and she herself had sought the introduction, I thought this deportment a little decided. I cannot explain the matter in any other way, than by supposing that her *inherent dislike of America* suddenly got the better of her good manners, for *the woman* could hardly expect that I was *to play impostor for her particular amusement*. This may seem to you extraordinary, but I have seen many similar and equally strong instances of *national antipathy* betrayed by these people since my residence in Europe. I note these things as matter of curious observation.'—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

We, too, '*note these things as matter of curious observation*,' and will take leave to suggest that, of which Mr. Cooper seems to have no conception, namely, that one might happen to dislike the personal manners of the individual Cooper without entertaining any '*antipathy*' to the *American nation*. But look at the details of the anecdote. Does Mr. Cooper mean that the '*woman*' should

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should have gone on '*playing the impostor for his particular amusement,*' and addressing to him—a perfect, and, perhaps, a not very prepossessing stranger—the attentions which were intended for the son of an old acquaintance?

The discovery of the error should not have made the lady rude; but may not Mr. Cooper—whose perceptions of *mauvaise honte* are certainly not very acute—have mistaken for rudeness the confusion and *gêne* which a lady would feel at having fallen into such an error? And, finally, is Mr. Cooper's vanity so blind that he does not see that the story—taken at the worst—proves the very contrary of what it pretends to establish—*national antipathy*—for, of course, it could only be *as an American* that '*the lady*' desired his acquaintance, and it was only on finding what *manner of man* the *individual* was, that '*the woman*' thought it expedient to draw back.

It happened unfortunately that Mr. Cooper, early in his London life, was subjected to a very shocking affront—so brutal, indeed, that *seven* pages, from 161 to 168, of the first volume are filled with an indignant exposure of this outrageous national insult. Mr. Cooper, in relating it, doubts whether it is not too monstrous to be generally believed; but,

'as I specifically state the facts to have befallen myself, *you*'—[Mrs. J——, his correspondent in New York]—'*at least, will believe them.*'—vol. i. p. 167.

'It was,' he intimates, '*want of manners* in the English *as respects us.*' (p. 164.)—'It was positive *dislike* and *distrust.*' (p. 167.)—'One must eat a *peck of dirt,* they say; and look you, Madam, I charge to this affair at least a *quart of mine.*' (*ibid.*)—that is, one eighth part of all the mortification and affronts Mr. Cooper had suffered in the whole course of his life, as cabin-boy and all.

But what was this stupendous affront? After dining at ——— House,

'Mr. —— and myself proceeded to Berkeley Square, to make a call'—["*make a call*" after dinner?].—'As we were in the hall, Lord ——, one of the guests, understanding our intention, offered to take us in his chariot. On reaching the house to which we were going, we alighted, in the order in which we sat, which brought Lord —— in advance. In this manner, as a matter of course, we ascended the stairs. When about half-way up my companion stopped, and appeared to be examining a vase filled with rose leaves, one of the customs that the extreme luxury of the age has introduced in London. It was some little time, however, before I discovered the *real cause of the delay, which was merely to allow Lord ——, who was a fat old man, and walked slow, to get up stairs before us.* This he did, was announced, and entered the drawing-room first, we following and entering as if we had not come in his party!

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party! It was very good-natured in this gentleman to offer a stranger the use of his carriage; but, now I understand the conditions, I shall not accept it the next time.'—vol. i. pp. 161—4.

There! Mr. Cooper's nameless companion, Mr. A——, allowed Lord B——, a fat old gentleman, who had kindly brought them thither in his chariot, and who happened 'to alight first, and to be thus *in advance*,' to keep his relative position, and to walk up stairs and into the drawing-room, *before them*, instead of taking advantage—as Mr. Cooper would have done—of the good-natured old peer's age and infirmity, and *passing him on the stairs*. This is a proof not only of personal want of manners, but of 'national dislike and distrust'—the natural consequence of the political relations between the countries—in short, 'a quart of dirt;' and

'*I ask with confidence if the anecdote I have just related is not eloquence itself on the subject of the estimation in which WE are held?*'—vol. i. p. 167.

And so on through seven pages. Now, without at all venturing to attenuate so gross an instance of undue precedency allowed to rank—to age—to infirmity, and to the accidental local position of the parties, we would humbly entreat Mr. Cooper not to make it a national quarrel, for he must see that his friend, Mr. A——, whom we suppose to be an *Englishman*, was just as ill-treated as Mr. Cooper, and we can assure him that exactly the same thing would have happened to the Speaker of the House of Commons, or the most wealthy and respected commoner in England, and that this matter was certainly not *got up* (as Mr. Cooper seems to imagine) between Lord B—— and Mr. A—— for the purpose of making Mr. Cooper, in his individual person, a victim of national hostility.

But besides the moral and political consequences which Mr. Cooper so eloquently deduces from this incredible event, he also takes a practical and utilitarian view of the matter: after proving at greater length and with more argument than we should have thought the theorem required, 'that names, titles, and *local* [*personal?*] distinctions can only be obtained by superiors, at the expense of inferiors!' a proposition which honest Dogberry had more concisely established—'*an' two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind;*' after expatiating, we say, on this point, he adds—

'You compel the inferior to stop in the middle of the stairs, without walking—*like a man*—to the top; but you do not elevate the other one inch. My companion and myself got into the drawing-room later for this *coup de politesse;* but Lord —— got there no sooner.'—vol. i. p. 166.

Now, as all the details of so grave a matter should be well considered, we are obliged to say that we do not think that Mr. Cooper

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Cooper is wise in quitting the high moral ground on which he had assumed so noble an attitude, and condescending to take the question by its mere *practical* bearings; for the *delay* which he and his companion suffered on the stairs could not have been very tedious; and he should recollect that if the old lord had not so insolently carried them to Berkeley Square, they would have had either to walk, or to call a hackney coach, and, in either case, would not have 'got into the drawing-room' so early by ten minutes as they did (notwithstanding the truly unfortunate delay on the stairs) by accompanying his lordship.

In the course of this affair, and, indeed, throughout his volumes, Mr. Cooper is very severe on the social injustice and moral absurdity of *titles*. He is not a person worthy of a serious discussion on that or any other subject; but we will take leave to ask him why then, or on what pretence, he calls himself and his relations *esquires*? *Esquire* is as clear, though not so high, a title of honour as *duke* or *earl*; and 'Squire Cooper is careful to inform us that 'the English *gentry* are *noble* according to the standard of the rest of Europe, and that *esquires were formerly created by patent*.'—(vol. i. p. 108.) But how are these American citizens *esquires*?—How does a common seaman grow up to be an *esquire* in the land of equality?—Mr. Cooper indeed seems to be one of the family of the *Shallows*, and probably thinks himself therefore entitled to 'write himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—*armigero*:'—it may be so—but then, he should not be so hard on his fellow *nobles* the lords and esquires of England.

Mr. Cooper proceeds to give further proofs of the rancorous antipathy of the English to every thing American.

'It is not easy for an American to imagine the extent of the prejudice which exists against his country in England, without close and long observation. One of its effects is frequently to cause those who were born on our side of the water, or who have connexions there, to wish to conceal the fact. Two anecdotes connected with this feeling have come to my knowledge, and I will relate them.

'A gentleman of one of our well-known families was put young in the British army. Circumstances favoured his advancement, until he rose early to a situation of high honour, and of considerable emolument. Speaking of his prospects and fortune, not long since, to a near relative, who mentioned the anecdote to me, he felicitated himself on his good luck, adding, that "he should have been the happiest fellow in the world had he not been born in America!"

'An Englishman married an American wife, and their first child was born in the country of the mother. Alluding to the subject, one day, an American observed, "But you are one of us; you were born in the United States." Observing his friend *to change colour*, he asked him if he really had any feeling on the subject; when the other frankly admitted,

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mitted, "there was so strong a prejudice against America in England, that he felt a reluctance to own that he was born there!"'—vol. i. pp. 168, 169.

Now we certainly do not see how we English can be blamed because Americans are thus ashamed of their country: or what, since Mr. Cooper's apparition in Europe, is more probable—their countrymen. But we fear that the publication of these volumes, however well meant, may have the effect of rendering American gentlemen still more reluctant to acknowledge their compatriotism with Mr. Cooper. For our own parts, we most sincerely assert, that if we were Americans, there is nothing that Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Hamilton, Captain Hall, or Mrs. Butler have said about America, which even if taken in the worst sense, would inflict on us so much mortification and shame as these volumes of Mr. Cooper.

At another house he happens to meet a bishop at dinner, and takes offence at an incident still slighter in our judgment than the foregoing.

'The dinner offered nothing worth repeating, except a short conversation I had with my neighbour, the bishop. He asked me if I knew Dr. *Hubbart*. I was obliged to answer "No."—"From what part of America do you come?" "From New York."—"I thought Dr. *Hubbart* well known in that state. Is he not its bishop?" "You must mean Dr. *Hobart*, who was lately in England, I think."—"Hubbart, or Hobart; we have a noble family in this country of the name of Hobart, which we pronounce *Hubbart*, and we called your bishop *Hubbart* too, thinking it might flatter him."—Here was a finesse for a successor of St. Peter and St. Paul!'—vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

Now, we ask, what *finesse* is there here?—or what excuse, or shadow of an excuse, is there either for Mr. Cooper's impertinence at table, or for the vulgar sneer about St. Peter and St. Paul? The bishop called an English name as the English call it:—How in common sense, or common civility, could he have done otherwise? And, when he saw that Mr. Cooper, in his own peculiar style of sense and manners, took the matter in dudgeon and grew impertinent, the bishop with equal truth and politeness said, apologetically, that he could not imagine that it could be otherwise than flattering to the American doctor to hear his name pronounced, as it was always pronounced by the noble family, to whom it belongs. Suppose for a moment the bishop had affected to talk of Doctor Ho-bart, what exclamations would not Mr. Cooper have made on the national and aristocratic insolence which had thus made a marked, and therefore offensive, difference in the pronunciation of the very same name when it belonged to an English peer—or to an American doctor!

This matter seems to have rankled so deeply in Mr. Cooper's mind,

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mind, that, unmindful of what he *professes* on other occasions to acknowledge, the honourable obligations of private hospitality, he throughout these volumes pursues this prelate—whom he sufficiently designates, and delicately calls, 'MY *bishop*,' as if he were his *game*—with every species of sneer and imputation. The bishop would probably never hear (unless, perhaps, in our pages,) of Mr. Cooper's impertinence, and would certainly only smile at it; but very different must be the feelings of the gentleman who had the misfortune of bringing his lordship into contact with such a companion—compared to whom 'Stephen Stimpson, of Kennebunk,' (vol. ii., p. 213,) must have been a polished gentleman.

Another portentous insult, the details of which occupy *fourteen* pages, was shortly as follows:—He went to dine with —— ——, (Lord Somebody we presume,) who had been civil enough to send him two or three invitations, and he 'now *went a little out of his way* to manifest a sense of his persevering politeness;' that is, in common parlance, he accepted an invitation to dinner. This *persevering politeness* might, we should have thought, have soothed the most jealous *egoïsme:* no such thing—a distinguished company was assembled—this again ought to have been flattering—by no means!—there was a duke, and a couple of earls, and two or three lords, and a baronet, and several members of parliament, and there being almost an equality of ladies and gentlemen, each of the men of rank handed a lady to dinner, and Mr. Cooper, and a young gentleman belonging to the family, were left to bring up the rear: the young man took his seat at the foot of the table, and Mr. Cooper sat beside him. Our readers will see nothing very offensive in all this; but Mr. Cooper was indignant even to fury at being so *neglected,* while 'a swarthy, dark-haired, common-looking young man, whom he took for a duke,' should sit next the mistress of the house.

'I could not divest myself of the idea that, had I been anything but an American, this *cutting neglect* would not have occurred; and when I found that precisely the lowest seat at the table was left for me, I endeavoured to recall that passage in Holy Writ, where one is directed to take the lowest place at a feast, as a course *good for the soul.** Although we have no established religion in America, I will be bold enough to say, that no one else, that day, bethought him of this text.'—vol. ii. p. 297.

His mortification at the preference shown to the 'swarthy dark-haired dignitary' was not soothed by observing that the duke had also taken place of the two earls, and of 'old Lord ———, a full general in the army,' as well as of Mr. Cooper: no—he could

* We shall make no other observation on Mr. Cooper's manifest ignorance of the meaning of the text to which he thus profanely alludes, than to express a wish that he would endeavour to understand and profit by it.

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see in the whole arrangement nothing but a premeditated insult to *himself* and his *country*. In vain did one of his neighbours, on finding him to be an American, endeavour to be civil, and to turn the conversation in a transatlantic direction—the wound in Mr. Cooper's temper continued to rankle and fester. The young man made some observation with regard to America, which Mr. Cooper felt to be just—but

'I did not admit this, however, *for I had been put at the foot of the table on account of that country*, and one never receives *scurvy treatment*, even for a defect or a misfortune that cannot be helped, that he does not begin to defend it.'—vol. ii. p. 302.

As the conversation grew general, Mr. Cooper states—

'I longed for an opportunity to let men, who had so unceremoniously *exalted* themselves, understand whereabouts America lay, and *the sort of stuff* of which she was made—chance favored me.' *Ib.*

And then he launched out upon the 'American war'—'Bermuda'—'impressment,' and such-like conciliatory subjects, which no doubt he treated with an elegance and discretion akin to the good temper in which they were commenced. For 'the only way,' he thinks, 'to put down the indifference of the English to the feelings of foreigners,'—

'Is to become *belligerent* yourself, by *introducing* pauperism, radicalism, Ireland, the Indies, or some *other sore* point. *I have uniformly retorted* in kind, if there was the smallest opening for such retaliation.' —vol. ii. p. 273.

By this time the guests in general seem to have discovered, for the *first time*, that he was an American, and so far from either showing any national antipathy, or resenting his obvious vulgarity and ill manners, he adds, that on adjourning to the drawing-room, half a dozen *lords* tendered him civilities. This attention he generously attributes to the rough lesson he had just given them,—

'And I dare say, if the dinner were to be given over again, the *bearings and distance from the salt* would have been materially altered. *I shook the dust off my feet in quitting that house.*'—vol. ii. p. 307.

This is what Mr. Cooper calls '*self-respect* and *national pride*' (ib. 172). To us it seems the extravagance of vanity, morbid as Bedlam, and impudent as Billingsgate.

We shall close this topic of alleged insults, much the most copious of the whole work, (of which, indeed, it occupies, in one shape or other, full three-fourths,) by a couple of instances which, although not so outrageous as the last, afford perhaps a still more conclusive proof of the morbid obliquity of Mr. Cooper's vision, because they have not even the miserable excuse of personal vexation.

'You have heard the heads of Washington and the other American officers, which are on a bas-relief of André's monument, have been knocked off.

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off. This fact of itself furnishes *proof of the state of feeling here, as respects* us; but an answer of our cicerone, when showing us the church, gives still stronger evidence of it. "Why have they done this?" I demanded, curious to hear the history of the injury. "Oh! sir, there are plenty of evil-disposed people get in here: *some American* has done it, no doubt." So you perceive we are not only accused of hanging our enemies, but of beheading our friends!'—vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

Now, we confess that we do not believe that his cicerone told him any such thing, or ever dreamt of the Americans in the matter, because he must have known, as every one does, and as Mr. Cooper himself must have *seen*, though *he conceals the fact*, that this mischievous mutilation of the monuments was not confined to that of *André*. Mr. Thynne's, for instance, we believe, was mutilated before André's was even erected. Mr. Cooper is welcome to be as severe as he pleases on the school-boy vandalism, or John-Bullism, which perpetrated such mischief, but we can assure him that it was older than the American war, and has no more relation to 'Washington and the other American officers,' than it has to Epaminondas. Captain Slidell, with more good sense, sees that, if the mutilation could imply offence towards any party, it must have been towards André himself, whose figure was not spared;

'but as there was nothing in his fate to excite other sentiments than pity, the mutilation of his monument can only be taken as evidence of the popular propensity for destruction.'—*American in England*, p. 30.

But, for the next instance, there is absolutely no colour or pretence whatsoever—the gangrene is in Mr. Cooper's own heart, or it would perhaps describe the organ better, to say his own spleen.

'That the reader may understand the nature and extent of the *prejudices that are inculcated in England* against *this country* [America], I extract a sentence from a *school* book, of a good deal of reputation, *written by a clergyman*. The edition is of 1830. "The women [of the United States] everywhere possess, in the highest degree, the domestic virtues; they have more sweetness, more goodness, *perhaps as much courage*, and more sensibility and liberality, than the men." Prejudice must have taken deep root, indeed, in England, where the bad taste of a *sneer on the courage of America* was not self-evident.'—vol. iii. p. 46.

This we take to be unparalleled in the annals of perverseness and perversion—to say that the women of a country possess in the highest degree all the softer virtues, 'with perhaps as much courage as the men,' is, through the distorted medium of Mr. Cooper's malignity, a *sneer* against the latter—an exemplary instance of national antipathy!!!

We shall see, by-and-by, that Mr. Cooper does not draw quite so favorable a picture of his countrywomen as this which he complains of.

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We need give no further instances of Mr. Cooper's perverse and rancorous ingenuity in turning everything, even hospitality and praise, into personal affronts and national insult; but his absurdities on minor topics are too characteristic of the man, and too amusing in themselves to be omitted. So rich is the collection before us, that we have no difficulty but in selecting passages short enough to suit our limits.

We remember being exceedingly amused by certain letters published some years ago in the *New Whig Guide,* purporting to be written by *Ezekiel Grubb,* an American Quaker in London, to his friend in New York, and giving, *inter alia,* an account of the then House of Commons, in a style which—till we had read Mr. Cooper—we thought—as such pleasantries usually are—somewhat exaggerated—but Mr. Cooper *out-Grubbs Grubb.*

'Whitbread,' says *Ezekiel,* speaking of the House of Commons in 1815, 'hath more weight than the leader (Mr. Ponsonby). He is a very facetious and lengthy speaker, and *puts me in mind of Bully Pycroft of Kentucky, whom thou knowest—though he is inferior to Pycroft in taste and elegance.*'

Is this any exaggeration of the absurd nationality of such passages as the following?—

'Lord John Russell is a small, quiet man, with an air of ill-health, reminding me a little, in his mouth and manner of speaking, of Captain Ridgley of the navy, *though the latter has altogether the best physique.*' —vol. i. p. 124.

Sir James Mackintosh found great favor in his eyes as 'the best talker he had ever heard'—but still he cannot refrain from observing, in the true spirit of *Grubb*—

'—— *that Colonel C——, of Georgia, is perhaps neater and closer in his modes of expressing himself.*'—vol. i. p. 125.

Again;—

'The voice of Mr. Peel is pleasant and well modulated—and not unlike that of *Mr. Wirt—though not as melodious!*'—vol. i. p. 275.

Of a verity *Ezekiel* was a prophet, and shadowed forth Cooper as a letter-writer, even while he was yet an embryo in the womb of a New York trader.

We are not at all surprised that Mr. Cooper should have been '*disappointed*' in Windsor Castle, which, instead of being magnificent, is only '*quaint;*' and in Richmond Hill, which in his opinion—and in that, no doubt, of *Ezekiel Grubb*—is far inferior to the prospect '*from the belfry at Albany.*' We are not ignorant of the grandeur and beauty of American prospects, but we are surprised that so sensitive a person as Mr. Cooper should have been so egregiously duped by the late facetious Mr. Charles Mathews, as to be induced to quote him as authority on the

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the picturesque. 'When I took him,' says Mr. Cooper, in the amiable simplicity of his heart, 'to the belfry at Albany'—

'He stood gazing at the view a minute, and then exclaimed, "I don't know why they make so much fuss about Richmond: now, to my notion, this is far better than Richmond Hill." '—vol. ii. p. 145.

This we take to have been a transcendent triumph of the great mimic and mystificator—indeed we think we have heard Mathews tell the story himself with abundance of glee, though he had the delicacy to conceal the name of his dupe.

Holland House is, he tells us,

'A *quaint* old house, of the time of Elizabeth, separated from the highway, or rather the street, with a high, blind wall. The proximity to London and the value of land forbids the idea of a park, but the lawn was ample and prettily enough arranged.'—vol. i. p. 137.

So far so good; but the spirit of *Grubb* immediately breaks out—

'The lawn is about the size of *yours at Rye*, and I should think the house might contain *twice as much room as that of the Patroon*.'—vol. i. p. 138.

That is, a lawn, almost in the streets of London, which he tells us would let 'for some thousands a-year, as building-ground,' (p. 140) is gravely compared *for extent* with some lawn in the state of New York; while the *similitude* is completed by discovering that there is somewhere in the same territory a house *half as large*. We should have thought that Mr. Cooper, instead of one or two, might have found in the state of New York twenty lawns larger, and some hundreds of *mansions smaller* than Holland House.

But in some essential points of domestic refinement and luxury, Holland House is quite outdone by New York.

'I believe the table of Holland House is a little peculiar in London; at least, such is its character according to my limited experience. As to the mere eating and drinking, New York is a better town than London. We *set* handsomer tables too, on the whole, with the exception of the size (our own being invariably too narrow), the plate, and the attendants. In porcelain, glass, cutlery, table linen, and the *dishes*, I am clearly of opinion that the average of the respectable New York dinners is above the average of those in London.'—vol. i. p. 143.

This may be so; but we have a lurking suspicion—arising, perhaps, from national prejudice—that 'the porcelain, glass, cutlery, table-linen, and dishes at Holland House,' are not much inferior to those of the very best table 'set' in Broad-street.

The edifice itself affords him occasion to exhibit his historic lore—

'The building is of bricks, and I should think of the time of Elizabeth,

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beth, though less *quaint* than most of the architecture of that period; at any rate *Lady Holland told me* that in the room in which we dined Sully had been entertained; and his embassy occurred in 1603.'—vol. i. p. 137.

If Sully dined in that room in 1603, Mr. Cooper is not very extravagant in his conjecture that the house might have been of the time of Elizabeth, as the old queen died in that year, after a reign of near half a century; but all the authorities that we have ever seen state the house to have been begun in 1607, four years after Sully's embassy. Lady Holland may indeed have said that *Bassompierre* was entertained in Holland House, which he certainly was, but his embassy was in 1626.

Mr. Cooper proceeds:—

'This building was *once* in a family different from the present, and is *also* celebrated as having been the abode of Addison, after his marriage with Lady Warwick. There were *formerly* Earls of Holland, *too*, of *another race*, but I cannot tell you anything of their history.'—*Ibid.*

Mr. Cooper will be surprised to learn that 'the family different from the present'—the first husband of Lady Warwick—and the *former* Earls of Holland of *another race*—of whose history he knows nothing—were all of the same family; and he must know little of the history of England in its perhaps most interesting period who could tell nothing of the sudden favour—the base ingratitude—the dishonourable life, and the unpitied death of the first Earl of Holland. He seems, however, not to have understood the present occupiers of Holland House much better than their predecessors, and they seem not to have found much favour in the eyes of this fastidious critic. Why, we could not have imagined, if we had not had such proof of Mr. Cooper's skill in culling affront from attention and insult from hospitality. Amidst a good deal of sneer we arrive at the following *important* incident, which may be taken as a measure of the narrator's judgment in selecting subjects worthy of notice and comment:—

'During dinner, as the stranger, I had the honour of a seat next to Lady Holland. She offered me a plate of herrings between the courses. Being in conversation at the moment, I declined it, as I should not have done, according to strict etiquette, especially as it was offered by the mistress of the house. But my rule is the modern one of pleasing one's self on such occasions: besides, I never suspected the magnitude of the interest involved in the affair. "You do not know what you say," she good-humouredly added—"they are *Dutch*." I believe I stared at this, coming as it did from the mistress of a table so simply elegant and so *recherchée*. "*Dutch!*" I involuntarily repeated, though I believe I looked at the same time as if it was a herring after all. "Certainly; we can only get them *through an ambassador*." What a luxury would a potato become, if we could contrive to make it contraband!

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band! I shall hold a Dutch herring in greater respect as long as I live.'—vol. i. pp. 144, 145.

After two pages more of this solemn chapter on Dutch herrings, strongly inculcating the inflexible rule of English etiquette, (quite new, however, to us,) that every one must eat Dutch herrings if offered by the lady of the house, he adds—

'I was asked by the mistress of this house where I had learned to speak so good English? this surprising me quite as much as the herring!'—vol. i. p. 147.

This subject of the *English* tongue is a very sore one with Mr. Cooper, and not, it seems, without reason; for we suspect that it was rather Lady Holland's desire to praise *something* in a guest so obviously hungry for attention, than her taste, which induced her to applaud his English. He very early and very frequently gives us to understand that he considers the language of America to be the *standard* both as to idiom and pronunciation, and that any *English* variation from that golden rule is erroneous and heterodox; in short, he is seriously of the opinion of the language-master of Copenhagen, who, during Buonaparte's proscription of everything English, inscribed on his sign—'*American taught here.*'

He graciously admits that the *higher classes* in *England* are hardly distinguishable from those of the '*middle states*,' but has no difficulty in deciding that 'certainly, as a nation, the Americans speak better [English] than the English.'—vol. iii. p. 107.

'I found with Mr. Rogers, Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante, and his son. I was asked if the language of America differed essentially from that of England. I thought not so much in words and pronunciation, as in intonation, and in the signification of certain terms. Still I thought I could always tell an Englishman from an American, in the course of five minutes' conversation. The two oldest gentlemen professed not to be able to discover anything in my manner of speaking to betray me for a foreigner, but the young gentleman fancied otherwise. "He thought there was something peculiar—provincial—he did not know what exactly." I could have helped him to the word—"something that was not cockney." '—vol. i. pp. 62, 63.

Now we must just observe that Mr. Cooper does not help us, as he had promised, to the *word*; but, proud as he is of the American tongue, we shall see presently that he took no small offence at young Mr. Carey's hinting, ever so delicately, that he should hardly have mistaken him for an Englishman:—

'The young man, however, was right in the main, for I could myself have pronounced that all three of my companions were not Americans, and I do not see why they might not have said that I was no Englishman. The difference between the enunciation of Mr. Rogers and Mr.

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Carey and one of our educated men of the middle states, it is true, was scarcely perceptible, and *required a nice ear and some familiarity with both countries to detect*, but the young man could not utter a sentence *without showing his origin*.'—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

That is, the two gentlemen who flattered Cooper that he was not distinguishable from an Englishman, are honoured with an assurance that they are themselves not distinguishable from Americans; but their more frank companion (son and pupil of one of them) could not open his mouth without showing, by his pronunciation of *English*, that he was—*proh nefas!*—an *Englishman*. We are very well aware that well-bred and well-educated Americans speak and write our common language exceedingly well, without more and perhaps with rather less of provinciality than our brethren of Ireland and Scotland; but we trust there is nothing unpardonably offensive in saying that we can distinguish an American, as we do the Irish and Scotch; and that, on the whole, we venture to opine that Englishmen are still the best authorities on the English language. What would Mr. Cooper think if the *Canadian French* set up as rivals to the *Parisians*, and M. Papineau should pretend to be a better authority on the French language than M. de Chateaubriand?

But, really, in this class of well-bred Americans, who speak and write our language with undistinguishable correctness, we cannot include Mr. Cooper, whose habitual *slip-slop* is frequently enlivened by very startling blunders. We say little of his abundant vulgarisms, because they are not all *un-English*—on the contrary, they are often such as an Englishman, bred in the merchant-service, and learning his first rudiments of English in Wapping, might use. One, however, is so peculiar, that we may quote it as a curiosity, which we believe even Wapping could not match. In describing Mr. Coleridge's singular flow of elocution, he says—

'Coleridge reminded me of a barrel to which every other man's tongue acted as a spigot, for no sooner did the latter move than it set his own contents in a flow.'—vol. ii. p. 35.

But we pass by these *unaffected* elegancies of style, to notice some displays of the *peculiarly English* phraseology on which he prides himself. Speaking of Covent Garden Theatre, he says—

'The circumstances that the lower tier was reserved for people in evening dress, and that the men sat with their hats off, gave the spectacle an appearance of respectability and *comfort* (to use an Anglecism) that is now seldom seen in any of our own places of public resort.'—vol. iii. p. 99.

Why the word *comfort*, when properly used, should be more an Anglecism than any other word in the sentence, we cannot guess; but, as Mr. Cooper uses it, it may be an Americanism, a Gallicism,

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a Gallicism, or any other *ism* he pleases, except only an *Anglecism;* for assuredly no Englishman would emphatically apply the word *comfort* on such an occasion.

Again—

'Some of the most *uncomfortable*, (you see how English I am getting) some of the most *uncomfortable* objects I have seen in Europe, have been women in the "sear and yellow leaf," tricked out for courts and balls, and bedizened with paint and jewels.'—vol. iii. p. 119.

How English he is getting! An Englishman might say that such a sight was melancholy, or offensive, or anything in the world but *uncomfortable.* Mr. Cooper had just before said the incongruity between age and the toilet produced an *unearthly* and *unseemly* effect:—'unseemly,' it may be; but how '*unearthly,*' except in Mr. Cooper's peculiar vocabulary?

At Canterbury he sees the houses of the prebendaries, in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, which afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his high ignorance and low malevolence.

'I believe this is called a *close;** a word that WE do not use, but which has the same signification as *place*, or *cul de sac*, not being a thoroughfare. Perhaps the term *close fellow* came from these churchmen; no bad etymology, since it has a direct reference to the pocket. It has always been matter of astonishment to me that a man of liberal attainments should possess one of these clerical sinecures, grow sleek and greasy on its products, eat, drink, and be merry, and fancy all the while that he was serving God!'—vol. i. p. 31.

Is it possible that this man does not know that *close* means neither a *place* nor a *cul de sac,* but a precinct—from the Latin *clausus,* shut in? We do not pretend to be critics in the American tongue, and it may not have the word in the sense of a *cathedral* precinct, because they have no buildings of that character; but we are surprised to hear that they do not use the word in its general and legal sense; for *close* is a term of our law that we should have thought must have been in old times familiar in America. As to the impertinence about *sleek* and *greasy* churchmen, which he ingrafts on this specimen of vocabulary ignorance, we shall only say that it is entirely characteristic of the good taste and good manners of Mr. Cooper.

A similar instance of the decency and politeness of Mr. Cooper's style occurs on his visit to St. Paul's. He thus describes some of the officiating clergy whom he happened to see:—

'A number of the officials were loitering about the church. Who they were, I cannot say; but several of them had the sleek, pampered air of well-fed coach-horses—animals that did nothing but draw the family to church on Sundays, and enjoy their stalls. There was *one*

* *Close* occurs in Webster's American Dictionary with the sense of 'an enclosed place.'

fellow,

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fellow, especially, who had an unpleasantly greasy look: he was in orders, but sadly out of his place, Nature having intended him for a cook.'—vol. i. pp. 102, 103.

This compliment to *one of the prebendaries of St. Paul's* will, we hope, recommend Mr. Cooper to the indignation of our reverend and facetious friend, Mr. Sydney Smith, who, though he will see no resemblance to himself in Mr. Cooper's gross caricature, may we hope be inclined to take up the cudgels on the part of his order.

In the following instance, also, Mr. Cooper makes his ignorance a vehicle for his malice:—

'England is singularly a begrudging country. Everything is appreciated by its price. They have an expression always in their mouths that is *pregnant of meaning*, and which I fancy was never heard anywhere else. They say a thing is "*ridiculously cheap.*" Now when one becomes ridiculous from buying a thing at a low price, common sense is in a bad way.'—vol. i. p. 147.

The man does not understand the import of the word on which he builds all this theory. The epithet '*ridiculous*,' in this trivial phrase, is applied not in disparagement—either of the article—or of the *buyer;* who, on the contrary, piques himself on having made an excellent bargain; but against the *seller*, who is supposed (generally very falsely) to have parted with an article for much less than it was worth. So that the meaning, '*of* which the phrase is pregnant,' is exactly the reverse of that which this nice critic and moralist attributes to it.

In a youthful visit to London—having walked, in company with his early friend and preceptor Stephen Stempson of Kennebank, from Wapping to the West-end and the Parks—he had hesitated about entering Kensington Gardens:—

'Young as I then was, I knew enough about royal *appanages*, and the uses of royal parks, to understand that the public entered them as a favour, and not as a right.'—vol. iii. pp. 217, 218.

Mr. Cooper says, 'he *knew enough* about royal *appanages*,' when it is quite clear that he knew nothing. He clearly neither had nor has the most remote idea of what an *appanage* is; though we see by the American papers of last week, that he has been endeavouring to prevent the vulgar public from *pic-nicking* on his own 'appanages' (as he would call them) at *Coopersville*, in a spirit of aristocratical exclusion, which the Sovereign of England does not exercise in Windsor park.

'The manner of speaking is identically the same as our own. There is none of the pedantry of "I can not," for "I can't,"—"I do not," for "I don't,"—and all those schoolboy and boarding-school affectations, by which a parade is made of one's ORTHOGRAPHY! These are precisely our own good old New York forms of speech.'—vol. i. pp. 241. 249.

Now,

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Now, with all submission to Mr. Cooper, he seems here to make a parade of his '*orthography*,' with no better success than Mrs. Malaprop of her '*orthodoxy*,' or old Daniel Dowlas of his '*kakology*.'

Out of many similar blunders we have been induced to notice the foregoing by the flourish of trumpets with which in each of these cases Mr. Cooper '*parades*' his ignorance.

The form of Mr. Cooper's work is a series of letters to different correspondents; but there does not seem to be much appropriation of the topics treated to the individuals addressed; and indeed we suppose that some of his correspondents will not be much flattered by the supposition that they stand in need of some of the information which Mr. Cooper bestows on them respectively—as when he tells a captain of the United States' navy—

'the rise and fall of the tides is so great in these high narrow seas, that vessels are sometimes on a level with the quays, and at others three or four fathoms below them;'

and that

'it is possible to see across the Straits of Dover in clear weather;'

or when he tells *James Stevenson, Esquire*—

'you probably may not know that *birth*, of itself, entitles no one to wear a decoration, or the badge of an order.'—vol. i. p. 2.

But to his friend Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire, of Fortneck, he imparts some curious information concerning our horses, carriages, and equipages. He begins, however, with another question of *orthography*:—

'The men here are a great deal in the saddle. This they call "*riding*;" going in a vehicle of any sort is "*driving*." The distinction is arbitrary, though an innovation on the language. Were one to say he had been "*riding*" in the park, the inference would be inevitable that he had been in the saddle, as I know from a ludicrous mistake of a friend of my own. An American lady, who is no longer young, nor a feather-weight, told an acquaintance of hers that she had been *riding* in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris. "Good heavens!" said the person who had received this piece of news, to me, "does Mrs. —— actually exhibit her person on horseback, at her time of life, and in so public a place as the Bois de Boulogne?"—"I should think not, certainly. Pray, why do you ask?"—"She told me herself that she had been '*riding*' there all the morning." I defended our countrywoman; for our own use of the word is undeniably right.'—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Right, it may be, but certainly not *undeniably*; for we should consider the lady's use of the word *ride* as decidedly wrong, though not peculiar to America—for what this great American critic calls '*our own* use of the word,' has been for a hundred years

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years a noted vulgarism in England. But whatever may be Mr. Cooper's merit as an *orthographist,* it is certain that he is no very skilful equestrian, and that his ideas of *riding* and *driving* are obviously rather derived from theory than practice: nor can his friend Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire, of Fortneck, be much more learned in these matters, since Mr. Cooper thinks it necessary to inform him, that when Englishmen trot their horses—

'The rider invariably rises and falls,—a most ungraceful and, in my poor judgment, ungracious movement, for I cannot persuade myself a horse likes to have a Mississippi sawyer on his back.'—vol. i. p. 180.

We should like of all things to see Mr. Cooper trotting one of Lord Westmoreland's hacks without condescending to imitate—as he phrases it—'a Mississippi sawyer.'* But everything connected with riding—we beg pardon—'with *being in the saddle,*' seems wonderful to Mr. Cooper.

'Nothing is more common than to see a man, here, scattering the gravel through one of the parks, leaning over the neck of his beast, while the groom follows at the proper distance, imitating his master's movements, like a shadow.

'I have *frequently breakfasted* with young friends, and found three or four saddle-horses at the door, with as many grooms in waiting for the guests, *who were on the way to one or the other of the Houses.*'—vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

Certainly nothing is more common than to see a gentleman riding in the park followed by his groom: it is moreover so notorious that Members of Parliament do sometimes ride down to the Houses, that we wonder that Mr. Cooper thinks it worth mentioning; but we must say, that in his over anxiety to give his transatlantic friend an idea of his familiarity with *young members of parliament,* he seems to have fallen into a little rhodomontade. It is highly improbable—indeed hardly possible—that he should have *breakfasted,* in the year 1828, *with young friends who were on their way to the houses,* because neither house, in those days, ever sat before four o'clock in the afternoon. But what is a *paltry matter of fact* in competition with the *eclat* of 'breakfasting with young friends, members of *one* or *the other* House?'

We must for a moment quit Mr. Cooper's chapter of horsemanship to allude to the subject of *breakfasting,* which is one of great importance with him:—

'The dinners are not as easy in London as in Paris, especially while the women are at table; but either I have fallen into a peculiar vein of breakfasts, or the breakfasts have fallen into my vein, for I have found some twenty of them, at which I have already been present, among so many of the pleasantest entertainments I have ever met with.

* A Mississippi sawyer is a half-sunken tree which sways up and down by the action of the current.

'Mr.

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'Mr. Rogers, who is my near neighbour, you already know, asked me a second and a third time in the course of a few days.

'The *petits déjeûners* of Mr. Rogers have deservedly a reputation in London.'—vol. i. pp. 22, 23. 131.

Poor Mr. Cooper had heard of the *petits soupers*—the snug abridgements of the usually large suppers—of old Paris, and he thinks it fine to call Mr. Rogers's breakfasts *petits déjeûners*, though more numerously attended than the usual domestic breakfasts.

After a long eulogium on these admirable *petits déjeûners*, he concludes by a fine burst of enthusiasm well worthy the sublimity of the subject:—

'Commend me, in every respect, to the delicious breakfasts of St. James's-place.'—vol. i. p. 132.

His gratitude to Mr. Rogers, however, makes him a little ungrateful to others and inconsistent with himself, for after boasting that he had 'fallen into a *vein of breakfasts*, so many as *twenty* of the pleasantest entertainments he ever met with'—and this within the first few weeks of his residence—he soon after says, that but for Mr. Rogers's

'admirable breakfasts, I should be apt to pronounce the meal one of whose rare qualities and advantages the English in general have no proper notion.'—vol. i. p. 131.

We do not pretend to reconcile this inconsistency, but we suspect that Mr. Cooper will not think Mr. Rogers's breakfasts quite so admirable, nor the other twenty so transcendently agreeable when he hears that it is by no means usual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, and that such breakfasts are generally given when the guest is one about whose manners, character, or social position, there is *some uncertainty*—a breakfast is a kind of *mezzoto-termine*, between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation. We learn that in process of time Mr. Rogers invited his American acquaintance to dinner, but he thought it safer to begin with the less irretrievable civility of a breakfast. And here is a convenient opportunity to notice again what we have more than once had occasion to allude to, the reluctance of the Tory gentry to admit these book-making foreigners into their private society. Mr. Cooper says:—

'One thing has struck me as at least odd. Coming, as I did, into this country without letters, (those sent by Mr. Spenser excepted,) I had no right to complain, certainly, had I been permitted to go away entirely without a visit: but I have been noticed by more than I had the smallest right to expect; and yet among all those who have knocked at my door, I am by no means certain there is a single Tory! I except the case of Sir Walter Scott, for we were previously acquainted.

'I do

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'I do not know the political opinions of Mr. Sotheby, though he is evidently too mild a man to feel strong antipathies on this account; but, I believe, these two excepted, not only every man who has visited me, or asked me to his house, but nearly every man whom I have met at dinners and breakfasts, has been a Whig! Is this accident, or is it really the result of feeling?'—vol. ii. pp. 269—271.

We answer, that it was neither the one nor the other. Mr. Cooper evidently owes all the attention he received from the noblemen and gentlemen whose hospitality he so ungratefully repays, to Mr. Spenser's letters to his Whig friends. The Tory circles, we will venture to say, never so much as heard of this western luminary. For our humble selves, we were not aware that he had honoured us with a visit till long after his departure, when we heard a Whig—who had happened to meet him—amuse a dinner-table with instances of his vulgarity and impertinence. But if the Tories had heard of him, he would not have been a step nearer their dinner or drawing-rooms. *They* do not condescend to hunt for popularity with a strange pack; and they have their reward: while the unhappy Whigs, who pursue so low an object, have also their reward in finding themselves gibbeted, either by absurd flattery or unmannerly censure, in the patibulary pages of such executioners as Puckler, Raumer, and Cooper.

But we must return to the chapter of horses and carriages. Mr. Cooper, though commonly a pretty bold asserter, seems to feel himself, when 'in the saddle,' a little out of his element, and to be inspired with an unusual but becoming diffidence:—

'Our [American] horses have none of the grand movement that the cattle are trained to in Europe generally, and these of London *seem*, as they dash furiously along, *as if they were trampling the earth under their feet.*'—vol. i. p. 174.

'*Seem as if*'—we assure Mr. Cooper that he need not have any doubt on the subject, and that English—and we believe most European—horses, when they dash furiously along, do really *trample the earth under their feet.* Perhaps Mr. Cooper's surprise arises from the fact, that on many of the roads and even in some of the streets of America horses generally trample, not the earth, but *logs of wood.*

He next proceeds to discuss the colour of our horses:—

'The colours most frequent are a dull bay and chesnuts, very few of the true *sorrels* being seen. It was said the other day, that this word was *American;* but Lord H—n replied that it was a provincial term, and still in use in the north, being strictly technical. Johnson has "Sorel: the buck is called the first year a fawn; the third, a *sorel.*" He cites Shakspeare as authority. Can the term as applied to a horse, come from the resemblance in the colour?'—vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We know not how Mr. Cooper would distinguish a word's being *American*

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American or *English*, nor what he supposes Lord H—n to have meant by *technical* and *provincial*, in contradistinction to *American*, but we do know that the quotation from Johnson and Shakspeare is arrant nonsense, and that *sorrel*, for the colour of a horse, is an old English word, to be found in all our earlier dictionaries (Cotgrave, for instance, in 1650; Phillip, 1657; Skinner, 1671); and as to its derivation, it is well known to come from the same root as the French *sauret* ('pronounced *soret*,' says Menage), and the Italian *sauro*, which signify the same hue. We can forgive Mr. Cooper for being no great proficient in French or Italian, when we find him so much *at sea* in *American*.

Sometimes he sees things which we have never seen.

'The king is seldom seen; but I have witnessed his departure from St. James's for Windsor, lately. He was in a post-chariot, with one of his sisters, another carriage following. Four horses were in the harness, held by two postilions, while two more rode together, on horses with blinkers *and collars*, but quite free from the carriage, a few paces in advance.'—vol. i. p. 183.

And collars!—this must have been a *collar-day* such as *we* never saw at St. James's; but Mr. Cooper is *such* a 'mere accurate observer!'

We were startled at reading in the next page—

'You have not the smallest conception of what a livery is.'—vol. i. p. 185.

This addressed to '*Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire*, of Fortneck,' certainly surprised us—that *Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire*, should not see liveries in a land of republican equality, we perfectly understand; but that a gentleman acquainted with the language in which Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Addison wrote, should 'not have the *smallest conception* of what a livery is,' would, if it had fallen from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, be considered as an offensive imputation. But be that as it may, if Mr. Thomas Floyd-Jones was ignorant before of what a livery was, he runs some risk of being led far astray if he puts faith in Mr. Cooper's description. A livery, he says, is—

'a coat of some striking colour, white perhaps, covered with lace, red plush vest and breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, a laced round hat with a high cockade, a powdered head and a gold-headed cane.'—vol. i. p. 185.

If our pages reach Mr. Floyd-Jones's eye we warn him—should he meditate a visit to Europe—not to order his liveries strictly after this pattern, which happens, by Mr. Cooper's usual good luck, not to contain one single item of the *essential* of a livery; the coat need *not* be a striking colour; it generally is not—blue, black, and drab, will do as well: it need *not* be covered with lace—

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lace—the majority of liveries now-a-days have no lace: the vest and breeches need neither be red nor plush; the hat need be neither round nor laced, nor have a cockade, either high or low; and as to shoes, buckles, powdered heads, and golden-headed canes, though they may accompany livery, as they may accompany any other dress, they are no essential part of it. We notice all this otherwise contemptible stuff, because it shows that it is Mr. Cooper himself who has 'no conception' of what he talks so flippantly about, and is so ignorant of the history as well as the present state of European society, as not to know either the origin or use of this relique of feudality.

'All these things are brought in rigid subjection to the code of propriety. The commoner, unless of note, may not affect too much state. If the head of an old county family, however, he may trespass hard on nobility. If a *parvenu*, let him beware of cockades and canes.—vol i. pp. 185, 186.

These *cockades* are perfect *ignes fatui* to poor Mr. Cooper. He had before told us that a friend of his, as they were walking together, pointed to a man who had just passed, saying—

'His father was in trade and left him a large fortune, and now he is dashing upon the town like a nabob. He actually had the *impudence lately to give his footmen cockades*. There was a fellow!'—vol. i. p. 143.

It would have been lucky for Mr. Cooper if his friend had told him that the cockade is the distinguishing mark of the servant of a military man, and that the groom-boy of 'Ensign Sash, whose father was a sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe,' has as much right to wear a cockade as the footman of the Duke of Wellington.

To show that he is as strong in heraldry as on etiquette he adds—

'The arms are respected with religious sanctity. None but the head of the family bears the supporters, unless by an especial concession'—vol. i. pp. 186, 187;

and he winds up all this laborious nonsense, of which every word that is not positively untrue is an egregious blunder, with pronouncing in a lofty tone—

'Now there is a great deal that is deadening and false in all this, mixed up with something that is beautiful, and much that is convenient.'—vol. i. p. 187;

So 'beautiful and so convenient,' that in spite of all that is 'deadening and false in the system,' Mr. Cooper must needs have a footman himself—a footman, we need hardly add, chosen with Mr. Cooper's usual taste and discrimination, under the awful responsibility of the proverb,—'*like master like man.*'

'The English footman I have engaged is a steady little old man, with a red face and powdered poll, who appears in black breeches and coat, but

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but who says himself that his size has marred his fortune. He can just see over my shoulder as I sit at table. If my watch were as regular as this fellow, I should have less cause to complain of it. He is never out of the way; speaks just loud enough to be heard, and calls me *master* (!). The rogue has had passages in his life, too, for he once lived with Peter Pindar, and *accompanied Opie in his first journey to London.* He is cockney born, is about fifty, and has run his career between Temple Bar and Covent Garden.'—vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

If this be so—he was an infant phenomenon, for the man of fifty in 1828 could have been barely three years old when Opie came to town; but in pursuing the description of his ridiculous footman, Mr. Cooper gives us, very unintentionally, some touches of his own character:—

'I found him at the hotel, and this is his first appearance *among the quality whose splendour acts forcibly on his imagination.* W—— caught him in a perfect ecstacy the other day, reading the card of an earl, which had just been given him at the door.'—vol. i. p. 189.

Mr. Cooper himself had got 'among the quality,' and we cannot believe that the earl's card produced more ecstacy in the old hacknied tavern waiter than in his *master,* whose own imagination, whenever the vision of a lord passes across it, seems to have been in a state of fever, between envy and vanity, between the delight of associating with a lord and the pain of meeting a superior, exhibiting—to use his own simile—the lively image of a *Mississippi sawyer*—alternately elevating his head by the buoyancy of personal presumption, and bending it again under the irresistible influence of social superiority. Indeed Mr. Cooper cannot so much as mention a *lord* without getting into a flutter between awe and envy, that confuses his very senses, and makes him pledge his own personal credit to the most ridiculous fables and fancies.

'Nor is the English noble always as absolutely natural and simple as it is the fashion to say he is, or as he might possibly be demonstrated to be by an ingenious theory. Simple he is certainly in mere deportment, for this is absolutely a rule of good breeding; and he may be simple in dress, for the same law now obtains generally, in this particular; but he is not quite so simple in all his habits and pretensions. I will give you a few laughable proofs of the contrary.

'A dozen noblemen may have laid their own patrician hands on my knocker within a fortnight. As I use the dining-room to write in, I am within fifteen feet of the street-door, and no favour of this sort escapes my ears. Ridiculous as it may seem, *there is a species of etiquette established, by which a peer shall knock louder than a commoner!* I do not mean to tell you that parliament has passed a law to that effect, but *I do mean to say that so accurate has my ear become, that I know a lord by his knock, as one would know Velluti by his touch.* Now a loud knock may be sometimes useful as a hint to a loitering servant, but it was a queer thought to make it a test of station.'—vol. i. pp. 113. 115.

Now

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Now we, too, have had visits from lords—nay, we have accompanied 'noblemen' to doors, where 'they have laid their own patrician hands on the knocker,' and *we do mean to say*, that there is no such *law* nor *etiquette*, nor even practice, nor anything like it—that the whole statement is a fable, in which there is *but one* single line of truth—'*I know a lord by his knock, as one would know Velluti by his touch*,'—that is—*not at all.* Velluti, Mr. Cooper should know, was a *singer*, and never *touched* anything but his salary, and metaphorically our feelings.

It is thus his ignorance and vanity, combined with his anxiety to disparage everything in England, betrays him into statements which might almost excite doubts even of his veracity. The following is of the same class:—

'You may perhaps be ignorant that, by the actual law, game cannot be sold at all in England. My wife was ill lately, and I desired our landlady to send and get her a bird or two; but the good woman held up her hands and declared it was impossible, as there was a fine of fifty pounds for buying or selling game. The law is evaded, however; hares, it is said, passing from hand to hand constantly in London under the name of *lions*.'—vol. ii. p. 53.

What a cruel people—what a tyrannous law, that refuses a poor 'sick lady a bird or two' because the sale of game was prohibited! But mark—Mr. Cooper appears to have arrived in London about the end of February or beginning of March (vol. i., p. 1), and to have quitted it early in June (v. iii., p. 203). Now if between March and June Mr. Cooper or his sick lady had had an unseasonable fancy for a brace of partridges, the landlady might well have held up her hands in surprise; but she never could have said 'that it was impossible, because there is a penalty of 50*l.* for selling game'—though she might have told him that no game is ever *killed* in England between February and September.

Some of his modes of explaining away what have been hitherto considered indisputable advantages or beauties is very entertaining.

'The freshness of the English complexion is apt to deceive inconsiderate observers. This, I take it, is merely the effect of *fog and sea-air!*'—vol. i. p. 197.

What complexions the fair natives of Newfoundland must have!

We cannot pass over a few instances of his literary taste.

'The celebrated tapestry [in the House of Lords] is a rude fabric. It must have been woven when *the art was in its infancy*, and it is no wonder that such ships met with no success. It is much faded; which, quite likely, is an advantage rather than otherwise. "The tapestry which

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which *adorns* these walls" was a flight of eloquence that must have required all the *moral courage* of Chatham to *get along with*.'—vol. i. p. 89.

What a chronologist! An art was 'in its infancy' subsequent to the destruction of the Armada in 1588, for which Raphael almost a century before had designed the Cartoons.

We see no great proof of *moral courage* in Lord Chatham's allusion, but a wonderful lack of moral feeling in Mr. Cooper's criticism. He clearly thinks that nothing but some flaunting tapestry, fresh from the Gobelins, could justify the word *adorns*—he cannot comprehend that it was not the faded hangings, but the glorious recollections they revived, that inspired the great orator, and that it required no more moral courage '*to get along with*,' as the *critic of Lord Chatham* elegantly says—'this flight of eloquence'—than an American might exercise in alluding to the faded and tattered flags of the Macedonian and Java, which we presume '*adorn*' the Capitol at Washington.

The following specimen of critical taste and intellectual elevation is still more exquisite. Landing at Dover he thinks it necessary to quote Shakspeare's beautiful lines descriptive of the cliff, which we gladly copy—for familiar as the passage is to every tongue and ear, nothing more beautiful ever was written—it is, as it were, a picture set to music.

'"Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."'—vol. i. p. 14.

On this Mr. Cooper remarks—

'It is quite evident Edgar did not deal fairly with the old man, little of this fine description being more than poetically exact.'—vol. i. p. 14.

Mr. Cooper could quote the play, but it seems he never read, or at least did not understand it.—Why! the whole scene turns on Edgar's '*not* dealing fairly with the old man,' whom he persuaded that he was on the edge of Dover Cliff when he really was *not;* and the description is not of a scene before the speaker's eyes, but a picture from memory or fancy—so beautiful, indeed, and so true in its generalities, that it fits Dover Cliff as it would Culver Cliff, or Beachy-Head, or any other precipice on the coast. But then follows a verbal criticism still more surprising.

'Dr. Johnson has complimented Shakspeare for his knowledge of nautical

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nautical phrases; but this is a mistake into which neither you nor I will be so likely to fall. In the quotation I have just given you, the great bard makes the gradation in diminutiveness pass from the ship to her boat, and from the boat to the buoy! This is poetry, and as such it is above comment; but one of the craft would have been more exact.' —vol. i. p. 15.

We really can hardly believe our eyes that any man could write such stuff. Mr. Cooper seems to think that Edgar was bound to mathematical proportions, and called upon to prove that *as* the ship is to the boat, *so* the boat is to the buoy, and because these three proportionals are not, in Mr. Cooper's ideas, algebraically correct, Shakspeare is convicted of a blunder. Alas! alas! for such criticism—even if it were correct in cubic inches; but it is as false in fact as in taste; and every eye which has ever seen a bark at anchor with her boat and her buoy, recognises at once the admirable precision of the fancied imagery.*

Amusing as all these absurdities are individually, we feel that a repetition of such trash soon palls upon the senses like the blundering agility of a clown in a pantomime, and that an over-dose of ridicule ends in disgust—we shall therefore not venture to push any further over extracts from Mr. Cooper's picture of England; but we should not do justice to him, nor to his subject, if we did not produce some sketches which he incidentally gives us of his own country, in the back or the fore-ground of his English portraits. We do not pretend to judge whether these sketches are correct or not—they are certainly not flattering. We English readers, if we cared a fig for Mr. Cooper's vituperation of England, might thank our stars that, with all his rancour, he has said nothing of us so bad as, with all his partiality, he has recorded against his own country; and our American readers, when they see what a picture he has painted of them, may be induced to hesitate charitably as to the justice of his caricatures of us. We shall present our readers with Mr. Cooper's evidence as to his own country under the three general heads of *national character —domestic manners*—and *arts, literature, and taste.* We must limit our selection to those passages which are less diffuse than Mr. Cooper's rambling descriptions usually are, but we could have nearly doubled or trebled the quantity. We have to preface them with an important observation:—Mr. Cooper's darling theme is the *progressive* strength and *increasing* blessings of the institutions of his country—yet there is hardly a page in which he is not obliged to confess that *morally* the country has been receding;

* We have taken the trouble of inquiring how the proportion really is, and we are informed that of a sloop of war—the jolly-boat is in round numbers about one-sixth of the length of the hull, and the buoy one-sixth of the jolly-boat—so that even in this miserable detail our nautical critic is absolutely wrong.

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ing; and whenever he refers to a landable state of society, he talks of *thirty years ago,* and is even obliged to go back to the times of those who were born and educated before these boasted institutions were established. *A priori* we should have guessed as much; but it is curious that we should have out of Mr. Cooper's own mouth frequent admissions which positively overturn all the main points of his theory. In fact Mr. Cooper is as silly as illogical, and as ill-tempered a fellow in America as he was in England.

'Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

With these prefatory observations we shall submit to an admiring world '*America by an American.*'

National Character—Public Morals:—

'It has long struck me that the term 'happy country' is singularly misapplied as regards America.'—vol. iii. p. 135.

—'The English are to be distinguished from the Americans by greater independence of personal habits.'—vol. iii. p. 192.

—'I believe there is more honesty of public sentiment in England than in America.'—vol. iii. p. 199.

—'The spirit of traffic is gradually enveloping everything in the country [*America*] in its sordid grasp.'—vol. ii. p. 13.

—'The worst tendency we have at home [*America*] is manifested by a rapacity for money, which, when obtained, is to be spent in little besides eating and drinking.'—vol. ii. p. 54.

—'In America all the local affections are sacrificed to the spirit of gain.'—vol. iii. p. 136.

—'Let the reason be what it will [of the weakness of the family tie in *America*], the effect is to cut us off from a large portion of the happiness that is dependent on the affections.'—vol. iii. p. 139.

—'An evident *dishonesty* of sentiment pervades the *public* itself, which is beginning to regard acts of private delinquency with a dangerous indifference, acts too that are inseparably connected with the character, security, and right administration of the state.'—vol. ii. p. 265.

—'*Au reste*, the Americans, more particularly those of New England, are a gossiping people; and though the gossip may not be a liar, he necessarily circulates much untruth. In this manner the American lies with his *tongue*, while the rest of the world lie only in their thoughts.'—vol. iii. p. 9.

—'As a people, I believe we are in favour in no part of Europe.'—vol. ii. p. 270.

—'As to distinctive American *sentiments* and American *principles* [these Italics are Mr. Cooper's], a majority of that [the reading] class of our citizens hardly know them when they see them—a more *wrong-headed* and *deluded* people there is not on earth than our own, on all such subjects, and one would be almost content to take some of the

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English prejudices, if more manliness and discrimination could be had with them.'—vol. iii. p. 51.

—'We are nearly destitute of *statesmen*, though overflowing with *politicians*.'—vol. iii. p. 76.

—'We are almost entirely wanting in national pride, though abundantly supplied with an *irritable vanity*, which might rise to pride had we greater confidence in our facts.'—vol. iii. p. 179.

—'Were I an office-seeker, I would at once resort to the *meannesses* that obtain for an American the outward favours of the aristocracies of Europe, whatever may be their secret opinions, as the most certain method of being deemed worthy of the confidence of the government at Washington.'—vol. ii. p. 282.

—'The besetting, the *degrading vice* of America is the moral cowardice by which men are led to truckle to what is called public opinion—though nine times in ten these opinions are mere engines set in motion by the most corrupt and least respectable portion of the community, for the most unworthy purposes. The English are a more respectable and constant [unconstant?] nation than the Americans, as relates to this peculiarity.'—vol. iii. p. 201.

—'We have the sensitiveness of provincials, increased by the consciousness of having our spurs to earn, on all matters of glory and renown, and *our jealousy extends even to the reputations of the cats and dogs*.'—vol. iii. p. 180.

FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, TASTE:—

—'We know little or nothing of music, painting, statuary, or any of those arts whose fruits must be studied to be felt and understood.'—vol. ii. p. 257.

—'The music of America is beneath contempt.'—vol. iii. p. 140.

—'This defect [tendency to exaggeration] pervades the ordinary language of the country [America], and, sooner or later, will totally corrupt it, if the proportion of unformed [*uninformed?*] to the formed [*informed?*] goes on *increasing* at the rate it has done in the *last ten years*.'—vol. iii. 112.

—'We have a *one-sided* liberty of speech and of the press, that renders every one right valorous in eulogies; but even the *pulpit* shrinks from its sacred duties on many of the most besetting, the most palpable, and most common of our *vices*.'—vol. iii. p. 101.

—'In England, the highest intellectual classes give reputation; while in America, it is derived from the mediocrity I have mentioned, through the agency, half the time, of as impudent a set of literary quacks as probably a civilised world ever tolerated.'—vol. ii. p. 259.

—'Every honest man appears to admit that the press in America is fast getting to be *intolerable*. In escaping from the tyranny of foreign aristocrats, we have created in our bosoms a *tyranny of a character so insupportable*, that a change of some sort is getting indispensable to peace.'—vol. ii. p. 265.

—'I found Mr. Sotheby living in a house that, so far as I could see, was

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was American, as American houses *used to be*, *before* the taste became corrupted by an uninstructed pretension.'—vol. ii. p. 24.

—'At home [in America] we build on a large scale, equip with cost, and take refuge in expedients as things go to decay. . . . He who insists on having things precisely as they ought to be, is usually esteemed an unreasonable rogue. . . . We satisfy ourselves by acknowledging a standard of merit in comforts, but little dream of acting up to it.'

—'If we had Holland House in New York, we should pull the building down; firstly, because it does not stand in a thoroughfare, where one can swallow dust free of cost; secondly, because it wants the two rooms and folding-doors; and thirdly, because it has no iron *chevaux de frise* in front.'—vol. i. p. 139.

DOMESTIC AND FEMALE MANNERS:—

'The manners of the country [*America*] are *decidedly worse* now *in everything* than they were *thirty years since*.'—vol. iii. p. 108.

—'An American is lucky indeed, if he can read a paper in a house, without having a stranger looking over each shoulder. Exaggerated as this may appear, the writer [Cooper] has actually been driven away by strangers leaning over him, in this manner, no less than eleven times, at the Astor House, within the last twelve months.'—vol. iii. p. 193.

—'I am not disposed to quarrel with any Englishman who says frankly—"Your society is not to my liking; it wants order, tone, finish, simplicity and manliness; having substituted in their stead, pretension, noise, a childish and rustic irritability, and a confusion in classes." These defects are obvious to a man of the world.'—vol. iii. p. 105.

—'Travellers are [in American inns] indiscriminately elevated or depressed to the same level of habits; it being almost an offence against good morals in America for a man to refuse to be hungry when the majority is ravenous, or to have an appetite when the mass has dined. In the midst of noise and confusion one would be expected to allow that in such a caravansery he was living in what, in American parlance, is called "splendid style;" "splendid misery" would be a better term.'—vol. i. p. 11.

—'Our deportment is *fast tending* to mediocrity under the present gregarious habits of the people. When there is universal suffrage at a dinner table or in the drawing-room, numbers will prevail, as well as in the ballot boxes, and the majority in no country is particularly polite and well-bred. The great taverns that are springing up all over America are not only evils in their way, of comfort and decency, but they are actually helping to injure the tone of manners.'—vol. i. p. 45.

—'It would be unfair to compare the company at a dinner [in London] with that wine-discussing, trade-talking, dollar-dollar set that has made an inroad on society in our commercial towns, not half of whom are cultivated, or indeed, Americans; but I speak of a class vastly superior, which, *innovated* on, as it is, by the *social Vandals* of the times, still

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clings to its habits, and retains much of its *ancient* simplicity and respectability.'—vol. i. p. 248.

—'The audience [at Covent Garden Theatre] had a well-dressed and respectable air, and although its taste might sometimes be questioned, it was well mannered. In short, it was very much like what our own better theatres *used* to exhibit *before the inroad of the Goths*.'—vol. iii. p. 98.

—'The women in this country [England] have a distinct, quiet, regulated utterance, which is almost unknown in their own sex in America. Their voices are more like *contr'altos* than those of our own women, who have a very peculiar shrillness, and they manage them much better. Indeed we are almost in a state of nature on all these points.'—vol. iii. pp. 107, 8.

—'As to the essential points of deportment, the distinctions [between *English* and *American* manners] are more obvious than one could wish, especially among the men, and among the very youthful of your own [the female] sex.'—vol. ii. p. 191.

—'Time, reflection, and perhaps necessity, impart more *retenue* of manner here than it is common to see with us, though girls of good families, certainly the daughters of good mothers, at home [in *America*], come pretty nearly up to the level of English deportment.'

—'No women do so much injustice to themselves as the Americans; their singularly feminine exterior, requiring softness and mildness of voice and deportment, a tone that their unformed habits have suffered to be supplanted by the rattle of hoydens, and the giggling of the nursery.'—vol. ii. p. 198.

—'We have party ladies as well as England . . . but how rare is it to find one who is capable of instructing a child in even the elementary principles of its country's interests, duties, or rights! . . it would be much better were our girls kept longer at their books before they are turned into the world to run their light-hearted career of trifling.'—vol. ii. 38.

And all these, be it remembered, are the mere *incidental* and *palliative* admissions of a writer whose object is to depreciate and libel England and to vindicate and exalt America. We learn from an appendix to the volumes, that Mr. Cooper is already in very bad odour in America, and he confesses that "he has never been so well-treated in any country, *not even in his own*," as in this England, which he has thus endeavoured to revile (p. vii.), and he talks of the '*odium*,' '*persecution*,' and so forth, which he suffers at home, very angrily, and we dare say truly. With his temper he is sure to meet unpopularity everywhere; and we shall be much surprised if this last publication does not give him the *coup de grace* both at home and abroad.

Before we take our leave of Mr. Cooper we must observe, that amidst all the trash, which carries on its very face ridicule and refutation,

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refutation, there are two statements of alleged facts so audaciously false as to require special notice, and on which it is, in a peculiar degree, *our* bounden duty to make a direct and personal appeal to Mr. Cooper, and to invite both the British and American public to expect his answer.

One is on the subject of the old—but lately-revived—French lie; that the English government were the secret accomplices of the worst excesses of the French revolution. This, of course, the congenial mind of Mr. Cooper believes, nor do we quarrel with his belief, but he supports it by an anecdote which we can assert to be in its letter and its spirit an *infamous falsehood*.

'One anecdote related to me by General Lafayette, in person, I consider so remarkable that it shall be repeated; substituting, however, initials of names that do not apply to those that were actually mentioned, as some of the parties are still living. I select this anecdote from a hundred, because I so well know the integrity of the party from whom it is derived, that I feel confident there is no exaggeration or colouring in the account; and because it is, *fortunately, in my power to prove that I had it from General Lafayette, almost in the words in which it is given to you*. We were conversing on the subject of the probable agency of the monarchs and aristocrats of Europe in bringing about the excesses of the revolution. "Count N—— was in England during the peace of Amiens," said our venerable friend, "and he dined with Lord G——, one of Mr. Pitt's cabinet. They were standing together at a window of the drawing-room, when Lord G—— pointed to a window of a house at a little distance, and said, 'that is the window of the room in which F—— lodged, when in England.' 'F——!' exclaimed Count N——, 'what can you know, my lord, of such a man as F——?' The English minister smiled significantly, and replied, 'Why, *we sent him to France!*' "

'By substituting for "Count N——" the name of a Frenchman who has been a minister under nearly every government in France for the last forty years, and whose private and public character is one of the best of that country; for that of Lord G——, a well-known English statesman; and that of F——, one of the greatest monsters to which the Reign of Terror gave birth, you will have the story almost in the words in which it was related to me by General Lafayette, who told me he had it from Count N—— himself.'—vol. iii. pp. 155-7.

The very idea of the British cabinet having any share in those horrors is so ridiculous as to require no refutation; but in order that the malignant credulity of such men as Mr. Cooper should thenceforth have no excuse, we several years ago took what really was the *superfluous* trouble,* of adding to the authority of public notoriety and common sense, that of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and several other members of the cabinet and government between 1790 and 1797—that the imputation was a falsehood equally

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxviii. p. 463.

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monstrous for its atrocity and its absurdity. We shall, however, never permit this calumny to be repeated in any book likely to be circulated among the less-informed classes, which falls under our notice, without repeating our contradiction—and though it never could appear in a more contemptible channel than in Mr. Cooper's 'England,' we shall throw away a few words on the details of the anecdote, as related by him.

Our readers will have observed that he only gives initials of the names, and, strange to say, these initials are *not*, he says, the initials of the *real* names. Why not? when he gives, at full length, the names of Mr. Pitt and M. Lafayette? Because he says '*some of the parties are still living*.' Now we, on the contrary, cannot but think that when so atrocious an imputation on the character of such a man as Mr. Pitt is made, it ought to be considered very lucky that its truth might be tested by living evidence—nor could there be any breach of confidence in giving the *other* names, for he does give that of the person who told him, and he, moreover, volunteers an offer to substantiate the fact by *proof*, 'for it is,' says he, '*fortunately in my power to prove that I had it from Lafayette*.'

To that *proffered* proof we now invite him.

But again; '*some* of the parties *are* alive:'—The only parties alluded to, are Mr. Pitt and Lafayette—'Lord G—, a member of Mr. Pitt's cabinet'—'F—, one of the greatest monsters of the Reign of Terror'—'and the Count N—.' Now Lafayette is dead—Mr. Pitt is dead—every member of his cabinet at the period in question is dead—we are almost certain that there is not *any monster* of the Reign of Terror now living; and therefore we have reduced Mr. Cooper to his imaginary Count N—, who might have been *one* of the parties—but who, *alone*, could not, *with truth*, be designated as *some* of the parties. Here, again, Mr. Cooper's statement requires explanation.

But this is not all—this alleged conversation with 'the member of Mr. Pitt's cabinet' took place during the peace of Amiens—the inventor of the lie, whoever he was, had forgotten that Mr. Pitt was not in office for two years before, nor for two years after, the peace of Amiens. And again, the main gist of the whole is that the British ministry 'sent over to France one of the greatest monsters to which the Reign of Terror *gave birth*.' We are not ignorant of the history of the Reign of Terror, nor of the persons who figured in that gigantic tragedy, and we think that we can venture to say that no person who can be said to have been 'one of the greatest monsters to whom the Reign of Terror *gave birth*' was ever in England, under any circumstances that could admit the possibility of such an intrigue; Marat visited England about 1774;

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1774; Danton made a short visit about the middle of 1789, before the revolution had taken its ferocious hue; and Petion attended Madame de Genlis in her journey in 1790, and stayed a very few days. We say nothing of the private visits or diplomatic missions of *Orleans-Egalité*, in and prior to 1789, because all the world knows that the British government could have had no hand in them; and, moreover, these three persons—Danton, Petion, Egalité—monsters as they were, were rather the *victims* than the *births* of the *Reign of Terror*. Now we think we are entitled to summon Mr. Cooper, as a man of veracity, to fulfil his pledge. He states voluntarily and ostentatiously, that 'it is *fortunately* in his power to prove that he had this story from General Lafayette.' This *offer of collateral proof* justifies us in requiring that the collateral proof shall be produced. Lafayette was a weak, foolish fellow, but we believe him to have been quite incapable of inventing so gross a lie, and almost so of repeating it—and we therefore call on Mr. Cooper, in the face of the world, to produce the proof which he has tendered, and to give us the names and all other details of the anecdote, as he heard it. If he does not, we shall leave him and his story to the judgment of every man of honour in Europe and America.

The other point on which we have to make a personal appeal to Mr. Cooper is the following:—

'There is scarcely a doubt, that articles, unfavourable to America,—low, blackguard abuse, that was addressed to the least worthy of the national propensities of the English,—were prepared under the direction of the government, and inserted in the Quarterly Review. *Mr. Gifford admitted as much as this to an American of my acquaintance, who has distinctly informed me of the fact.*'—vol. ii. p. 251.

We do not complain that Mr. Cooper should think *our* style 'low and blackguard;' he means, of course, that it is the reverse of his own, and that is the sole approbation which we desire from him; but to the assertion which implicates the name of our lamented friend Mr. Gifford we give the most indignant denial, with absolute certainty as regards the fact, with moral certainty as regards the confession attributed to Mr. Gifford. *He* could not have made any such admission, because there never was the slightest colour for the allegation; and we, therefore, in the most solemn manner call on Mr. Cooper to prove the sincerity of his own solemn execration of '*any one who should indulge in low calumnies that mark equally ignorance and vulgarity,*' (vol. iii. p. 163) and to produce the American acquaintance, 'who distinctly informed him' of what we denounce to the world as another CALUMNIOUS FALSEHOOD.

ART.

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ART. III.—1. *Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c., including a Steam Voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to Constantinople and round the Black Sea, in* 1836. By Edmund Spencer, Esq., author of 'Sketches of Germany and the Germans,' &c. In 2 vols. London, 1837.

2. *Three Voyages in the Black Sea to the Coast of Circassia; including Descriptions of the Ports, and the importance of their Trade: with Sketches of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Circassians.* By the Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, Consul of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands at Odessa. London, 1837.

MR. SPENCER now proclaims himself to be the same gentleman who last year gave to the public 'Sketches of Germany and the Germans,' under the designation of 'An Englishman *resident* in Germany;' and which we noticed, not very favourably, in our April Number, expressing our doubt of the applicability of the designation he was pleased to substitute for a name. If we then had reason to suspect his *residence* in Germany to have been of very small duration, we have now a much stronger reason to suspect his *residence* in Circassia to be a mere negative quantity. Mr. Spencer, in fact, appears to be favoured with the gift of ubiquity. In 1836 he is in Germany; in 1836 he publishes two volumes, on Germany, in London; in 1836 he is at Pest, in Hungary—on the Danube—in the Dardanelles—in the Troad—in Odessa—in Krim Tartary—along the coast of Circassia—in Bessarabia—at Trebisond—and finally, a *resident* in Circassia!

In our review of his former work we had to notice his appropriating not only the ideas, but the very words of our friend *Pickler* Muskau; on the present occasion he seems to have carried this trade of purloining to a much greater extent—a trade which old Admiral Burney, on meeting a brother compiler in the reading-room of the British Museum, called the art of making new shoes out of old boot upper-leathers. Mr. Spencer has, to all appearance, cobbled a pair of slippers out of the leggins of the Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny.

In April, 1836, Mr. Spencer embarked in a steam-boat at Vienna; at this season of the year, the Danube is said to be (rather beginning to be) in high flood; and he passed down that great stream—the first who ever did so—without interference, and almost without stoppage, into the Black Sea. In summer and autumn the steam-boats ascend no higher than Presburg. We had seen, by Mr. Quin's descent of the Danube, what impediments he had to encounter between Presburg and Wallachia, where

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where he was obliged to quit the river and proceed by land to Constantinople. In consequence of the delay occasioned by the several stoppages in the navigation, he had the advantage of seeing the adjoining country much better than Mr. Spencer; and though what Mr. Quin saw was but little, Mr. Spencer seems to have seen nothing after his departure from Pest. We shall give him the benefit of quoting part of what he has to say concerning this place:—

'My first lounge was through the fair, which afforded as many groups for the painter, as for the observer of life and manners; the Babel-like confusion of tongues was endless, and the costume and appearance of the motley tribes could not have been equalled in variety by any other fair in Europe, or even by the most entertaining maskers that ever trod the Piazza San Marco, or the Corso at Rome, because here each performed his natural character. The most prominent figures in the group were ever the proud Magyars, particularly those just arrived from the provinces. The dress of some of these noblemen was indeed singular, consisting of a tight sheep-skin coat, or mantle, the woolly side inwards; while the other was gaudily embroidered all over with the gayest flowers of the parterre, in coloured silk, among which the tulip was ever the most prominent. . . . . Among crowds of Jews, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Tyrolians, Germans, Sclavonians, Italians, and Hungarian peasants, were groups of gipsies, their black matted locks shading their wild sun-burnt countenances, exhibiting their dancing-dogs, bears, and monkeys, or playing a lively tune for the amusement of the surrounding multitude, these itinerants being the popular musicians of Hungary. In another part of the fair, mountebanks, on elevated platforms, were relating the exploits of the famous robber Schrubar in the great forest of Bakony; or the ravages committed by the dreadful monster, half-serpent, half-flying dragon, that lately rose out of the Balaton lake, together with the most veritable history of the re-appearance of the renowned Merman, who had inhabited for the last two years his own extensive domain, the Hansag marshes. All these astonishing marvels, besides hundreds of others, were listened to by the peasants, not only with attentive ears, but open mouths, and were illustrated by paintings as large as life, depicting the extraordinary wonders, executed in a style which set all imitation at defiance.'—vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

To reprint the names of the towns and villages on the two banks of the river would be a waste of time and of paper, and their position will be much better understood by looking over Arrowsmith's map than from Mr. Spencer's wretched piece of lithography, cut up into shreds and patches, disjoined, running in all directions, without one point of the compass to assist in putting them together—yet we are told, in a long, rambling introduction of twenty-eight pages, that 'the traveller who may leave Vienna for Constantinople, and adopts a steam-vessel as his mode

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mode of conveyance, will find the river-map on the Danube, introduced into this work, a valuable acquisition.' Heaven help the traveller if he has no better acquisition than this, where he will see the province of Moldavia to the *east* of the Danube and Pruth—instead of the *west*. Nor do we learn much by being told that the banks on the Servian side are clothed with woods, while those on the Hungarian side had nothing to relieve the *monotony* except a *continued range* of guard-houses; that the peasantry on one side were clothed in one fashion, and on the opposite side in another—but Mr. Spencer, floating rapidly down in the Pannonia steamer, could do no more than exercise his eyes, as they skimmed along; we do not blame him for not seeing more than 'was in sight,' but we do think he has swelled out the first eighty or ninety pages of his volumes very unnecessarily, in dilating on matters of which he could not by possibility speak in his own person, but is indebted to previous writers, who had better opportunities than he had of making themselves acquainted with the different countries and provinces through which the noble Danube flows.

A little below Palanka is the fortified castle of Golubacs (Golumbacz?), perched on the summit of a stupendous rock, which gives name to an insect, whose deleterious powers are represented as much more formidable than we had been aware of:—

'Near this place we found a range of caverns, famous for producing the poisonous fly, too well known in Servia and Hungary under the name of the Golubacser fly. These singular and venomous insects, somewhat resembling musquitoes, generally make their appearance, during the first great heat of summer, in such numbers as to seem like vast volumes of smoke; their attacks are always directed against every description of quadruped, and so potent is the poison they communicate, that even an ox is unable to withstand its influence, for he always expires in less than two hours. This results, not so much from the virulence of the poison, as that every vulnerable part is simultaneously covered with these most destructive insects; when the wretched animals, frenzied with pain, rush wild through the fields till death puts a period to their sufferings, or they accelerate dissolution by plunging headlong into the rivers. The shepherds of these countries, taught by experience the time of their approach, anoint every part of their flocks and herds, unprotected by nature, with a strong decoction of wormwood; to which, it appears, these flies have a great antipathy. In addition to this, the shepherds keep immense fires constantly blazing; around which the poor animals, aware of their danger, tremblingly and patiently congregate. Kind nature has, however, mercifully ordained that their existence shall be most ephemeral; for the slightest variation in the weather is sufficient to destroy the whole swarm; hence they seldom live beyond a few days.'—ibid. pp. 58-60.

The following is the account given by our traveller of the passage

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sage of the Demirkapi, or Iron-gate, which perilous feat he says their steam-vessel was the first to accomplish:—

'The Demirkapi cataract, unquestionably the most sublime part of the Danube from its source in the Black Forest of Germany to the Euxine, is considerably heightened in picturesque effect by the wild character of the surrounding country. Here the majestic river, pent up in a narrow channel, rushes between stupendous rocks down the descent with the rapidity of lightning, and with a crash so tremendous as to overpower every other sound; while the foaming surge, as it broke with violence over the deck, and lashed the sides of our vessel, gave to the river the appearance of the sea when agitated by a storm. Nor was this all; for before our arrival at the cataract, we had to pass through a continuation of whirlpools and inconsiderable waterfalls, which, though not dangerous, added very much to the romantic character of our voyage.'—ibid. pp. 69, 70.

It is remarkable enough, and speaks but little in favour of Mr. Spencer's 'organs of inquisitiveness and locality,' that he should pass along this part of the river without noticing that grand causeway, constructed on the left bank of it, under the superintendence of the Count Seycheyni, to enable passengers and traffic to be conveyed the whole distance, where the Danube is impassable by steam-vessels. Our readers, however, can hardly have forgotten Mr. Quin's interesting details on this subject; and they will find still ampler information in the recent very modest volume entitled 'A Hand-Book for Southern Germany.'

Of Galatz, in Moldavia, Mr. Spencer gives a most miserable account. Here it was necessary to change vessels, the one in which he had descended the Danube not being sufficiently large to navigate the Black Sea. He embarked therefore in the Ferdinando steam-packet for Constantinople, commanded by an Englishman of the name of Everson, who had two other Englishmen as passengers. Of the rest we may allow our author to speak, that the future traveller may judge of the sort of company he is likely to meet with in an Euxine steamer.

'We had also a Hungarian nobleman, and a considerable sprinkling of German students; these were deck passengers, for which they only paid a few florins; and if they had been bound for the Indies, they could not have laid in a more ample store of provisions: true it is, they were about to embark on the Black Sea, which, to a German who had never even beheld salt water, appeared an enterprise of no common peril. In genuine patriarchal style they feasted upon the common store, while their continued vocal efforts gave to our vessel the

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semblance of a beer-shop: several were fashionably dressed, with tremendous spurs dangling at their heels; and thus, whip in hand, strutted up and down the deck with as much consequence as a seignior of a thousand acres. In short, they were a most noisy, ill-behaved set of young men, between whom and the captain there was open war from the moment they entered the vessel; for, much to the annoyance of the cabin-passengers, they struggled to obtain exclusive possession of the deck, maintaining to the very letter, that it was their right as deck-passengers. At one time the contest assumed an air of gravity, until the captain, an intelligent, active seaman, threatened to lower the boat and put them ashore: this, together with a few friendly remonstrances addressed to them on my part, at length convinced them of their folly; for, being the only Englishman on board that spoke German, I was obliged to perform the disagreeable office of dragoman. Among our cabin-passengers, the brave Magyar was the most original in his manners. He was in the prime of life, full of fire and animation, with not a little of the assured confidence of a man accustomed to command; he was a complete horror to our refined countrymen, whose every word and gesture was studied, and whose conversation was carried on in a *sotto voce* tone, certainly not intended to communicate with those whose auricular organs were in the slightest degree disordered. In direct opposition to this, every sentence uttered by our Hungarian friend was in a voice so pitched in *alto*, as to resemble that of a seaman in a storm. In addition to this sin against good manners, he used his fork for a tooth-pick, and expectorated much too freely on the floor, and never thought it necessary to listen to any other conversation than his own; which flowed on in one continued stream, most unfortunately for his hearers, for he was a man of limited information, though he conceived himself to be a living encyclopedia, and competent to discuss every subject. This partly resulted from his high station in his own country, where he was a "doctor of laws and philosophy," and also a seignior of two or three most unpronounceable lordships: still, notwithstanding these foibles, he was a truly estimable man, honest in his principles, and an excellent travelling companion.'—ibid. pp. 85-88.

On approaching the Black Sea, Mr. Spencer says—

'We took the channel called Suline Bogasi, which is that generally used by mariners, and considered to be the principal stream; and, according to the late Russian treaty with the Ottoman Porte, it was agreed that the centre of this arm of the Danube should form for the future the boundary line between the two empires, each reserving to itself the right of navigation. Our voyage from Galatz to the Black Sea was anything but agreeable: the banks were everywhere marshy, especially below the Pruth; and, as a consequence, the mosquitoes and hornet-flies were multiplied tenfold. Still, however favourable the swamps might have been to the increase of our tiny tormentors, they were most deleterious to the health of man: this was sadly evidenced in the bloated countenances of the wretched Cossacks, doomed to guard the

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the Russian frontier in this part of the empire. But as we rushed forward by the aid of steam, and a current computed to run at the rate of twenty thousand feet in an hour, we experienced no other inconvenience from the climate than a little annoyance from our insect enemies.'—ibid. pp. 89, 90.

'Twenty thousand feet in an hour!' This puts one in mind of the French barber dipping the wig in the ocean when a pail of water would have done the purpose. A common-place traveller would have contented himself by saying 'something less than four miles an hour;' and the reader would have been spared the trouble of stopping to calculate how many miles in twenty thousand feet. He tells us vaguely that the journey from Vienna to Constantinople may be done with the greatest ease in eight days, casting anchor each night at sunset; but, that as things are constituted at present, a man may consider himself well-off if he is able to accomplish the voyage in 'twelve days.' As Mr. Spencer neither condescends to give the date of his departure, nor that of his arrival, nor any date at all, between Presburg and Constantinople, we are, of course, left utterly in the dark as to the actual time it took *him* to perform the journey. He enters the Black Sea, steams down to the Bosphorus, 'takes a glance at the fair city of Constantine,' continues his voyage to the Dardanelles, thence to the site of Troy, and back to Constantinople, without condescending to give his readers a single date. This we confess is a mode of travel-writing that does not at all meet our notions. To say nothing of other points, when a traveller runs over some thousands of miles, and visits almost as many different places, it is of some importance for the reader to know what time he has occupied at such and such a place, to enable him to collect the facts which have called forth his descriptions and observations. While on this head, we may observe, that although Mr. Spencer must, by his account, have traversed some thousand miles, it would hardly be thought credible that he has but two dates in his two volumes—the one in the first is 'Presburg, April 5, 1836;' the other, in the second, is, 'June, 1837.' The consequence is, a suspicion is created in the mind of the reader that there is a latent object for such suppression. We may notice, however, a few occurrences that happened in the passage. In the first place, we regret exceedingly to find it stated that, at the mouth of the Danube, a Russian officer of the quarantine, in the person of an Englishman named Carruthers, hailed the steamer, and that there is reason to believe a toll is intended to be levied on all foreign vessels navigating between the Black Sea and the Danube. If foreign nations, and Austria in particular, suffer this, it is to be hoped that Russia will not only insist upon pocketing their money but,

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but, on refusal, *knout* them all well till they become sensible of the degradation of submitting to any such impost.

We fancy Mr. Spencer magnifies the inconvenience of the navigation of the Black Sea. The Ferdinando was a fine vessel of a hundred horse-power, and commanded by an Englishman, an experienced navigator; yet she is stated to have found it difficult to struggle against the elements.

'The sea heaved fearfully, the watery mountains rolled over each other in rapid succession, the fiery lightning darted through the dark, wild clouds, accompanied by tremendous peals of thunder, and the howling wind drove our vessel like a feather through the surge; it was, in truth, a glorious spectacle, and made a deep impression upon our Hungarian traveller and the German students, who now admired, for the first time, the grandeur of a sea-storm. Their admiration was, however, quickly converted into fear, when they beheld the steam-boat pitching first on one side and then on the other. But how is it possible to paint their horror and consternation when she first shipped water? Pale with apprehension, for one and all expected that we were immediately going to the bottom, they first invoked all the saints in the calendar to protect them; and next execrated their own folly for committing themselves to the fickle element. Drenched to the skin, and with countenances of an ashy paleness, they were to be seen, in one part of the deck, locked in each other's arm; and in another, clinging with all their strength to a rope. While the brave Magyar, the dauntless hero of a dozen battles, and who never before knew what fear was, trembled like a leaf, and assuredly at no time embraced a fair maiden more lovingly than he now did the mast; and nothing could persuade him, every time the vessel creaked, but that she was splitting to pieces. All attempts of the captain to clear the deck of these, to him, useless lumber, were unavailing; till at length the heaving billows performed upon the whole party the work of ipecacuanha, and they retreated to the cabin, having then become careless whether they were shipwrecked or not.'—ibid. pp. 95, 96.

The steam-boat having been engaged to convey the Pasha of the Dardanelles, his harem and suite, to his new residence on the borders of that strait, Mr. Spencer proceeded along with him. On their arrival he invited him to his house, and gave him, as he could not do less, coffee and cakes, and pipes, and sherbet, brought by black slaves—all in the usual style. From hence, in company of the Magyar, who seems to have had no particular object in view, and with a Turkish Aga, they all proceeded to visit the site of Troy; and it is wonderful how very much Mr. Spencer appears, at once, to find himself at home, and every nook and corner precisely as Homer described them; utterly unconscious, it would seem, that Jacob Bryant had ever written, or that Chevallier and Clarke, Chandler and Pococke, had ever visited and examined the Troad; or that any doubts or difficulties had ever entered the minds of any of these intelligent,

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telligent, ingenious, and learned travellers. How long his explorations continued he carefully conceals from us; it must have been a considerable length of time, one would hope, as he verily believes 'every sentence of the historical details of the Iliad,' and *ought* therefore to have carefully gone over the whole.

'Before I left Troy, I rode to the extensive ruins of the Alexandrian Troy, near Eski Stamboul; visited the islands of Lesbos and Tenedos,—lands celebrated in the annals of love and art, for they were the countries of Sappho and Alcæus; bathed in the crystal stream of the Scamander, where the royal sisters of the heroic Hector washed their garments; and traced the classic Simois to its source in the mountains, from whence I ascended Mount Ida, the abode of the gods. In short, there was not a single locality of interest, associated with the history of Troy, that I did not repeatedly visit. . . . I went over the ground, with Homer for my guide; and if the Iliad had only been written yesterday, the site, the various mounds, eminences, and rivers, could not have been more accurately described. There is the identical plain between the Hellespont and Mount Ida's encircling chain, at whose base is situated Bournarbashi, exactly nine miles from the shore.'—ibid. pp. 118—120.

The Austrian steam-boat, Maria Dorothea, carried him back to Constantinople, in going towards which he utters the following *bêtise*:—

'That the Russians should be desirous to establish themselves at Constantinople, can be no matter of surprise; and we must almost feel astonished at *the forbearance of the young Emperor*, when conqueror of Adrianople, that he did not march forward and secure the glorious prize, even at the hazard of a general European war.'—ibid. p. 127.

We also feel somewhat astonished at the extreme ignorance of Mr. Spencer, in not knowing that the poor old commander of the forces, Diebitz, shed tears, and was absolutely in a fever the whole time he continued there, until the treaty was actually signed, *he* knowing very well that, instead of marching forward, the best march he could otherwise have looked for was a tolerably unmolested retreat.

After all that has recently been written of Constantinople we do not find anything in Mr. Spencer's account of it that, if extracted, would add either to the information or the amusement of our readers. As a specimen, however, we may take his account of the condition of the ladies:—

'I confess I think that travellers have somewhat overrated the beauty and peculiar attraction of the women in Constantinople. Through the kindness of my Turkish friends, I had more than once the honour of partaking of an entertainment served by the women of my host unveiled; and certainly, so far as regards the transparent paleness of their complexions, and the delicate outline of their regular features, contrasted with

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with the darkest hair, and eyes soft and black as the gazelle's, they are very lovely women: but there is a total want of vivacity, sentiment, and intelligence in their expression; and however becoming their dress may be in-doors, when divested of the ill-shaped wrapper, yet this, together with the veil bound over the face, which is only partially abandoned, so completely envelops their forms when taking the air, that grace and elegance are totally out of the question. Nor do their yellow boots, or slip-shod slippers, by any means add to the beauty of their feet; which little supporters every oriental woman that I ever beheld invariably turns inward,—a practice no doubt originated by the position in which they are accustomed to sit. . . . Several of the black women, particularly the Abyssinians, were remarkable for the symmetry of their forms and features. But how disgusting was it to behold every barbarian of an Osmanli, who pretended to be a judge of female perfections, or the licentious libertine, examining the features and forms of the poor innocent wretches exposed for sale like herds of cattle. Really no scene of human wretchedness and degradation can equal this; and however consonant the practice may be to oriental manners, and those of other slave countries, it excited in me feelings of the strongest repugnance, and I sincerely regretted having gratified by curiosity. Indeed, I would from my soul entreat the man who thinks highly of human nature, never to cross the threshold of a slave bazaar. . . . So strong, however, is the force of early habits of thinking, that these unfortunate beings seemed indifferent to their fate; for they laughed, skipped and played together with the greatest cheerfulness, and even gaiety. Poor children! to them ignorance was truly bliss; for, of all that I beheld, there was not more than half a dozen that exhibited the appearance of being really dejected; the majority did not even seem endowed with the faintest ray of sensibility, and the oldest could not have arrived at the age of eighteen. A few bargains were concluded during our visit; when the little victim took up her tiny packet, covered her face with her white veil, and followed her new lord, apparently without a murmur. Their price, like that of every other commodity, is regulated by the demand and the supply. The Circassians, Georgians, and Grecians were the most valued, but always estimated according to their beauty. The two former being very difficult to procure, on account of the strict blockade maintained by Russia on the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, now fetch as high a price as a hundred pounds; a well-made and healthy Abyssinian might be purchased for about thirty, while the poor negro woman was not considered worth more than ten or fifteen.'—ibid. pp. 141. 150, 151, 152.

A circumstance occurred at Constantinople which determined the future direction of Mr. Spencer's travels,—the only interesting part of them:—

'One of the Frank instructors pointed out a young Kabardian, whose dexterity in gymnase, archery, and all kinds of military exercises he highly extolled; adding, that he generally bore off the prize from his young competitors. He is a fine youth, the son of a chieftain in the province of Kabardia, in the Caucasus, and a great favourite with the Sultan;

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Sultan; who, notwithstanding his advanced age, equals the athletic mountaineer in the strength and vigour with which he draws a bow. While conversing with the young Highlander upon the present state of his country, I was surprised at the enthusiastic tone of feeling he exhibited. His attachment to the land of his ancestors was unbounded; and his glowing description of the picturesque beauty of the country, the hospitality and friendly disposition of the inhabitants, increased the desire I had for some time entertained of visiting the Caucasian mountains.'—ibid. pp. 190, 191.

Leaving, therefore, Constantinople, as we shall do his prolix account of it, he proceeded along the western shore of the Black Sea to Odessa, in a steamer, the captain of which was an Englishman of the name of Covey, freighted with Russian nobles and their families, Madame Nariskin and her suite, the Hungarian Magyar, (who appears to stick close to Mr. Spencer,) a Karaite Jew and his pretty wife. It is not necessary to stop to examine his learned prosing about Leuce, or, as it is now called, Serpents' Island; 'which no traveller, however daring, has ventured to explore.' The reason he assigns is absurd—the hazy atmosphere, it seems, renders it dangerous; but 'the friendly, snow-white *plumage* of the birds proclaims its vicinity; hence its original name *Leuce*, or White Island.'—(For *plumage* read *dung*.)

Mr. Spencer gives the following somewhat pungent account of what passed on Lord Durham's arrival at the port of Odessa, on his way to the Russian capital.

'His Lordship's visit had the effect of sadly discomposing the authorities, and affording subject matter of conversation to the quiet people of Odessa for months; for when the vessel arrived in the port with our well-known red-cross banner, she fired the usual salute, announcing that the representative of Great Britain was on board; when lo! the guns of the fort were silent: the salute was repeated; still the same portentous silence. Even our consul-general was silent; for the very good reason, he happened to be absent. Here was dishonour to the flag of the greatest nation in the world! His lordship stormed, the captain stamped with rage; even the least choleric among the officers thought the conduct of the Russians extraordinary. What could be the reason? was echoed by all on board. Perhaps the insult was personal: perhaps his lordship, as chief of all the radicals, was not a palatable representative to the chief of all the despots. At length, the officers of the quarantine made their appearance, and not being prepared to offer a satisfactory explanation, his lordship penned a spirited remonstrance, not a little tinged with anger, to the governor-general; in which the insults and indignities he had received were energetically and eloquently set forth. The effect of the missive was electric; governor-general, commander of the forces, officers, consul, vice-consul, all were in dismay, for they knew to appease the ire of an angry man is not an

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easy undertaking. However, on explaining the real cause, namely, that it was against the port regulations to give or return a salute later than seven in the evening, (his lordship having arrived after that hour,) the storm subsided, like the clouds retiring from the face of the sun; and his Majesty's representative most graciously condescended to receive every attention, courtesy, and honour that could possibly be rendered by the authorities to an ambassador. Indeed, no disrespect could have been intended by the authorities of Odessa; for Lord Durham is, I understand, a great favourite with the emperor and the court of St. Petersburg.'—ibid. pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Spencer, when liberated from quarantine, was introduced to General Count Woronzow, Governor-General of South Russia, from whom every Englishman in the character of a gentleman meets with a kind and hospitable reception. In fact, the Count himself is almost an Englishman. He was brought up in this country; his sister, the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, was also educated and is domiciled here; and their father, the late excellent Count Woronzow, when his ambassadorial functions ceased, continued to reside until his death in England. The General too is well known to the Duke of Wellington, and commanded the Russian army of occupation in France. He has, therefore, a predilection for Englishmen; nevertheless the invitation from the Count to Mr. Spencer 'to accompany him on a coasting expedition round the Black Sea'—that is to say, along the coast of Circassia,—is to us, considering all circumstances, incomprehensible; and is certainly more than any Englishman had a right to expect: however, by his present publication, Mr. Spencer, we think, has taken good care that neither he nor any of his countrymen will have such an invitation repeated. But though Mr. Spencer's loose style of expression might lead one to suppose that he was the guest and shipmate of the Count, we believe the fact to be, that he embarked in the steamer, under the wing of the British Consul, Mr. Yeames, who, with the French Consul and some others, were permitted to take a passage on her being appointed to attend the Iphigenia corvette, in which the Count and the other grandees were embarked. The Count, it seems, went before to Yalta, in the Crimea, to make arrangements for the voyage, and the party followed in a steamer, called the Periscap; a pretty little vessel, English-built; a sort of passage-boat—and not the one that afterwards attended the Count, the name of which was *Peter the Great*. At Yalta Count Woronzow has built a magnificent château, and in the neighbourhood are the country-seats of Nariskin, Galitzin, de Witt, and others of the Russian nobility: it is thus briefly noticed:—

'Yalta, quite a little town, with good hotels, post-office, post for horses, and every convenience for the traveller, is entirely the creation of

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of Count Woronzow. The houses are well built, the streets prettily laid out, and an air of commercial improvement everywhere visible; and from the security of the harbour, and other commercial advantages, Yalta has every chance of becoming a prosperous town.'—ibid. pp. 229, 230.

The day, he tells us, 'had *now* arrived' (what *now* means we know not) for an exploit, none similar to which, we are assured, had been performed since the days of Roman grandeur—undertaken at the command and expense of the Emperor Nicholas;—'every possible means were devised to impart éclat, and to assimilate it with that executed under the auspices of the conquerors of the world!' We are well aware that the Emperor Nicholas and his courtiers have no objection whatever to *éclat;* and it is possible that Mr. Spencer, 'being an Englishman,' was considered a desirable person to assist in blowing the trumpet on this occasion, more especially as, while at Odessa, he had made himself known as the author of a book called 'Germany and the Germans.' We know how ready these Russians have been to practise their catch-traps on our travelling Englishmen, whenever they discover that they can be made to *tell.* A captain in our navy, this summer, on the recommendation we believe of Lord Durham, was indulged with a cruize in the Baltic in one of their ships of war. He found himself in a corvette, which he describes as beautifully rigged, beautifully clean, and beautifully manned. She carried away her main-yard, or main-topsail-yard, and replaced it in so many minutes—by a stop-watch—much sooner than would have been done in an English corvette: it turned out, however, that this yard was all rigged for getting up, and it may be suspected that the whole concern had been carefully prepared to catch our young captain.

The other day there came a Russian frigate up the Thames as high as Gravesend; what she came there to do, except to make it convenient for our idlers to visit her cheaply by the Gravesend steamers, we know not:—perhaps old Pozzo di Borgo could explain; but she was visited, and admired beyond measure, even to the beautiful French rope of her rigging. That she had been fitted out 'spick and span new,' purposely to be exhibited and admired, none we believe who saw her had any doubt. The expense of these little exhibitions is trifling, and the effect of them is found to be good; they catch gudgeons, who take the bait without thought or reasoning, as all gudgeons do, and this answers the purpose intended. Thank God, we are not yet brought to so low a pitch as to have recourse to such stratagems, but it is a pity to find some of our young officers suffering themselves to be so miserably gulled.

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England employs no such artifices; she generally runs into a contrary extreme: how could the great Lord Durham, for instance, expect anything but slight, when shut up before Odessa in the most wretched steamer in the whole list of the British navy, the Pluto; a miserable, black, dirty-looking tool, not better in appearance than one of his lordship's coal-barges? Was the Black Sea really a *mare clausum* to the Barham frigate, which conveyed this great Lord to Constantinople? If so, who shut it up? This is a question of far more importance than the conveyance of his lordship in the vile machine above mentioned. Perhaps it was part of our own policy, not to send an English frigate through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, lest Russia should avail herself of the precedent, and send down a line-of-battle ship into the Mediterranean; and why not? why not invite her to send her whole Sevastapol fleet into the Mediterranean? We wish both them and the Baltic fleet to be in a situation where they can be got at, if necessary. Much as we deprecate war, if war should be inevitable to maintain the honour and the interest of Great Britain, let it be, in the name of all the powers that regulate human affairs, a naval war with Russia—let our ships of war, well manned and well officered, get but fairly and freely, with numbers however inferior, to the rickety craft of Russia, manned with its soldier-sailors from the garrison of Cronstadt!

But we are losing sight of our traveller:—

'We embarked in the government steam-boat the Peter the Great, convoyed by the Iphigenia corvette, commanded by Captain Poothatin, and a cutter: these armed vessels were not altogether for useless parade, as, from the accounts received from some officers just arrived from the theatre of war in Circassia, it appeared highly probable that an attack would be made upon us by the warlike tribes of the Caucasus, who were then carrying on a deadly warfare against the Russians. Our party consisted of his excellency, whom we may term the autocrat of the expedition; his subjects being the Count de Witt, commander-in-chief of the Russian cavalry, Prince Galitzin, Prince Tchetrerchinski, and other princes whose names I never could pronounce or write; Mr. Yeames, the consul-general of England, M. St. Sauveur, the consul-general of France, together with aides-de-camp, officers civil and military, doctors, historiographers, artists, and gentlemen without number. Nor were we without the fairer portion of creation: besides the lady of our autocrat we had Mesdames Nariskin, Potocky, de Choiseul, &c.'—ibid. pp. 231, 232.

They anchored off Theodosia, better known as Kaffa, where all was bustle and animation; the whole population, in their finery, lining the beach and the streets—and in the evening the ships in the harbour and the town brilliantly illuminated. But Kertch, we are told, is fast rivalling it, the commerce of the former being

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being principally fish, particularly turbot and sturgeon—the caviare from the latter, the herrings, anchovies, and oysters, all excellent. Each side of the Strait of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which unites the Black Sea with the Sea of Azof, and divides Europe from Asia, abounds with ruins of ancient cities; and sepulchral tumuli are everywhere visible. They, however, rapidly passed the Strait and cast anchor at Kertch, which Mr. Spencer obligingly tells his readers is the ancient Panticapeum, the celebrated capital of Mithridates. Here we are told the quarantine establishment, planned and executed by the orders of Count Woronzow, is a perfect model of its kind, with respect to its convenience and arrangements.

We now come to the pith and marrow of Mr. Spencer's book, the really valuable part, which gives an insight into the proceedings of Russia along the coast of Circassia, and their results hitherto. 'At the dawn of the following day'—what, of all the days in the calendar, the *following* day was, whether a spring, autumn, summer, or winter day, we should search in vain,—but—on the following day he was aroused from his cot by the cry of Tcherkesse, Tcherkesse!—Circassia, Circassia!—and jumping upon deck, 'I caught,' he says, 'for the first time, a view of the lesser chain of the Caucasus, piled up in all their varied forms to heaven; and a more brilliant pageant than they then exhibited cannot well be imagined.' If the lesser chain was piled up to heaven, where did the greater ascend to? This is one of the vague and fallacious descriptions so common to dealers in fine writing like Mr. Spencer. There are no mountains at Anapa, which they were approaching, and the 'lesser chain' does not exceed 4000 feet, and they are not in a chain but detached hills. He goes on to say,—'the sun, as it slowly emerged from behind a distant peak, gradually *gilded* every separate pinnacle of the stupendous range; and by its *rosy* light we discovered the *white* walls of the fortress of Anapa, bristling with cannon.' Now, when we are looking for facts there is nothing so provoking as to be bewildered with glowing descriptions that can have no resemblance to reality; the commencement of the 'stupendous range' happens to be one hundred miles at least below Anapa!

The heights around the fortress of Anapa, being in possession of the hostile tribes of the Caucasus, Mr. Spencer saw, 'by the aid of a powerful glass, that the dense forests on the shore, and the sides of the hills, were filled with armed men.' We doubt if Count Woronzow was prepared for such a sight. However,

'Here the governor-general landed, accompanied only by his own compatriots: his reason for this proceeding I am unable to divine, this being

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being the only time he had done so during the whole of our voyage. I subsequently learned, from one of the party, that the garrison was excessively unhealthy, and had recently experienced several disastrous reverses in their conflicts with the natives, who had lately manifested a more determined spirit of hostility; and their attacks being now conducted with greater military skill and discipline, had proved more murderous to their invaders. They were also said to be commanded by an English officer, who had served in India. But the last, and to me the most extraordinary piece of intelligence was, that the country was inundated with copies of a proclamation from the king of England, calling upon the Circassians to defend their country; and that in the event of their requiring assistance he would forthwith despatch a powerful fleet to their aid! Nor was this the only marvel related; for the count himself informed me that numerous copies of the dreadful *Portfolio* were industriously circulated among the people. These two astonishing documents were immediately translated, and sent to shake the nerves of the cabinet of St. Petersburg.'—ibid. pp. 252, 253.

We think he might have *divined* the reason that the Count did not invite him to land. An Englishman was not taken on this cruize 'to see the nakedness of the land.' The Count had evidently expected to find it in a much better condition. The coolness of our author's Russian friends was naturally enough but too visible on this discovery; but we are not surprised that the good sense of Count Woronzow should have decided at once that this proclamation could neither be the avowed nor the secret act of the English government, but only the wild plan of some exiled Poles, who were among the mountaineers. We are not yet, we presume, likely to be suspected by such a man as the Count of having any concern in expedients of this paltry description—at least we hope we are not.

The Declaration of Independence, however, from whatever quarter it proceeds, contains facts that cannot be controverted, and it expresses undoubtedly the sentiments and feelings of the confederated chiefs of those brave and unflinching mountaineers. Speaking of their being betrayed and abandoned by the Porte, they say—

'One Pasha opened the gates of Anapa to Muscovite gold, telling the Circassians that the Russians marched as friends to support the Sultan against the rebel chiefs of Arminestan. Another Pasha again betrayed them, and left their country by night. Since then the Circassians have sent repeated deputations to the Sultan, to offer their devotion, to request assistance: they have, however, been treated with coldness. They have also applied to Persia with no better success, and finally to Mehemet Ali, who, although appreciating their devotion, was too far off then to support them. In all these cases the deputies of Circassia had been instructed to tell those who, being at a distance, did not know how intolerable was the oppression of Russia, how hostile she was

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was to the customs, the faith and happiness of all men, (or why should the Circassians have fought so long against her?) how treacherous were her generals, and how savage her soldiers,—that therefore it was the interest of no one that the Circassians should be destroyed. On the contrary, that it was the interest of all that the Circassians should be supported. A hundred thousand Muscovite troops, occupied now in fighting with us, or in watching and blockading us, will then be fighting with you. A hundred thousand men now scattered over our barren and steep rocks, and struggling with our hardy mountaineers, will then be overrunning your rich plains, and enslaving your Rayas and yourselves. Our mountains have been the ramparts of Persia and Turkey; they will become, unless supported, the gate to both. They are the doors of the house, by closing which alone the hearth can be defended. But, moreover, our blood—Circassian blood, fills the veins of the Sultan. His mother, his harem, is Circassian; his slaves are Circassians; his ministers and his generals are Circassian. He is the chief of our faith, and also of our race; he possesses our hearts, and we offer him our allegiance. By all these ties we claim from him countenance and support, and if he will not or cannot defend his children and his subjects, let him think of the Khans of the Crimea whose descendant is among us.'—ibid. pp. 339-341.

They continue:—

'We know that Russia is not the only power in the world. We know that there are other powers greater than Russia, who, though powerful, are benevolent, who instruct the ignorant, who protect the weak, who are not friends to the Russians, but rather their enemies, and who are not enemies of the Sultan, but his friends. We know that England and France are the first among the nations of the globe, and were great and powerful when the Russians came in little boats, and got from us permission to catch fish in the sea of Azof. . . . . .

'It would be a long and sad story to relate the acts of her cruelty, her faith violated, her promises broken; how she has encircled our country on every side, cut us off from the necessaries of life; how she has intercepted our commerce; how she has caused to fall under the knife of the hired assassin the last remnants of our ancient houses, and left us without chiefs to obey; how she has exterminated whole tribes and villages; how she has bought the treacherous agents of the Porte; how she has reduced us to poverty, and driven us into hatred and exasperation against all the world, by the horrors she committed—while, by her falsehoods, she degraded us in the eyes of the Christian nations of Europe.'—ibid. pp. 341, 342. 344, 345.

They add:—'Russia has built forts on points of our territory, but they dare not venture beyond the reach of their guns; 50,000 Russians have lately made an inroad, and they have been beaten.'

Mr. Spencer tells us that the little town of Anapa is so scantily supplied with water that it has to be brought from a mountain rivulet not far distant; and that in these expeditions the Russian soldiers are obliged to be escorted by a park of artillery

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lery with lighted matches, as a defence against the determined hostility of the natives. This was almost the only spot which the Turks held as an emporium for their commerce with the Caucasian tribes, and from whence, among other articles, the Georgian and Circassian slave girls were supplied for the harems of Constantinople. The Chevalier de Marigny, who visited it when the Turks had possession of it, says,

'It is difficult to imagine how these people, who have slaves themselves, and to whom liberty is the first of blessings, can persuade themselves to sell their children. A father has this right over his offspring; a brother over a sister, when deprived of their parents; and a husband also can sell his wife if she be guilty of adultery. To be sold is often the sole wish of a pretty girl, because she is then certain of filling a place in a Turkish harem, which they prefer to their Circassian mode of life. It is no rare occurrence to see some of them return to their country after having obtained their liberty. The accounts which they bring back of the joys of these voluptuous prisons, and the sight of the presents with which they return, suffice to determine the fate of many, who request to be sold.'—*Marigny*, pp. 49, 50.

Again, on his visit in 1824, when Anapa was still held by the Turks, he says,

'At Anapa one loses much of the horror which the word slave produces in our minds. I have seen a considerable number of both sexes who were destined for Turkey or Egypt. The idea of this compulsory expatriation did not make them unhappy. Very few of them escaped; and even those whom I had seen with chains to their feet had lost none of their gaiety. All the young girls who are brought from the mountains are shut up in warehouses, where they likewise manifest a gaiety which it has always been painful to me to witness. I would rather have seen tears and witnessed the most heart-rending misery, where I heard songs and laughter. It would be difficult for me to attempt to express what they feel; but after this, let people talk with horror of the traffic of men carried on by the Turks, and pity the fate of their slaves. The Circassians never would understand when we endeavoured to impress upon their minds that the sale of their children was a misfortune. They consider it on the contrary a means of providing for them, of securing to them a patron, and frequently the prospect of a brilliant career. I am persuaded that when Anapa shall belong to the Russians the abolition of this commerce will make the Circassians long regret the Turks; since it is also a very important article of exchange for them, which they cannot so soon replace by products of industry.'—*Marigny*, pp. 238-240.

This work of De Marigny, especially in its *English* dress, is exceedingly curious. The author was four times on the coast; the first visit was in 1818, under the Russian flag, to negociate commercial ties with the Circassian chiefs. The second was in 1823, as Vice-Consul of the Netherlands in the Black Sea; in the

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the same year he sailed for Redout-Kalé, Trebisond, Pchiate, and Anapa; and in 1824 he undertook a fourth expedition to the last-named place. The information he obtained was various and interesting; but the curious part of it is, that having sent his journals, charts, views, &c. to the governor of New Russia, they were published last year at Odessa, during his absence, but certain passages in the original manuscript were omitted, and others interpolated, as if by the author himself; whereas the whole was done by the Russian authorities; a disgusting trick such as no other government would condescend to practise. Its object and partial effect was to put false facts and falsely-coloured statements into the mouth of the absent author—but the English translation supplies the blanks thus faithlessly occasioned, and does M. de Marigny a tardy justice.

The Russians, on every occasion of a quarrel with Turkey, aimed at possessing themselves of Circassia, but always failed, till, in 1728, Admiral Greig, with eight sail of the line, and a number of frigates, corvettes, and transports, and a large body of troops under Count Mentzicow, carried the town and fortress after a murderous siege of nearly three months. This place, and, till very recently, this only on the whole coast, continued in possession of the Russians; but, as Mr. Spencer observes, 'the sword of the invader has never been replaced in its scabbard.' The possession of Anapa has tempted them to try their strength to bring under subjection the various tribes of the Caucasus, but hitherto every attempt has ended in repulse; their several defeats have been attended with an enormous waste of human life; and the hatred of the natives was never more violently excited against them than at the present moment.

'Such was the beauty of the scenery and the variety of the prospects, that we glided almost imperceptibly along till we arrived at Soudjouk-Kalé, a fortress of which the Russians obtained possession, after a sharp contest with the Circassians, only a few days previous to our arrival; and though composed of nothing but a heap of ruins, yet the position is most important, being situated on a splendid bay, affording safe anchorage; while the valley, which is very fertile and of great length, communicates with several others, and thus opens an entrance into the interior of the country, to the very base of the Caucasian Alps.' —vol. i., p. 262.

Here Count Woronzow met with another disappointment. So certain was he of establishing a settlement here or lower down that he had made preparations for a commencement.

'It was, indeed, the intention of his excellency the governor-general, ever anxious to advance the interests of his sovereign, to establish a colony of Swiss either at Soudjouk-Kalé or Ghelendjik, for which purpose he was attended during the expedition by a gentleman from Switzerland;

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Switzerland; but such was the unceasing hostility evinced by the natives against every measure emanating from Russia, that to contemplate any such plan in the Western Caucasus at the present moment would be impossible; for along the whole line of coast from Anapa near the river Kouban to Anakria in Mingrelia, the Russians do not possess a foot of land, with the exception of the forts and settlements we visited, and these are constantly besieged by the indefatigable mountaineers.'—ibid., p. 337.

The Turks carried on a trade with, but had no actual possession of Soudjouk-Kalé: they were driven out of it in 1811 by the Duke of Richelieu, and restored to it at the peace of Bucharest. But the introduction of the plague among the Circassians, which swept thousands to their graves, so disgusted this brave people, that in 1820 they banished the Turks from the coast, razed the fortifications to the ground, and Soudjouk-Kalé remains a heap of ruins to the present day. The Russians resolved to regain it, and General Willemineff, with an army of 15,000, and a regular train of artillery, was sent for that purpose; but the greater part of them perished before the brave Circassians, who with their rifles, spears, and daggers, drove back the Russians to their miserable fortress, which they soon found to be untenable, and the remains of the army sought the protection of their shipping. It was still, however, in possession of the Russians at the time of Mr. Spencer's visit; and on the first blush the garrison appeared at their ease, in the midst of peace, contented and happy. Mr. Spencer speaks of the bands of the several regiments performing their most lively airs—aides-de-camp galloping to and fro—here a group of soldiers playing at cards on the head of a drum—there creating thirst by swallowing copious draughts of the beloved Vodka;—in one place chanting with a loud roar their national airs, and in another tripping the wild dance, the *barina*, to strains equally wild—all of which appeared very fine; but other signs and sounds proclaimed that war was not very distant. Among the multitudes not a few spoke eloquently by their pale emaciated countenances, bandaged limbs, and attenuated frames, that their recent victory had indeed been dearly bought; and he tells us that Count Woronzow never passed these poor invalids without addressing some few words of consolation and encouragement, and that his first care was that to the sick and wounded everything that could administer to their comforts should be distributed. We are quite certain the Count would do all that kindness and humanity could dictate, but we are also pretty sure that he was not prepared for the state of things which he had to encounter at Anapa and Soudjouk-Kalé, and that he was rather ashamed than delighted with the reconnoissance on which he had been sent.

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The designs of Russia against these unfortunate mountaineers, or rather on their country, for the people can be of no use to her, are obvious enough, and Mr. Spencer may be right in the view he has taken on this subject.

'Among other things, it is the intention of the Russian government to occupy every port, bay, and landing-place on the coast of Circassia; and to build forts in the most eligible situations, which are to be connected with each other by means of military roads, intended to be conducted along the heights. Undoubtedly, if this plan can be accomplished, the mountaineers will be prevented from having any intercourse with their neighbours the Turks, who are known to aid them with their counsels, and supply them with ammunition; and as they are entirely destitute of salt, powder, and every species of manufacture, this scheme, it is presumed, will have the effect of sowing dissension among the chiefs, breaking the unconquerable spirit of the people, and of eventually reducing them to submission. This is the more practicable, as Russia is already master of the right bank of the Kouban, the provinces of Mingrelia, Immeretia, and Gourial; together with those countries lying between the Caspian Sea and the Alps of the Caucasus.'—ibid., pp. 268, 269.

It was to be expected that the Russian officers would throw as dark a shade over the character of the Circassians as language could paint.

'Among other vices, they were represented to be all robbers by profession, so ferocious, that no kindness could tame, so treacherous that no treaties could bind, continually engaged in petty warfare even with each other, notorious for duplicity and breach of faith, and so utterly destitute of truth, that they will not hesitate to slay with one hand, while the other is extended in friendship.'—ibid., pp. 272, 273.

But this is not the character given to them by Marigny. He says—

'Accustomed from the tenderest age to violent bodily exercise, and to the management of arms and horses, their only knowledge of glory is that of vanquishing the enemy, and of shame, that of flight; we see them, therefore, dashing across their frontiers, pouncing upon their neighbours, ravaging their lands, carrying away their flocks, and reducing to slavery all those whom their arms have spared. Even the sea offers no obstacle to their spirit of plunder: embarking in frail barks, they frequently seize on the vessels which approach their coast. Nevertheless, a usage which is not generally known, but which is also found amongst many other barbarous nations, tends to dissipate the fears of the traveller who comes to visit them. It consists in choosing a host, called a *Konak*, whose name it is sufficient to know to put oneself under his protection. This individual is thenceforward, in the eyes of his countrymen, the guarantee of all the actions of his protegé, to whom he shows every mark of the greatest hospitality, and whom he protects from every insult.'—*Marigny*, pp. 9, 10.

If the following be anything like a faithful picture, the Circassians

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cassians are not to be numbered among savages. On leaving Soudjouk-Kalé for the southward, Mr. Spencer says—

'As our vessels glided slowly forward, we distinctly saw the little cots of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys and farm-yards surrounded by groves of fruit-trees, appearing as if the very abodes of contentment and peace; shepherds in their picturesque costume, with long spears in their hands, tended their flocks and herds; the agricultural fields were filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; and camels and buffaloes, loaded with the produce, were slowly winding their homeward way through the deep valleys. It was indeed a lovely picture, which blended the most sublime and picturesque scenery with the beauty of romantic rural life, and realized all that the most lively invention of a poet could create of an Arcadia. My eyes were never tired of resting on this vision of loveliness: to me it was novel, and I dwelt on it with feelings of painful regret, as a picture I never was to behold again, aware as I was of the fate to which this interesting people are destined, the formidable power against which they have to contend, and the judicious plans laid down to deprive them of their country and independence.'—vol. i., pp. 267. 277.

Ghelendjik was the next military possession of Russia on the coast, about sixteen miles from Soudjouk-Kalé, one of the best harbours in the Black Sea.

'The Russians, fully sensible of the importance of the bay of Ghelendjik as a commercial and military position, took an early opportunity of appropriating it to themselves; for we find, shortly after the taking of Anapa by that power, and the extinction of the commercial alliance between the Circassians and the Turks, that the emperor issued an ukase, dated St. Petersburg, April 5th, 1832, according permission to all Russian subjects to form a settlement on the bay of Ghelendjik, and at the same time granting immunity from all taxes and imposts, together with exemption from military duty, for the space of twenty-five years. This permission was, however, given on condition of defending themselves against the natives; but the settlement having been found, on trial, untenable, on account of the continued hostility of the mountaineers, it was soon abandoned, and now merely consists of a fort, formed of intrenchments and palisadoes, mounted with heavy guns, and manned with a garrison of about two thousand men, who, as in the other fortresses, dare not venture from their fastness, the whole of the heights and passes being in possession of the natives.'—ibid., pp. 279, 280.

Here they found the dwellings of the Russian soldiers a miserable assemblage of little cabins built of wood. A Russian corvette and two or three cutters were stationed in the bay for the protection of the fort. The salutes from these, and the answers from the Count's squadron, led Mr. Spencer to moralize:

'What must have been the feelings of the unhappy Circassians when the horrid crash was repeated by the rocks and resounded through their

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once peaceful valleys? At that moment, no doubt, many a hardy mountaineer girded his sword, and many a timid mother, with streaming eyes, pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and flew to the mountain top. Oh, ambition! how many crimes hast thou not caused! how many miseries inflicted upon the human race!'—ibid., p. 281.

About fifteen miles farther down they passed the bay of Pchad or Pchiate; it was still in possession of the Circassians. A few weeks previous the captain of their corvette paid them a visit, when he set fire to nearly the whole of the vessels in the bay; and Mr. Spencer says the inhabitants were evidently expecting a repetition of hostilities. They have not miscalculated the intentions of their visitors; they are said to have got possession of the bay this present year, erected a fortress, and marched an army up the ravine as far as a place called Capshak, where a skirmish took place—vast numbers of the Russians were killed and the rest driven back to the fortress. But what avails all their gallant resistance to this inveterate foe? It is of small importance to the despot what number of men are sacrificed to his ambitious projects: after all his defeats he now has recourse to a certain mode of subduing these brave mountaineers by taking possession of every part of the coast and starving them into submission, for without gunpowder and salt they cannot long exist.

The animated features of the landscape, as the vessels passed along, may have attracted the notice of the passengers—but 'bands of Circassians, headed by their chiefs in bright armour, flying through the woods—camels loaded with women and children, slowly pacing along the beach,' &c. &c., we look upon as mere flourishes of imagination; and where he tells us 'these were a people living in all the primitive simplicity of the ancient patriarchs, still retaining their own laws, customs, and manners, from time immemorial, a race the most beautiful upon the face of the globe, and who have *never been contaminated by a mixture with the blood of foreigners*'—we need hardly say he runs quite wild. Major Rennell is rather a safer guide than Mr. Spencer; he observes that an incredible number of tribes and languages are to be found about Mount Caucasus. 'This remarkable tract,' says the Major, 'which forms an isthmus between the natives of the north and of the south, seems to have retained a specimen of each passing tribe, from the date of the earliest migration.' It is not unlikely that the inter-crossing of Greeks, Romans, Persians, Turks, and Tartars, may have produced, in the lapse of ages, 'a race the most beautiful upon the face of the globe'—but, whatever may be the fact as to their beauty, there is unquestionably a plentiful 'mixture of blood' among them.

The next anchorage of the Count's squadron was at Vadran, about

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about fifty miles south of Ghelendjik. From this the defile of Jagra leads into the mountains, where the Russians have a few houses, the ruins of a church, and a monastery, the latter converted into a barrack; but, says Mr. Spencer, 'the Circassians having possession of the upper part of the defile, and the mountains which command the fort, the military are momentarily exposed to their attacks, and almost certain of being shot if they move out of their quarters, and not unfrequently this has been the case in the court-yard of their barracks.' The hospital, he says, was filled with sick and dying soldiers. They called it the yellow fever; but whatever it was, Mr. Spencer says it had made most fearful ravages on the health of the garrison—'for the whole, not even excepting the officers, wore an aspect so bloated and cadaverous, that instead of being equal to the performance of military duties, they seemed scarcely able to drag on a miserable existence.'

The next point they touched at was Pitzounda, which he calls eighty miles from Vadran, where the Russians have a fortress about two miles distant from the coast, to which the road leads through a forest of splendid trees—oak, beech, and chestnut; the wild olive, the fig, and pomegranate, in full bloom, and vines of enormous growth wreathed from tree to tree. Here, for the first time, our author saw the Circassians mingling on friendly terms with the Russian soldiers, the two forming a most striking contrast:—

'The one, with symmetrical forms and classic features, seemed breathing statues of immortal Greece; the other, coarse-looking, short, and thick-limbed, appeared like an inferior race of beings. But if the physical line of demarcation was broad, the moral was still broader. The mountaineer, free as the eagle on the wing, stepped and moved as if proudly conscious of his independence, with a dauntless self-confidence not unmixed with scorn, that none but a child of liberty could exhibit in his bearing—and which reminded me of the majestic Albanian,' &c. &c. &c.—ibid., p. 291.

The next place they visited was Souchom-Kalé, about thirty miles beyond Pitzounda, a miserable spot, more fatal than any of the others to the Russian garrison. When in possession of the Turks, we are told, it contained a population of three thousand souls, whereas it has now decreased to little more than a dozen wretched huts, inhabited by a few Greeks and Armenians. The square fortress was in a most dilapidated state, but, as usual, bristling with cannon. The animosity of the Circassians in this district is said to be so intense that no safety exists for the Russian soldier beyond the walls; and when a party go out for wood and water they are accompanied by field-pieces.

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A few miles beyond Souchom-Kalé the province of Mingrelia commences, in which is the town and fortress of Redout-Kalé, upon the river Khopi, and a few miles still lower down is the Poti, or Phasis. All this part of the country, ceded by the Turks to Russia, is a dead monotonous flat, full of swamps and marshes and miasma, productive constantly, in that hot climate, of pestilential fevers. The town of Redout-Kalé is now, according to Mr. Spencer, a miserable place: its spacious bazaars, so lately filled with the productions of Europe, were all closed, and the remnant of its sallow and withered inhabitants seemed to have nothing better to occupy their time than to sit the whole day on their little bulrush mats, smoke the tchibouke, and gaze at the strangers.

'This great change in the destiny of Redout-Kalé has been effected by the impolitic conduct of the Russian government, which, ever solicitous to throw impediments in the way of British industry, imposed heavy restrictive duties; these of course operated their usual effect, that of turning away the channel of commerce from the town. Prior to this, Redout-Kalé was the great depôt for English manufactures on their way to Persia, Georgia, and the neighbouring eastern provinces of Russia and Turkey, being conveyed thither from this place by caravans. The merchant, finding it impossible to sustain himself against so many vexatious restrictions, removed with his capital and industry to the more liberal government of the Sultan, and settled at Trebizond; since which time that town has risen, and continues rising, to a state of prosperity and commercial enterprise unequalled in any other port of the Euxine. Thus the Russian government has the double mortification of seeing commerce, that great civilizer of nations, transferred to a power which it is her interest to weaken, and her own eastern provinces thrown back on their own inadequate resources.'—ibid., pp. 304, 305.

Mr. Spencer mentions that in Mingrelia, as in other Caucasian provinces, neither noble nor peasant ever leave home without being well armed. This circumstance, at variance with the general laws and customs of Russia, would seem to prove that she does not consider her power fully established even in this province, —that she only claims as yet a species of feudal sovereignty, under which the inhabitants are still left in possession of practical independence. It is from hence that the Circassians must rely for a supply of salt and ammunition, until the Russian Government take such precautions as will deprive them of it; for the Mingrelians are intimately connected with the Circassians, and have no affection whatever for their new masters.

From Redout-Kalé the expedition made the best of its way back to the Crimea, having experienced a gale of wind at the former place, which had nearly lost them the steamer, and which created

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created no little confusion on board. We can readily believe Mr. Spencer when he says, that an order to repair to the army of the Caucasus is considered by the military in Russia tantamount to civil banishment; he might have added to almost certain death. He says,—

'I assure you, the unfavourable picture which truth has obliged me to draw of the Russian settlements in Circassia, so far from being overcharged, has been but too faintly sketched; and what, perhaps, is still more extraordinary, the Russians are not one step nearer the accomplishment of their object—the conquest of Circassia, than they were at the first commencement of hostilities on the banks of the Kouban fifty years ago. Besides, we must consider it the very height of bad policy in a government thus to waste the resources of the country in an undertaking so little calculated to be profitable, or ultimately successful, and which only serves as a drain for its soldiers, who might be much better employed; for if ever a country could be termed the grave of a people, Circassia is that to Russia. Previously to setting forth on our coasting expedition round the Black Sea, I heard it very generally said in South Russia, that the conquest of Circassia was consummated; that the Russian flag waved triumphantly over every hill and vale; and that it was only necessary for the governor-general to present himself, to ensure the submission of the few hostile chiefs who still obstinately refused to give in their allegiance. Hence, we expected on our voyage to have witnessed the general pacification; to have beheld humanity converting a nation from barbarism to Christianity. How different was the reality from the anticipation! No chief waited upon us to tender his allegiance, and those who pretended to be the allies of Russia were everywhere absent. In short, we found a whole people in arms fighting for their independence with indomitable bravery, and the Russian garrisons daily diminishing by pestilence and the sword.'—ibid., 327, 328.

And yet the leaders of the Russian nobility, we are told, already, in anticipation of the conquest of Circassia, have the most beautiful and picturesque sites on the coast marked out for summer palaces. We should doubt very much whether Count Nariskin, or the other counts and nobles who were on this expedition, will be anxious to procure grants of land on the coast of Circassia, for such a purpose, after what they saw with their own eyes on this visit of observation.

Thus ends Mr. Spencer's first volume; the latter part of which we have briefly run through, merely to state the facts, as to the fortresses on the coast of Circassia, in possession of the Russians, and the situation of their troops condemned to the insalubrity of the climate, and to the determined hostility of the natives. With the second volume we shall deal still more briefly, because one-half of it is employed on the Crimea and Krim-Tartary, of which we are in possession of many and much more accurate accounts, by

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by Clarke, Henderson, and others. Nor need we follow Mr. Spencer on his return through Bessarabia and Wallachia to Galatz, and thence to Varna, where he embarked in the Crescent steamer, for Trebizond, with a whole host of Turks as passengers. This place is described as the largest and most important town on the Black Sea, completely oriental in its aspect, abounding in narrow streets, mosques (with their pretty minarets), and open bazaars for the display of merchandize; and, from all he could learn, with a population of above 100,000 souls. This last is one of the many very loose statements hazarded by Mr. Spencer. Mr. Brant, our consul at Erzerum, who visited Trebizond in the year 1835 (an exceedingly well-informed man), says, the population amounts to between 25,000 and 30,000 souls, composed of from 3500 to 4000 Greeks, 1500 to 2000 Armenians, and 20,000 to 24,000 Mahomedans. The trade is flourishing; since the treaty of Adrianople and the invasion of the Circassian ports by Russia, it has become the only eligible channel of intercourse with Persia and Armenia; and Mr. Brant states that in 1830 the number of bales of European merchandize that passed through Trebizond to Persia, was only 5000, whereas, in 1835, the number that passed along the same route amounted nearly to 20,000*.

It was at Trebizond, Mr. Spencer says, he projected his visit into the interior of Circassia; a dangerous enterprise, in which he was to be exposed, not only to the hostility of Russian cruizers, but also to the cupidity of the freebooting mountaineers, on his arrival; and probably detained or sold as a slave. His plan for obviating the last danger was to assume the character of a Genoese *Hakhim*, or doctor. In spite of the Russian myrmidons who, in Trebizond, exercise a watchful care over the actions of the Osmanlis, he found a Turkish brigantine bound for Circassia, to whose captain he was particularly recommended. With this captain, whose name is not given, he puts to sea in a nameless ship, on a day without a date, to a port he knows not where; all which evinces a degree of confidence not savouring much of discretion. Having proceeded northerly about fifty hours, they saw the lofty peak of Elberous, and were chased by a Russian brig of war; but they beat her hollow; and in due time, we suppose, but in how much we know not, they arrived at Pchad. We should not omit, however, to let Mr. Spencer describe the hero to whom he had entrusted his life and his fortunes.

'The captain, a perfect Hercules in proportions, was habited in the Turkish costume; his bronze weather-beaten countenance showed that he had seen much service; and a tremendous cut across the face gave

* Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. vi.

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his features an expression of great ferocity. The number of his sailors was also nearly double the complement necessary for the management of his little vessel; while four long swivel brass guns, at first stowed from observation, now showed their threatening muzzles, and a quantity of weapons, neatly arranged in true naval order, gave me some misgivings as to the character of the vessel.'—vol. ii. p. 201.

Then—

'The captain and crew of our brigantine were as daring a set of fellows as ever manned a ship—warlike even to fierceness; to which their turbans, mustachios, and the red shawl girdle, filled with pistols and poniards, gave additional effect. The men were, for the most part, Frank renegades, and, I suspect, had been pirates. The captain himself, who claimed for his parentage a Spanish mother and a Moorish father, spoke the Italian and Spanish languages fluently; and would have been a fine-looking fellow, were it not for the scar that so cruelly disfigured his countenance. He amused me, during the voyage, by relating the scenes of his early life, chequered by many vicissitudes—now at the pinnacle of prosperity, then, again, reduced to seek for subsistence on the high seas. He had been present at many a sanguinary battle, witnessed many a dreadful scene, lost everything at the conquest of Algiers by the French, and received the dreadful wound, whose traces so disfigured his face, at the siege of Varna. His sword was drawn alike by sea and land, in defence of the Grand Signior, to whom he appeared much attached, and was, altogether, a great admirer of the Turkish character.'—ibid. pp. 204, 205.

Equipped as a Circassian warrior, and accompanied by this formidable captain with the gash on his face, they proceeded to the house of the chief of the district, whom they found surrounded by not less than a thousand armed men, the greater number on horseback; and, we are assured, the most accomplished cavalier in Europe could not sit his horse with greater ease and grace than did these wild mountaineers. They ascended the Valley of Pchad, were delighted with the scenery, the pastoral people, and the herds of cattle: they proceeded along three different valleys, the last called, as near as our adventurous traveller can recollect, Neapkheupkhi; and having passed a succession of mountains, glens, gorges, and valleys, they arrived at the residence of a chief of the second class; and we are entertained with a long description of the manners and customs of this princely family, of the feast given to them, and of the female slaves who waited upon them; of their agricultural pursuits—some employed in reaping, others in milking cows—'and one fine-looking princess, with the force of an Amazon, repairing a wooden fence with a hatchet!'

To describe the route, our traveller says, is impossible, and this might be so; but we cannot admit the impossibility of conveying, for the reader's information, some notion of the course and distance. It is but meagre fare to be told that, somehow or other,

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other, they got on the tops of the hills, 'each of which invariably terminated in a fertile plateau, even at a height of above four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea.' On one of these they found a blooming village, surrounded with orchards and corn-fields, all extremely fertile and in a high state of cultivation. We must not omit the description of his host:—

'My host was industrious; for, besides building, with his own princely hands, the little cottages he occupied, he was his own carpenter, tanner, and weaver, mounted his pistols and guns, manufactured his inimitable bows and arrows; and, like old King Priam, in conjunction with his princely boys, tilled the land, and tended his flocks and herds in the mountains; and, when the wintry snow rendered his occupations in the open air no longer agreeable, he made mats of great beauty, which find a ready sale in Turkey and Persia. Nor was this his only employment: he cast bullets, made gunpowder; and, if these were not sufficient to fill up his time, he smoked his tchibouque.'—vol. ii. p. 246.

The fierce captain with the cut in his face now left him to look after his ship, his salt, and his gunpowder; as to which, when we call to mind what happened to the noted *Vixen* in the same year, we are rather surprised he had not from the first the fear of the Russian brig of war before his eyes. How far he had travelled into the interior—how many mountains of five thousand feet he had traversed—how long he had been absent, we are left totally in the dark; for Mr. Spencer's four long letters from Circassia, like his sailing and arrival, bear no date, and his journey no direction. In short, he gives no sort of hint where he is, or what length of time the redoubtable smuggler and he have been regaling themselves among the Circassians—the latter wholly regardless of the Russian *guarda-costa*, his own 'tidy little ship,' and her cargo. Our traveller, however, being left alone, is all on a sudden suspected as a Russian spy, and well he might, considering the company he came with; he maintained he was a hakkim of Genoa, but unfortunately they had never heard of such a place, and entertained no respect for any other nation or people except the Turks and the English. Having satisfied themselves, however, that he was no Russian agent, the elders resolved he should be conducted across the most intricate and mountainous districts to the valley of Thumusse—[where is it?]—where his konak (or sponsor) held his camp; and the bold hakkim having ridden two days across glen and valley, mountain and river, at length reached the camp of his adopted konak.

It would be an idle attempt to follow Mr. Spencer among these mountains: he indicates no route, and consequently affords no useful information to his readers. He is fluent, or we should

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rather say frothy, in his declamation in praise of the Circassians, and fierce enough in his vituperations of the Russians. We are quite willing to go with him in his condemnation of lawless tyranny, and his admiration of the courageous mountaineers who resist it. But when we find him giving long detailed accounts of the manners, the customs, the occupations, the peculiar opinions, and all the minutiæ of the character of the Caucasian tribes, their political assemblies, the speeches made by the old warriors, recounting their exploits and their feats of valour, as witnessed personally by himself—we are compelled to confess that, had the book had no *name* in the title-page, we should have at once pronounced it a rhodomontade. We are the more cautious from the mysterious manner in which he made his way into Circassia. With every disposition to trace his progress, and to persuade ourselves that his minute observations and elaborate details are the result of personal observation—after the most careful examination of his recorded proceedings—we have not been able to discover any *evidence* that—except in the excursion in the steam-boat that attended on Count Woronzow—he ever travelled beyond the coast of Circassia. If we are wrong, it is entirely Mr. Spencer's own fault. Assuredly no nameless writer could be entitled to ask literal credence for the details in a series of letters purporting to have been written on and from Circassia, without a single date, without place, without the least indication of the route pursued, or the slightest evidence that such letters were written in the country to which they relate. In fact, there is nothing in them that might not, with equal facility, have been written in London: he dates his book in London; though from the concluding paragraph of his second volume we should suppose him still in Circassia; more especially as there is not the slightest intimation how or where he got out again. In this paragraph he gives notice of his intention to add a third volume, should the two he has published be found deserving of public attention; 'when I shall also *transmit* you the results of my tour through the other Caucasian provinces, Mingrelia, Gourial, &c. on my return to Constantinople'—implying, return from Circassia. It is with difficulty, therefore, that we can bring ourselves to consider the 230 pages of his second volume as the result of personal observations; they may possibly be correct; the opinions they contain we believe to be so; and the delineation of character may also be sufficiently accurate, that is to say, may correspond with accounts previously given to the public: but here, until we shall have received some distinct information about Mr. Spencer himself, we are inclined to stop. In a word, we are obliged to acknowledge a strong suspicion that we have discovered in the work

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work of the Chevalier de Taitbout de Marigny the text book from which Mr. Spencer has composed his sermon; the facts are all or most of them there, and fluency and verbosity *may* have supplied the rest. In excuse for this bit of scepticism, we feel ourselves called upon to produce some proof.

Take, for instance, the quotation we have already given from Marigny, respecting the sale of women, and compare it with the following from Mr. Spencer—bearing in mind that the trade in ladies had long ceased before the arrival of the Genoese hakkim—

'Owing to the long intercourse maintained between the Circassians and the Tartars of the Crimea before the Russian conquest of that country, both people are distinguished by a great similarity in their customs and manners; and, in common with most Eastern people, pursue the same system of purchasing their wives, and selling their daughters to the highest bidders. This is the more to be wondered at when we remember that a Circassian regards his own liberty as the first of all earthly blessings; yet a father will sell his daughter, and a brother his sister. However, this is not considered in any other light than as a most honourable way of providing for them; and the fair lady who has spent her youth in the harem of a rich Persian or Turk, on returning to her native country, decked in all her finery, never fails to create in the minds of her young friends a desire to follow her example; consequently, they jump on board the vessel destined to convey them, perhaps for ever, from home and friends, with as much alacrity as if they were proceeding to take possession of the crown. The system of selling their females to strangers has probably tended to preserve in some degree the civilization and refinement visible in the inhabitants of the Caucasus, as those of the women who return to their native land, after residing among a people much higher than their own in the scale of civilization, bring with them a degree of knowledge that enables them to effect a variety of improvements and ameliorations in the social condition of their countrymen, who otherwise, from their secluded situation, would probably, ere this, have relapsed into complete barbarism.'—vol. ii. pp. 372, 373.

Marigny says, 'a Circassian can only see his wife at night; if they should by chance meet during the day, they immediately retreat in opposite directions' (p. 85). Mr. Spencer says, 'a married man does not appear in public with his wife; neither does he see her during the day, when it can be avoided' (vol. ii. p. 241). Marigny, in speaking of the language, says, 'the Turks, to give an idea of this, relate that the Sultan had sent a learned man to travel, in order to learn all the languages of the earth, and that on his return, when he told him that he did not know Circassian, the learned man drew from his pocket a small sack filled with pebbles, which he began to shake, saying that it was only in this manner that one could imitate the sounds of that singular language.' What says Mr. Spencer?—'One of the Sultans of Turkey

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Turkey sent a learned Turk to the Caucasus to learn the language of the inhabitants, and reduce it to established rules. After some time he returned to his master hopeless of success in his enterprise, carrying with him a bag of pebbles, which he shook, saying, that he could give no better imitation of the sounds of the language spoken by that people' (vol. ii. 214).

'The treaty of Yassy between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte,' Mr. Marigny observes, 'established the Kouban as the limits of Russia. This river was formerly called by the Greeks Hypanis, by Ptolemy Vardan, and in the time of the Khazares, Oukroughe and Varsan; the Tcherkesses give it the name of *Psi-Skhe*, which signifies *old water*. It has its source in the Caucasus, at the foot of the Elbrooz.' Thus writes Mr. Spencer:—'The Kouban is here very broad and rapid; the Tartars call it the "great water;" the Circassians *Psi-Skhe*, the "old water;" while the ancient Greeks gave it the name of Hypanis; the Romans Vardan; and the Khazars, Oukrooghe. It has its source at the foot of the Elberous; and here forms the boundary between Russia and the country of the confederated princes of the Caucasus.' Mr. Spencer should have told us how an Englishman is to pronounce *Psi-Skhe*.

It is quite easy to anticipate the sort of answer which will be given as to various points of coincidence: our difficulty consists in the vast number of them—and this, unfortunately for ourselves, for our readers, but most of all for M. de Marigny, we could not show without transcribing the far greater part of both the books on our table. But there is one circumstance as to which we would very fain have Mr. Spencer's explanation—we allude to the short vocabulary of Circassian words, which occurs in each of the two works. We may be well assured that an Englishman and a Frenchman will not spell the words of a foreign language in the same way, and particularly the words of a language so remote from all European ones as the Circassian. Now how stands this vocabulary of a tongue, the sounds of which resemble those of pebbles shaken in a bag?

	Spencer.	*Marigny.*
Nails	Oughoundjoughoune	Oughoundjoughoune
Hair	Chkhatsi	Chkhatsi
Coverlet	Tchékhghéne	Tchekhghéne
Fingers	Eup-khouambe	Eup-khouambe
Bread	Tchâoukhe	Tchaoukhe
Onions	Bjunu	Bjunù
Plums	Skhoupza	Skhoupza
Geese	Ts-khouenke	Ts-khouénke
Clouds	Osoukhapchi	O-sou-khapchi
Shut the door	Ptchériaghasé	Ptchériaghase, &c. &c. &c.

If

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If Mr. Spencer copied these words from Marigny, will he please to say why he did not acknowledge the obligation? If he did not, will he explain the vast difference which the vocables of oriental tongues in general exhibit, as put into roman letters by Englishmen on the one hand, by Frenchmen on the other?

Mr. Spencer says, 'the map of the Black Sea has been arranged after the most approved charts published by the Russian Admiralty: it will be found to contain some valuable additions, gleaned during my voyage round that sea, and my excursions through the interior of the Caucasus.' There is nothing like putting a bold face on the matter; but Mr. Spencer draws largely on the ignorance or credulity of his readers, if he thinks that this greasy and illegible piece of lithography, which affects to be a map of the Caucasus, can pass current with any one that has seen Arrowsmith's map of that country which, though none of the best, is the only one we know of that gives a tolerable idea of it. We assert that he has not added a single line nor a name, not even the two words, one unpronounceable, gathered from his 'excursions through the interior of the Caucasus.

He has, however, given enough in his first volume to show the position and the conduct of Russia as they relate to these poor people, who inhabit the mountains and the valleys of the Caucasus,—a people who never offended them, except by repelling aggressions—who ask nothing from them but to leave them in possession of their humble dwellings, and that friendly nations may be permitted to bring them a little salt, a necessary of life to them and to their cattle. Yet this overbearing and grasping power has for years continued to make war upon them, harassed them in every possible way, sacrificed many thousands of its own troops in the vain attempt of subduing them, and finally has resorted to the expedient of seizing on their little bays and harbours on the shore of the Euxine, in order to cut off all communication with foreign nations: nay, more; finding that with all their gigantic resources, these independent and gallant mountaineers are not to be conquered by them, the Russians have had recourse to the mean and dastardly, not to say unjustifiable, measure of pretending to place the whole of their coast in a state of blockade; and the most shameful part of this scandalous business is, that the other powers of Europe look on in apparent indifference.

But the recent seizure of a little merchant vessel belonging to an Englishman, laden with salt, on the pretence of a breach of blockade, must bring this question to an issue, if England does not mean to forfeit every claim to that high character which she has

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has for centuries maintained as the arbiter of maritime rights. If this wanton aggression be not redressed in some way or other, let us hear no more of England claiming the sovereignty of the seas. In the first place, we would ask, does our Cabinet admit the Black Sea to be a *mare clausum*, from which English ships of war and English merchantmen are to be excluded at the will and pleasure of Russia? If so, there is an end of the question, and the unlicensed Vixen was properly seized. But though Russia possesses the whole western coast from the mouth of the Danube (most shamefully given up to her by Austria) to Odessa—the whole northern coast of the Crimea—the sea of Azoff and its shores—and now *assumes* the claim to the eastern coast of Circassia—there is still a small portion of the east and the west shores of the Euxine and the whole of the southern shore which Russia herself admits to be part and parcel of the dominions of Turkey. It is clear indeed that this remnant will be seized by the gripe of the northern autocrat the moment he can contrive to fix a decent quarrel on the Sultan: yes, and from that moment, not Trebizond alone will be hermetically sealed against British commerce, which passes through it to Persia, but the mouth of the Bosphorus also. Then indeed will the Euxine become a complete *mare clausum*, and then will England be called on to act, or be for ever degraded.

We are well aware that Russia claims the whole of the Caucasian territories which she had not before, in virtue of the treaty of Adrianople. We know, too, that a treaty between Russia and Turkey very much resembles the meeting of Gil Blas and the armed beggar: that of Adrianople was not only made at the point of the bayonet, but was negotiated in fraud. Russia knew that Turkey had never possessed a foot of ground in Circassia beyond a commercial fortress on sufferance at Anapa; yet by the 4th Article of that treaty she makes Turkey acknowledge her right to Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Gouriel, '*et plusieurs autres provinces du Caucase:*' and the same article further says, 'Turkey assigns in perpetuity the whole sea-coast of the Black Sea from the mouth of the Kouban to the port of St. Nicholas inclusive.' The claim of Russia, therefore, to this coast is on a par with that of a receiver of stolen goods, who is in law considered as great a villain as the thief.

We cannot imagine what other advantage Russia can figure to herself, from the subjugation of Circassia, than that of adding so much to the circuit of the shores of the Euxine. The Circassians can be of little or no use in supplying the coffers of the treasury, or assisting the ulterior projects of this ambitious power. The possession

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possession of this mountainous territory will not aid her in the passage of troops for overrunning Persia, though Trebizond would. She has already possession of the lines of the Kouban and the Terek in the north, and to the south, of Mingrelia, Imeritia, and Georgia. The inhabitants of the mountains of Circassia will never consent to swell her ranks; their hatred is so deep-rooted, that they would sooner cut the throat of a Russian soldier than march by his side. What other object then can Russia have but that of gradually shutting up herself in the basin of the Euxine, where she may carry on her projects of aggrandizement unobserved and unknown? But will the civilized world submit to this? will it not speedily be demanded of this northern autocrat—will not some one power, or a combination of the powers of Europe, have spirit enough to demand of him, *Quousque tandem?*

It is not the mere conquest of a handful of brave mountaineers that we are to look to, though that is iniquitous enough, but it is the insolence of the system that is suffered to go unchecked and unpunished; it is the national robbery, the war against independence, that Europe ought to unite for the purpose of suppressing.

In the meantime Russia has once more let loose her hordes upon these brave mountaineers; but by the last accounts, so far from making any impression on them, they have been shamefully beaten and driven back to the coast, where they are dying in thousands. Honour to the Circassians! and may they hold out until the spirit of England and all chivalrous Europe is at length roused in behalf of justice!

ART. IV.—1. *Nuovo Galateo, di Melchiore Gioja, Autore del Trattato del Merito e delle Recompense.* Quarta Edizione Milanese. Milano. 1827.

2. *Die Regel von Höflichkeit, &c.* Wien. 1832.

3. *Code Civil, Manuel Complet de la Politesse, du Ton, des Manières de la Bonne Compagnie, &c.* Paris. 1832.

4. *L'Art de Briller en Société, ou Manuel de l'Homme du Monde, &c. &c.* Par P. C. et A. L. R., Membres de la Société Royale Académique des Sciences, et de plusieurs Sociétés Littéraires. 3me Edition. Paris. 1829.

5. *The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society.* By a Gentleman. A New Edition. Philadelphia. 1836.

6. *Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society; with a Glance at*

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at Bad Habits. By Αγωγος. Eleventh Edition. London. 1837.

7. *Instructions in Etiquette, &c. &c.* By James Pitt, Professor of Dancing and Fencing. Fourth Edition. London. 1836.
8. *The Philosophy of Manner, &c. &c.* By ΑΣΤΕΙΟΣ. Glasgow. 1837.
9. *The Science of Etiquette.* By ΑΣΤΕΙΟΣ. Twentieth Thousand. Glasgow. 1837.
10. *The True Science of Etiquette.* By ——. Glasgow. 1836.
11. *The Book of Etiquette; or the Whole Art of Politeness, &c.* By a Gentleman. Seventh Edition. London. 1837.
12. *Chesterfield Modernized; or the Book of Gentility, and the Why and Because of Polite Society.* By a Member of the Beef-steak Club. Sixth Edition. London. 1837.
13. *Kidd's Practical Hints on Etiquette, &c. &c.* London. 1837.
14. *The Book of Fashion.* By an Exclusive. New Edition. London. 1837.
15. *The Book of Refinement, &c.* New Edition. London. 1837.
16. *The Pocket-Book of Etiquette and Vade Mecum of the Observances of Society.* Liverpool. 1837.

'IN China,' says the Abbé de Marcy, 'the government has always made it an object to maintain, not only at court and amongst the great, but amongst the people at large, a certain habit of politeness and courtesy. The Chinese have an infinity of books on this subject. One of these treatises contains more than 3000 articles. In it everything is prescribed with the greatest minuteness; the manner of saluting, of paying visits, of making presents, of writing letters, of giving entertainments, &c. These usages have the force of law; no one dares to infringe them. There is a particular tribunal at Pekin, one of whose principal functions is to watch over all these observances.'

Judging from the heap of publications on our table, and the numerous editions they are stated (we believe without much exaggeration) to have gone through, it would seem that the principal European nations, as well as America, are in a fair way to rival China in this peculiar department of letters and legislation; nor can we delay, without a glaring dereliction of duty, to notice a class of productions which are really exercising a widely-spread and by no means beneficial influence on the middle classes of this country. It was a bad sign for these when the manufacture of fashionable novels grew into a trade, and it became worth a publisher's while to offer a woman of title fifty or a hundred pounds for liberty to prefix her name to a book, compiled with the aid of butlers and lady's-maids in the back recesses of his shop —because

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—because the demand for this sort of trash betokened an unworthy and degrading eagerness on the part of a large part of the community to learn how lords and ladies ate, drank, dressed, and coquetted, and cull maxims of taste and gentility from the tawdry slipslop, made up of bad English and worse French, which passes current for the conversation of the aristocracy :—

'Oh! Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white—
But past are thy terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

'Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her *ins* and her *outs;*
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife;
And she reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.'*

But it is a still worse sign, and one well meriting the serious attention of the speculative, when these absurdities come to be framed into systems, and whole codes of regulations drawn up by artists, captains in the militia, stock-brokers, and dancing-masters, are 'set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote' by the wives, sons and daughters of half the minor gentry and tradespeople in the land.

The French work, which stands third upon our list, has evidently suggested the best of those that stand after it; and we are not at all surprised to find a mania of the kind originating in a country where society presents one great hotbed of vanity, and the master all-pervading passion is to pass for something greater than you are, or, *coute qui coute,* make people stare and talk about you. Whole scenes of Balzac's novels are occupied with the struggles of some poor devil, author or artist, to support the appearance of a man of fashion on an income which would scarcely suffice to find a member of White's in gloves; and a recent writer on France, belonging to the liberal school of politics, relates as an illustration of the national character, that not long since a notary's clerk killed himself avowedly, because, having duly calculated

* Song, by Mr. Haynes Bayley; one of the very best comic song writers of the day—no slight praise, with Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Hook, Mr. Praed, Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Cheape, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Hood, Mr. Lover, &c. &c. as competitors.

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and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon. America is entitled to walk first amongst the imitators, or rather plagiarists, for a large portion of the Philadelphian code of manners is literally translated from the French. And this, again, was natural enough; for a *parvenu* people bears a strong resemblance to a *parvenu* individual, and there is not a country in the world where social distinctions are more minute and vexatious, or precedence more rigidly enforced, than America, the very keystone of whose institutions is equality. As for our brethren in the north, we are utterly at a loss to assign a motive for their rivalry; for of all the two-legged animals that Nature in her wisdom has incapacitated by hardness, uncouthness, and a total want of pliability in limb and feature for the drawing-room, we know none more radically unfit than a canny Scotchman from one of the great trading emporiums—

'Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. Their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, Harry, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will make no conquests in the world of fashion.'—*St. Ronan's Well*, vol. i. p. 336.

So said one who knew them well; yet Glasgow sends forth her copies of 'The Science of Etiquette,' and 'The Philosophy of Manner,' by thousands,—without counting a rather invidious commentary, on one of them, in which the author states (probably the only authentic statement in the publication) that he and his predecessor having contemporaneously assisted in the domestic arrangements of *The Goat and Compasses*, he conceives himself to be equally entitled to authority. At the same time, it is undeniable that there is a great deal of good sense, with many valuable suggestions regarding manners and conduct, in these books, particularly in the *Code Civil*, the American work, and the *Hints on Etiquette* by Αγαγος, whose claims to superior originality have recently been under the consideration of the Bench.

The German work is almost entirely filled with titles, formal modes of address, and ceremonial observances practised in the petty courts of Germany, where the technicalities of etiquette are honoured with a minute attention which would go far towards justifying the sarcasm of Kotzebue:—

'My uncle, the court-marshal (says Edward, in *Die Komödiantin aus Liebe*) is an author. He has written a large volume on the shoulder-straps of pages, and another on the art of arranging card-tables. He is now

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now occupied on his grand work, in eight volumes and 340 chapters, on etiquette. One of the chapters contains excellent rules as to the manner in which we should behave towards the prince's pointers.'

Unfortunately no copy of this Court-marshal's performance is discoverable, and little is to be culled from the *Regel von Höflichkeit* of the slightest interest or utility out of Germany. The Italian work of Gioja belongs to a different class, and we hardly feel justified in mentioning it in company with such light and superficial productions as the above. The Nuovo Galateo, in short, is a grave philosophic treatise on the principles of politeness, applicable to all ages and countries alike. The author is obviously a man of learning, sense, and refinement, tolerably well qualified by previous habits and associations for the task;* and in Italy his work enjoys a prescriptive reputation, in its own peculiar walk, little inferior to that of Blackstone on English law or Quintilian on Rhetoric. A critical examination of it, however, would lead us far beyond the purpose of this article, which is simply to show by specimens, interspersed with some few comments, the general character and tendency of the instructions so bountifully supplied for those who are smitten with that last infirmity of noble minds, the ambition of succeeding in the drawing-room; and, incidentally, to contrast the varieties of national character the respective systems present.

We shall begin by endeavouring to form an estimate of the qualifications (glanced at in a late Number) essential to success in society, destitute of which it were useless for man or woman to commence the study of etiquette, as the chances would be exceedingly small of their ever witnessing the practical results of their lucubrations. The enumeration will not be very startling; but even should it have the effect of driving any considerable portion of aspirants to despair, we cannot say that the recollection of the pain inflicted in this manner will sit very heavy upon our pen.

There is an old saying, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The rationale of this saying must be that some portion of the founder of a family's vulgarity will probably descend to his more immediate descendants who are brought up

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* M. Gioja is the author of two other works of reputation, *Filosophia della Statistica*, and *Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*. Mr. Babbage (one of the few who can afford to be strictly just in such matters) acknowledges that his theory of the Division of Labour had been anticipated by M. Gioja. See the *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, p. 176, and Preface, p. iv. M. Gioja's remarks on England must be read with many grains of allowance, as he was formerly engaged by Napoleon to write a book against us, and the information supplied to him for that purpose appears to constitute the sum total of his knowledge of our manners. We are informed that an English translation of the *Nuovo Galateo* is about to appear.

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with him; and it is undeniably an advantage to be a member of a family which has been long enough in the class of gentry to have adopted their habits and modes of thinking in every respect. Birth may also exercise a considerable influence on manners in a way suggested by a popular novelist, who makes two of his characters discuss the question, whether illegitimacy presents an insuperable bar to a man's being perfectly a gentleman. They decide that it does not, provided the individual has self-respect and strength of mind sufficient to subdue any consciousness of inferiority, which would be fatal to that ease and independence of demeanour which are absolutely essential to the character. The same train of reasoning obviously applies to low birth or low connexions. Spirits of the higher order experience no sense of degradation on this account, and when they themselves have once fairly ceased to think or care about it, the circumstance drops out of notice and speedily comes to be forgotten or disregarded by the world. But others are haunted by the reflection eternally, and thereby contract a manner alternating between pride and humility, the very worst it is possible to have. On the other hand, pride of birth will often lead a man to err on the side of stateliness, and so militate against blandness and courtesy. One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr. Huddlestone, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked *A. C.* in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heir-loom by the family; but Mr. Huddlestone's pedigree was admitted, and *Huddlestone* allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane* by many of the most distinguished amateur-readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by the late Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the Duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the Duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet—'Never,' he hiccuped out, 'shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard.' 'Well, then, my good old friend,' said the good-natured

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natured Duke, 'I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;' so saying the Duke also took his place upon the floor. The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised and applied to other people, but the authenticity of our version may be relied upon.

In France, with the exception of the Faubourg St. Germain circle where alone the old French politeness and courtesy survive, the prejudice (as they term it) of birth is professedly despised; but it is notwithstanding amusing to mark the sensation excited by an old historic name at a Chaussée d'Antin ball, and the eagerness shown by the ultra-liberals to assume the distinctive token of nobility. Béranger, or De Béranger, (for at this moment we know not what to call him,) has written a lively song by way of apology for the *de* which one fine morning was discovered before his name—

> 'Hé quoi! j'apprends que l'on critique
> Le *de* que precède mon nom,'—

but he has forgotten to explain how it got there, and the *réfrain* or burthen, '*Je suis vilain, et très vilain,*' does not come quite trippingly off.

In the German capitals the best society is essentially aristocratic, but the facility with which letters of nobility are granted goes far towards obviating the worst evils of exclusiveness. In Vienna, however, a parvenu would never dream of competing with the genuine nobles, and a Brummell would be an absolute impossibility. Amongst the native Italians, society can hardly ever present itself as an object of ambition or a field for the gratification of vanity; each order (except in Lombardy, where there is some approach to amalgamation) pays and receives visits within itself, whilst a spirit of languor and depression seems to weigh upon the whole. In fact, it is so entirely anomalous that no general conclusions are deducible—

'Their moral is not your moral, their life is not your life, you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in no other nation), *and who actually have no society* (*what we would call so*), as you may see by their comedies,—they have no real comedy, not even

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even in Goldoni, *and that is because they have no society to draw it from.*'*

A notion, precise enough for our present purpose, of the constitution of American society, may be collected from the following just and sensible remarks, which we quote from the Preface to the Philadelphian book on etiquette:—

'In point of fact, we think that there is more exclusiveness in the society of this country, than there is in that even of England, far more than there is in France. *There being there less danger of permanent disarrangement or confusion of ranks by the occasional admission of low-born aspirants, there does not exist the same necessity for a jealous guarding of the barriers as there does here.* The distinction of classes, also, after the first or second, is actually more clearly defined, and more rigidly observed in America, than in any country of Europe. Persons unaccustomed to look searchingly at these matters, may be surprised to hear it; but we know from observation, that there are among the respectable, in any city of the United States, at least ten distinct ranks. We cannot, of course, here point them out, because we could not do it without mentioning names.

'Every man is naturally desirous of finding entrance into the best society of his country, and it becomes therefore a matter of importance to ascertain what qualifications are demanded for admittance.

'A writer, who is popularly unpopular, has remarked, that the test of standing in Boston is literary eminence; in New York, wealth; and in Philadelphia, purity of blood.

'To this remark we can only oppose our opinion, that none of these are indispensable, and none of them sufficient. The society of this country, unlike that of England, does not court literary talent. We have cases in our recollection which prove the remark, in relation to the highest ranks, even of Boston. Wealth has no pretensions to be the standard anywhere. In New York, the Liverpool of America, although the rich may make greater display and *bruit*, yet all of the merely rich will find that there does exist a small and unchanging circle, whether above or below them "it is not ours to say," yet completely apart from them, into which they would rejoice to find entrance, and from which they would be glad to receive emigrants.

'Whatever may be the accomplishments necessary to render one capable of reaching the highest platform of social eminence—and it is not easy to define clearly what they are—there is one thing, and one alone, which will enable any man to retain his station there, and that is, *good breeding*. Without it we believe that literature, wealth, and even blood, will be unsuccessful. By it, if it co-exist with a certain capacity of affording pleasure by conversation, any one, we imagine, could frequent the very best society in every city of America, and perhaps the very best alone.'

The next consideration is the amount of fortune it is necessary

* See a letter from Lord Byron, quoted in a note to Beppo, in the last editions of his works.

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for the aspirant to possess. Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand a year; and Mr. Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it *might* be done for 800*l.* a year, *with strict economy.* Mr. Senior, in an excellent Essay on Political Economy recently published in the Encyclopedia Metropolitana, states that a carriage for a woman of fashion must be regarded as one of the necessaries of life, and we presume he would be equally imperative in demanding a cabriolet for a man. In France, according to the most competent authorities, a man may succeed in the only quarter where, in the opinion of some of these codifiers, success is really worth having, without a sixpence of regular income:—

'Mais notre masse de deux millions de célibataires n'a pas besoin de cinq sous de rente pour faire l'amour;

'Mais il suffit à un homme d'avoir bon pied, bon œil, pour décrocher le portrait d'un mari;

'Mais il n'est pas nécessaire qu'il ait une jolie figure, ni même qu'il soit bien fait;

'Mais pourvu qu'un homme ait de l'esprit, une figure distinguée et de l'entregent, les femmes ne lui demandent jamais d'où il sort;

'Mais un habit dû à Staub, une paire de gants prise chez Walker, des bottes élégantes qu'Evrat tremble d'avoir fournies, une cravate bien nouée, suffisent à un homme pour devenir le roi d'un salon.'*

As we are not informed how the coat from Staub, the gloves from Walker, and the boots from Evrat are to be paid for, and Parisian tradesmen are by no means fond of giving credit, we presume that the *débutant* is expected to commence like the hero in *Le Père Goriot,* who robs his mother and sisters of their little savings to make a start.

The same author has drawn up a set of aphorisms with the view of fixing what women are entitled to rank as *honnête, i. e.* entitled to be objects of consideration in society. We shall quote these entire as affording a curious illustration of the state of manners in France:

'Qu'est-ce donc alors qu'une femme honnête? Cette matière touche de trop près la vanité des femmes, celle de leurs amans, et même celle d'un mari, pour que nous n'établissions pas ici des règles générales, résultat d'une longue observation. Notre million de têtes privilégiées représente une masse d'éligibles au titre glorieux de femme honnête; mais toutes ne sont pas élues. Les principes de cette élection se trouvent dans les axiomes suivans:

* *Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de Philosophie Eclectique, sur Le Bonheur et le Malheur Conjugal, par De Balzac,* 1834, p. 76; a book indicating (as the above extracts may lead the reader to suspect) the most lamentable and apparently increasing corruption in Parisian society.

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'APHORISMES.

'1. Une femme honnête est essentiellement mariée.

'2. Une femme honnête a moins de quarante ans.

'3. Une femme mariée, dont on achète les faveurs, n'est pas une femme honnête.

'4. Une femme mariée qui a une voiture à elle est une femme honnête.

'5. Une femme qui fait la cuisine dans son ménage n'est pas une femme honnête.

'6. Quand un homme a gagné vingt mille livres de rente, sa femme est une femme honnête, *quel que soit le genre de commerce auquel il a dû sa fortune.*

'7. Une femme qui dit une lettre *d'échange* pour lettre de change, *souyer* pour soulier, pierre *de lierre* pour pierre *de liais*, qui dit d'un homme: "Est-il farce, monsieur un tel!" ne peut jamais être une femme honnête, quelle que soit sa fortune.

'8. Une femme honnête doit avoir une existence pécuniaire qui permette à son amant de penser qu'elle ne lui sera jamais à charge d'aucune manière.

'9. Une femme logée au troisième étage (les rues de Rivoli et de Castiglione exceptées), n'est pas une femme honnête.

'10. La femme d'un banquier est toujours une femme honnête; mais une femme assise dans un comptoir ne peut l'être qu'autant que son mari fait un commerce très étendu, et qu'elle ne loge pas au-dessus de la boutique.

'11. La nièce, non mariée, d'un évêque, et quand elle demeure chez lui, peut passer pour une femme honnête, parce-que si elle a une intrigue, elle est obligée de tromper son oncle.

'12. Une femme honnête est celle que l'on craint de compromettre.

'13. La femme d'un artiste est toujours une femme honnête.

'En appliquant ces principes, un homme du département de l'Ardèche peut résoudre toutes les difficultés qui se présenteront dans cette matière.

'Pour qu'une femme ne fasse pas elle-même sa cuisine, ait reçu une brillante éducation, ait le sentiment de la coquetterie, ait le droit de passer des heures entières dans un boudoir, couchée sur un divan, et vive de la vie de l'âme, *il lui faut au moins un revenu de mille écus en province, ou de six mille francs à Paris.*'—pp. 64-67.

From this and other works of the kind, as well as from actual observation, we collect that (out of the very highest and most exclusive circle in France) no trades or professions are regarded as *non comme il faut,* provided only they supply incomes sufficient for cachemeres, opera boxes, and truffled turkeys. In the *Mariage de Raison,* for example, an exchange agent or stock-broker is reckoned a good match for a young lady of fortune and family. It is clearly otherwise amongst us. The first class of *millionaires* rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort

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sort is against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentlemen, *par eminence*, should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied—'they ought, for they have nothing else to do.' By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a Duchesse de Longueville could exclaim, on hearing that her favourite cardinal had missed the papal throne, 'Oh, how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen,—curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals,—for admirers, and if *he* had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope.'

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of 'Human Life' makes one of his favourite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is commonly supposed to be much against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. 'I remember' (says the Doctor in 'Human Life') 'being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. "Could I but see those flounces again," said he, "I might yet be happy."'

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection—'Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'epée*.'

Sailors are favourites, from a general belief in their superior frankness and gallantry; but an early association with tar and oakum is by no means calculated to purify their taste, or give

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their manners the highest finish; whilst many of their habits, to say the best of them, are odd. We shall not easily forget the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder. This reminds us of a singular recurrence to old habits on the part of a well-known Jack Brag, who had contrived to secure a limited reception in society. Suspicions were first excited by his beginning one day, when the party were speculating on what they would do in given contingencies—'*Now, if I was a gentleman,*'—which naturally enough led illnatured people to fancy that there had been a time when he was not. Still everybody was at fault as to his original vocation, until, in an unlucky hour, he accompanied some of his new associates to a billiard table. Immediately on entering the room he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking board so naturally, that every doubt was dissipated, and the marker stood confessed. It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore—and was actually true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman—that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind it himself.

On the subject of personal appearance—another preliminary consideration of moment—the American and English writers have done little more than copy or amplify a chapter in the *Code Civil.*

'*Art.* 1. Before leaving your house to go to a ball or *soirée*, consult your glass twenty times, and scrupulously scrutinize each part of your *toilette*; thus assuring yourselves that there is nothing in contradiction *to your age* or the exterior that nature has given you.

'*Art.* 2. All men cannot be as handsome as Adonises; but they may at least endeavour not to appear uglier than they can help.

'*Art.* 3. If you have little eyes, without lashes, and bordered with red, wear blue spectacles; a man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad.

'*Art.* 4. If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournure*, give up all intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you.'

Without altogether denying the wisdom of these admonitions, and fully admitting to the noble author of Don Juan that—

—— 'Somehow those good looks
Make more impression than the best of books'—

we must notwithstanding take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jermyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont's Memoirs as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé

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Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: 'Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you, with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one.' He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb, 'Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles,'—for if ever man exceeded the privilege *dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids* (the phrase is De Sevigné's), it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house. Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*—Mirabeau's, for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox. We rather think the whole philosophy of the matter is to be found in the concluding line of Spenser's description—

—'Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?'

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gerard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counsellor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Gerard's rising to take leave, he rose too and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gerard could not avoid an expression of surprise. 'My young friend,' said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, 'we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we take leave of him according to his merit.'

Napoleon was deeply impressed with the effects producible by dress, and on all important occasions kept a scrutinising eye on the personal appearance of his suite. A remarkable instance (related

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(related in the *Code Civil*) occurred on the morning of his interview with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen. Murat and General Dorsenne arrived at the same moment to take their places in his train; Murat, as usual, all epaulette, aigrette, lace, orders, and embroidery—Dorsenne in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army. Napoleon saluted Dorsenne with a smile of marked favour, then turning sharply round upon Murat, he said, 'Go and put on your marshal's dress; you have the air of Franconi's.' Goethe, the autocrat of German literature for nearly half a century, entertained similar sentiments, and, during his dynasty at Weimar, an ordinary stranger's reception there depended very materially on his dress.

We have cited these great names to give weight to the opinions we are about to quote from our French, American, and English authorities, each of whom has a section devoted to dress. We begin with the Code Civil, where the national vanity is eminently conspicuous:—

'The French are the best-dressed people in the world; our fashions have confirmed the conquests of our arms. Consequently, the Parisian, that being of so exquisite a taste, of so rare a foresight, of so delicate an *egoism*, of so refined a perception, will always serve as a model to all his neighbours; they can never cease to be the tributaries of his genius, for when he borrows any novelty from them, it is to embellish it by impressing it with his gracious seal. *Assuredly the sweetest and shortest hour of the day is that we consecrate to the first cares of the toilette. It is full of little felicities of which we keep no account. Who does not experience some sort of satisfaction in being occupied with himself? To have a valet is a capital mistake: he cheats you of a thousand pleasures.*'

Alter *French people* into *French women* in the first sentence of this paragraph, and we may admit the plausibility of the claim; but Frenchmen dress very badly, and never by any chance appear easy in their clothes. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of Irene being brought upon the stage) he put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. A distinguished traveller—who has observed mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from China to Ispahan—declares that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt, who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance. We have been at some pains to verify this observation, and are now convinced that it is true; but the consciousness is not confined to the shirt. A Parisian exquisite reverses Mr. Brummell's maxim—that you are not well dressed if people stop to stare at you; nor can he ever be made to comprehend that dress fails of its object when it attracts attention independently of the man. On the contrary,

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contrary, his aim seems to be to act as a sort of walking advertiser for the tradesmen employed by him—(as Poor Goldy did by Filby of Water-lane, in the case of the plum-coloured coat)—and he evidently longs to tell everybody he meets that his coat is by Staub, his hat by Bandoni, that his bootmaker is Evrat or Hasley, and (above all) that Madame Frederic is his washerwoman. Yet he is not likely to trouble her much, if we may judge from such specimens as the following:—

'Those who delight in cleanliness change their linen *twice* a week, and their pocket-handkerchief still oftener, if they are obliged to blow their noses frequently, especially those who take snuff.'*

What would dirty-shirt D**** say to this?—dirty-shirt D****, who obtained his unenviable and most unmerited nickname amongst contemporary Oxonians from the fact of his putting on avowedly only *three* clean shirts a day, whilst another man of the same name, as if for the express purpose of spiting and dishonouring him, put on *four*. We presume it is unnecessary to remind our readers of Mr. Brummell's celebrated maxim:—'The finest linen; plenty of it; and country washing.'

The French work last quoted contains a chapter entitled, *Du Choix des Habillements*, from which the English reader may form his estimate of the modes in request amongst the best-dressed people in the world:—

'If you wish to unite elegance with simplicity, put on, for the morning, a blue frock, white trowsers, a black waistcoat, an azure-coloured cravat fastened with a pin; or black trowsers, a white waistcoat, and a black cravat.'

Such is a Frenchman's notion of uniting simplicity and elegance. Let us now turn to the American's:—

'In the morning, before eleven o'clock, even if you go out, you should not be dressed. You would be stamped a *parvenu* if you were seen in anything better than a respectable old frock-coat. If you remain at home, and are a bachelor, it is permitted to receive visitors in a morning-gown. In summer, calico; in winter, figured cloth, faced with fur. *At dinner, a coat, of course, is indispensable.* The effect of a frock-coat is to conceal the height. If, therefore, you are beneath the ordinary stature, or much above it, you should affect frock-coats on all occasions that etiquette permits.'

The pith of the English opinions is contained in a section of the 'Hints on Etiquette:'—

'It is in bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction,—leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pickpockets. There are certain occasions, however, when you may dress as gaily as you please, observing the maxim of the ancient poet, to be "great on great occasions." Men

* L'Art de Briller, &c. p. 16.

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often think when they wear a fashionably-cut coat, an embroidered waistcoat, with a profusion of chains and other trinkets, that they are well-dressed, entirely overlooking the less obtrusive, but more certain marks of a refined taste. The grand points are—well-made shoes, clean gloves, a white pocket-handkerchief, and, *above all*, an easy and graceful deportment.'—pp. 39, 40.

This is pretty nearly in accordance with the maxim originally French:—'Un homme bien chaussé et bien coiffé peut se presenter partout.' But—

'This aphorism,' says the author of the Code Civil, 'is false as the voice of Madame Boulanger. The man is not to consider himself well-dressed merely because he wears a hat from Bandoni's and boots by Higgin. The coat by Staub, the waistcoat by Moreau, the cravat and gloves from Walker's, will be still indispensable. Let it not be thought, however, that in citing these celebrated names, we wish to show exclusiveness. The most modest tailor, the most timid bootmaker dress a man of taste with propriety: *C'est la tournure, la manière de porter la toilette, qui en fait tout le prix.*'

The American author copies this remark with the change of a word. 'The maxim,' he says, 'is as false as the voice of Mr. ——,' a celebrated English actor, whose voice does not happen to be false, whatever Madame Boulanger's may be. We proceed with our extracts from the 'Hints:'—

'Do not affect singularity in dress, by wearing out-of-the-way hats, or gaudy waistcoats, &c. and so become contemptibly conspicuous; nothing is more easy than to attract attention in such a manner, since it requires neither sense nor taste. A shrewd old gentleman said of one of these "ninnies," that "*he would rather be taken for a* FOOL *than not be noticed at all.*"

'Never affect the "ruffianly" style of dress, unless, indeed, you hold a brilliant position in society. A nobleman, or an exceedingly elegant and refined man, will occasionally disguise himself, and assume the "ruffian," as it amuses him to remark the surprise of people at the contrast between his appearance and his manners: but if you have no such pretensions, let your costume be as unostentatious as possible, lest people only remark that "your dress is as coarse as your mind."

'Always wear your gloves in church or in a theatre.'—pp. 40, 41.

We rather doubt the taste of ever assuming the ruffianly style of dress, whatever your position in society; and the notion of an exceedingly elegant and refined man disguising himself in this manner is preposterous. The aphorism regarding gloves is improved upon a little farther on in the words of an anonymous 'lady of rank,' who allowed the author free access to her note-book. Her ladyship's instructions run thus, the very Italics being her own:—

'Do not insist upon pulling off your glove on a very hot day when you shake hands with a lady. If it *be off*, why, all very well; but it is better

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better to run the risk of being considered ungallant, than to present a *clammy*, ungloved hand.'—*Hints*, p. 51.

This suggestion is no less remarkable for delicacy than acuteness. But we notwithstanding think it a duty to state that there is one high authority decidedly opposed to her:—

'*Q.*—Is it proper, on entering a room, to take off the gloves to shake hands with the company?

'*A.*—It will always be correct for gentlemen to take off the glove of the right hand; but ladies are allowed to keep on their gloves: nevertheless, I should not advise them to avail themselves of their privilege when they wish to show respect, and especially to an intimate friend; *for friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence.* Be careful in taking off the glove, that you do so with ease and grace, avoiding all appearance of attending to your hand when you ought to be attending to your friend.'—*Instructions in Etiquette*, p. 41.

So says Mr. James Pitt, Professor of Dancing, &c., and let no man rashly deem him an incompetent authority. 'Ce jeune homme ira loin,' said an old French marquis of a *débutant*, 'car ses manières sont bonnes, *et il danse parfaitement bien.*' Then, who better fitted for an *arbiter elegantiarum* than a professor of the art on which success in life so materially depends? In the cause of friendship, moreover, it is to be hoped that even the 'lady of rank' will not object to encounter the risk so delicately insinuated by her—or she may make an exception for warm weather, and be cold when the gentlemen look hot—or, as a last resort, she may adopt the hint thrown out by a navy-captain at a Portsmouth ball, when his partner, a 'lady of rank,' suggested the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off: 'Oh, never mind me, Ma'am; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing.' The next 'Hint' is well worthy of attention:—

'Avoid wearing jewellery, unless it be in very good taste, and then only at proper seasons. This is the age of mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one *may* become "flashy" at a small expense: recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate "your outward and visible sign" if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you *will* stand out in "high and bold relief," endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, "There goes the *celebrated* (not the *notorious*) Mr. So-and-So."'

Many, however, who have actually acquired the *quod monstrer digito prætereuntium*, and are in the full intoxication of celebrity, are little less anxious to become notorious for some startling peculiarity of the sort. Balzac's cane, for instance, was long the talk of every *salon* in which the bearer presented himself, and has actually given a title to a book, *La Canne de Balzac*, by Sophie Gay; the moral being the disadvantages of personal beauty

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beauty to a man. The concluding 'Hint' is addressed to the ladies:—

'It is a delicate subject to hint at the incongruities of a lady's dress,—yet, alas! it forces itself upon our notice when we see a female attired with elaborate gorgeousness, picking her way along the sloppy streets, after a week's snow and a three days' thaw, *walking* in a dress only fit for a carriage. When country people visit London, and see a lady enveloped in ermine and velvets, reclining in a carriage, they are apt to imagine it is the fashionable dress, and adopt it accordingly, overlooking the coronet emblazoned on the panels, *and that its occupant is a duchess or a marchioness at the least*, and that were the same person to *walk*, she would be in a very different costume, and then only attended by a footman.'—pp. 42, 3.

This is a piece of sound, sensible advice, and well calculated to lead to a good practical result; for of all the absurdities into which female students of fashionable novels have fallen in their attempts to ape the envied heroines, there is none more palpable than the style of dressing they have adopted for the streets. At the same time there is no necessity for supposing that every elegantly-dressed woman in a carriage is a duchess or marchioness—for duchesses and marchionesses are by no means plentiful, as a quondam Irish senator with a big O before his name once found to his cost. He chanced to be discovered one afternoon by a friend at the corner of ——— Square, attired in nankeen pantaloons, well calculated, in his own opinion, to exhibit the graces of his form. The friend proposed a stroll into the park: 'Not now, my dear fellow, for God's sake move on; I'm waiting for a duchess who lives in the square.' The story got wind, and he was in a fair way to become a general object of envy for his *bonne fortune*, until some jealous compatriot thought of referring to the Court Guide to identify the frail scion of nobility, when lo and behold, there appeared to be only a single duchess then residing in the square, and she the very last person in the world to form an attachment to an ogre-looking Irishman in nankeen. It is to be feared, from one of his remarks at the Bath 'swarry,' that Mr. Samuel Weller has fallen into a somewhat similar mistake: 'I don't think I can do with anything under *a female markis*. I might take up with a young ooman o' large property as hadn't a title, if she made wery fierce love to me—not else.'

The above passages are all we find on the subject of ladies' dress in these books; whether it be that the writers wish to acquire a character for discretion (for if, as Madame de Genlis says, there is no woman who has not at least one *secret de toilette*, a complete book on the subject would be a revelation of the most cherished secrets of the sex)—or that they know nothing about the matter, or that they are fearful of embarking on so wide a field of speculation.

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speculation. This, at all events, is our own case, and we have, moreover, a vague half-formed notion that some time or other we may make dress in all its relations, ramifications and influences—moral, physical, social, and political—the subject of an article. We shall now merely pause to make the *amende honorable* to the French, whose women certainly dress better than any other women in the world; and no wonder, for their whole souls are in the cause, and the best part of their every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising—a cap, a bonnet, or a gown. '*Votre chapeau vous va comme un ange.*' '*Vous êtes coiffée à ravir.*' '*Ce bonnet est d'un goût charmant.*' '*Bien mise! vous êtes tirée à quatre épingles.*' '*Chèr—je le crois bien—mais combien, dites vous, pour la dentelle?*' Such are the phrases you hear murmuring round you in a *salon* at Paris, the men being equally *au fait* of them: nay, the very journalists catch inspiration from the theme, and instead of dry catalogues of *tulle* and *blonde* and *gros de Naples*, such as fill the columns of the English newspapers the day after a drawing-room or fancy ball, we read of '*robes confectionnées à merveille*, or silks *d'un veritable couleur de succès*;' and not content with enthusiastically commemorating the graces snatched beyond the reach of art—the fascinating *caprices de toilette*—of a Recamier, a de Guiche, a de Plaisance, or a Le Hon,* they have often been

* Everybody who has been at Paris is familiar with the names of Madame la Duchesse de Guiche, the beautiful sister of Count d'Orsay, and Madame de Recamier, the friend of Chateaubriand, who boasts—and what a splendid boast it is!—that she has had half the celebrated men of Europe for her admirers, and kept them as her friends. Madame Le Hon, the wife of the Belgian ambassador, and a Rubens' beauty of the first water, is particularly celebrated for her *chapeaux*, which are still copied as soon as worn, though the hey-day of her fashion is gone by. Madame la Comtesse de Vaudreuil, an attractive young widow, has earned a name in history by the introduction of the *riselle*: the ruby velvet first worn by herself contrasted so admirably with her raven hair, that the fashion spread like wildfire, and was almost as rapidly extinct. As regards head-dresses, a custom prevalent amongst Frenchwomen who are fortunate enough to possess jewels, deserves to be recorded. Instead of trusting the arrangement to their maids or hairdressers, they send their pearls and diamonds to Herbault or Beaudran to be disposed about their turbans and hats, and a fine pictorial effect is the result. Madame la Duchesse de Plaisance, daughter of the Princesse de Wagram, is a beauty of the light, airy, sylph-like order. She was one of the first to adopt the small tight old-fashioned sleeve revived by Madame Oudot-Manoury—'a couturière,'—says a lady correspondent of acknowledged taste in such matters—'a couturière of less general renown than Palmyre or Victorine—but of infinitely more inventive taste, daring to plan from the fine old masters; and though a new fashion, even in Paris, is rather disliked and avoided at first, yet Manoury perseveres and gains the palm at last. But then, to be sure, she flatters, and seeks out the belles of every country, with her notes of request, and gentle hints that such and such costumes would suit their style—till she draws them up a terribly awkward passage and narrow staircase into a small chamber full of the most lovely robes, sure to win and fix the admiration of every beholder. Once there, you are *forced* to wait her liberty or pleasure—be your impatience or your rank what it may—and then she makes you come again and again till she sends you away with a dress peculiarly fitted to your own shape.'

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known of late to throw all petty feelings of national rivalry aside for the purpose of doing justice to the exquisite refinements of an Englishwoman. To our country's honour, be it said, the announcement of a new poem by Byron never excited a greater sensation amongst the men of letters—than the description of a new dress worn by a certain beautiful English duchess, periodically excites amongst the modists—of the continent. Then what genius is shown by the *artistes!*—with what devotion they apply themselves to their art, and what fire, what soul, what elevation, what dignity, they infuse into it! When (to refer only to well-known and well-authenticated instances) we hear of one French bonnet-maker's telling Lady D., on her remonstrating with him about the price of a hat—'Madame, parole d'honneur, il m'a couté trois nuits d'insomnie *seulement pour l'imaginer;*' of the porter of another answering an inquiry for his master, 'Monsieur n'est pas visible, *il compose*'—of a third modestly accounting for the sit of a plume by saying that he had fixed it *in a moment of enthusiasm:* when we know that a milliner actually told one of the Duchess de Berri's ladies of honour, who came to command her attendance, that the Duchess must wait upon *her:* when we recall the names of Herbault, Victorine, Beaudran, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, &c. &c., and reflect that no other class of French artists have risen thus proudly superior to those of other countries but the cooks—is it, we ask, well possible to doubt that millinery and gastronomy are the arts in which the nation was predestined to shine, and that Paris is the city of all others in which the men excel in dressing dinners and the women in dressing themselves?—

'Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Orabunt causas melius———
Hæ tibi erunt artes.'

Age is a ticklish topic, and our sentiments regarding it depend upon and vary with our years. 'Good Heavens, mamma, you wouldn't marry me to an old man of thirty!' exclaims the Miss in one of Vanburgh's comedies, and we incline to think that most misses in their teens would sympathise with her; yet Madame Sophie Gay asserts, we presume from her own experience, that a man of fifty-two is more formidable than at any other age, and we could name some women besides Ninon who have fascinated from sixteen to sixty. But this is a privilege confined to married women and unmarried men. Indeed, there is no such thing as an old maid to be seen in French and Italian society: a woman prudently takes refuge in a convent when she despairs of finding a *partie:* or, as was said of the Duchesse de Longueville, *elle se sauve sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer.*

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l'enfer. In England there exists no such imperative necessity; and there are living instances of unmarried women arrived at or past a certain age (that most uncertain age of all) filling a brilliant position in society; but still the general rule holds good, and we earnestly recommend all young ladies who wish to shine in the *salon* to get married with all possible dispatch. The principle is partially indicated in Mrs. Norton's clever and amusing novel of 'Woman's Reward.' 'Pooh! my dear fellow,' (said Lord Haslingden to a young captain in the Blues, who was professing his dislike of girls and his preference for the society of young married women,) 'a young married woman is only a girl who belongs to somebody else.' Lord Byron is more explicit:—

> 'However, I still think, with all due deference
> To the fair single part of the creation,
> That married ladies should preserve the preference
> In tête-à-tête or general conversation;
> *Because they know the world, and are at ease,*
> *And being natural, naturally please.*'

His lordship has also touched with his wonted felicity on the privileges tacitly accorded to bachelors—

> 'He was a bachelor, which is a matter
> Of import both to virgin and to bride,' &c. &c.

'Honoured and honourable class' [it is thus a section of the *Code Civil*, entitled *Célibataires*, commences], 'these gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fêtes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights: for them *La Belle Mère* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and *invest money in the funds*.'

We must not quit this branch of our subject without notifying the existence of a class who set rules at defiance and mock all efforts at classification. They are thus described by Lady Chatterton:—

'Mr. Mordaunt was one of those men, or problems, of the world, the reason of whose success in society is so difficult to solve; who, without being either agreeable, or handsome, or rich, are sought for by all dinner-givers and courted by every body. Three or four of such miraculous beings are well known in London; and after due study and consideration the only proper solution of the mystery is, that one is considered an excellent judge of wine, another of horses, and another of beauty.

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beauty. Mr. Mordaunt belonged to the last class, and gained his livelihood in fashionable society by making compliments.'*

No bad way either, and, if he did, there was no mystery to solve. Louis XIV. has been called a man of genius on the strength of the delicate beauty of his compliments, and Mr. Mordaunt might have been a man of genius on the same ground, for aught that here appears to the contrary. Besides, celebrity of any sort is a recognised title to success. But we have Mordaunts in our eye who have neither name, nor fame, nor taste, nor pretensions to taste,—who believe all Rhenish wines to be hock,—are not even privileged to bow to Tattersall, and would cut an equally indifferent figure in discussing budding crops at Boodle's and budding beauties at White's; yet they are asked everywhere from the mere force of association, and, like Pope's flies in amber, they stick—

> 'The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
> Yet wonder how the devil they got there.'

Having now described the principal qualifications required in the candidate, we proceed to the consideration of the forms and observances which fall more directly within the province of Etiquette. The most essential of these are included in the works before us under the heads of *The Salute, The Visit, The Dinner, The Evening Party, The Ball, Conversation, &c. &c.*

All agree in terming the salute *la pierre de touche*, by which any given person's proficiency in good-breeding may be estimated; and Gioja has devoted a long chapter to it, in the course of which he gives some amusing examples of its varieties and modifications during different periods and in different quarters of the globe. In some countries, they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. In some of the South-sea islands they spit in their hands, and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe we nod, bow, curtsey, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued. Our Italian authority confines himself to the philosophy of the subject. The French, English, and American are more precise. The passage in the *Code Civil* runs thus:—

'There are a thousand modes of saluting, and the salute must be

* *Aunt Dorothy's Tale, or Geraldine Morton, a novel, in two volumes*, vol. i. p. 56. This novel is one of the best of its class, and gives high promise of still better things; for marks of suppressed power abound in it, and the author's mind is filled obviously with the richest stores of feeling, observation, and thought.

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respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar, according to the person to whom it is addressed.

'A fashion borrowed from our neighbours over the water is beginning to gain ground in Paris. *We mention it as the only refinement in politeness to be found amongst them.* It is *dandy*, when you meet a lady elsewhere than in a room, not to salute her till she has given some token of recognition.

'When, after the salute, you engage in conversation with a superior or a lady, you should remain hat in hand until invited once, at least, to put it on.

'*The ladies salute indifferent acquaintances by an inclination of the head, and friends by a movement of the hand. Happy the man for whom a rapid glance supplies the place of form!*'

The Philadelphian Solon copies most of this without acknowledgment, and proceeds :—

'If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebræ of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop.

'It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.

'Some ladies curtsey in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion: they should always bow.

'If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best-bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects.'

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception is gravely discussed by one of these law-givers—who finally decides in the Prince's favour :—'To salute a beggar without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince.'

'Avoid (continues the American) condescending bows to your friends and equals. If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronizing manner, or else, in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised and say, "Mister—eh—eh?"

'If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee without speaking.

'If you have anything to say to any one in the street, especially a lady,

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lady, however intimate you may be, do not stop the person, but turn round and walk in company—you can take leave at the end of the street.

'If there is any one of your acquaintance with whom you have a difference, do not avoid looking at him, unless from the nature of things the quarrel is necessarily for life. It is almost always better to bow with cold civility, though without speaking.

'As a general rule, never cut any one in the street; even political and steam-boat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world. If they presume to converse with you, or stop you to introduce their companion, it is then time to use your eye-glass and say, "I never knew you."'

The instructions relating to the salute in the 'Hints on Etiquette' are brief. The italics are the writer's:—

'If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she* bow to *you*, you, *as a gentleman, cannot cut her*.

'Never *nod* to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, *but take it off*,—it is a courtesy her sex demands.

'If you meet a friend in the street—in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed *any* public place, never address him by name, at least, not so loudly as that others may hear it: sensitive people do not like to be "shown up" to strangers as "Mr. Jones," or "Smith," and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend *quietly*, and do not *roar out* "Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?" it is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy.'—pp. 50—52.

To this maxim, according to another of these authors, may be added, 'Never say *how is your wife, your husband, your mother, your grandmother?* &c., but, *how is Mr. or Mrs.* ——, *Lord or Lady* ——?' Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekens the sculptor and Delpini the clown. Nollekens invariably asked George III. when a sitting commenced, how his 'wife and family' were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary: 'Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa's Bench,'—meaning the King's Bench Prison. It was Delpini, by the way, who, during the Gordon riots when people, to protect themselves against the mob, chalked *No Popery* on their doors, by way of greater security chalked *No Religion* upon his. To proceed with our quotations from the 'Hints:'—

'Do not *strain* after great people, for, although they like the homage, inasmuch as it flatters their vanity, yet they despise the dispenser of it. Pay them, however, all proper respect; but do not forget what is due to yourself.

'If

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'If you have been in society with a nobleman, and should chance to meet him elsewhere, leave it to him to speak first, or to recognize you. If *you* claim *his* acquaintance, you give him an opportunity of behaving superciliously to you, which would be as well avoided.

'An unfortunate clerk of the Treasury, who, because he was in the receipt of a good salary, and being also a "triton amongst the minnows" of Clapham Common, fancied himself a great man, dined at the Beef Steak Club, where he sat next to a noble duke, who, desirous of putting him at ease with himself, conversed freely with him, yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half an hour afterwards. Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, and encouraged by his previous condescension, the hero of the quill, bent on claiming his acquaintance, accosted him in a familiar "hail fellow-well-met-ish" manner,—"Ah, my lord, how d'ye do?" The duke looked surprised. "May I know, Sir, *to whom* I have the honour of speaking?" said his Grace, drawing up. "Oh! why—don't you know? We dined together at the Beef Steak Club the other evening!—I'M MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY!" "Then," said the duke, turning on his heel, "MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY, I wish you a good morning."—pp. 52—54.

Mr. Walker tells a better story of George Selwyn, who happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. 'What, don't you recollect me?' exclaimed the *cuttee;* 'we became acquainted at Bath, you know.' 'I recollect you perfectly,' replied Selwyn, 'and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again.'

The salute by kissing the hand is most learnedly discussed by Mr. Pitt. The refinements of the schoolmen in theology are nothing to our dancing-master's on this point of etiquette.

'*Q.* If I meet a person in the street with whom I am not very intimately acquainted, is it proper to salute the individual by kissing the hand?

'*A.* The kissing the hand can never be proper except to persons with whom you are intimately acquainted, nor then usually but to a lady. This mode of salutation is never allowable to a gentleman who is not at once much your elder, and your very particular friend. *Generally speaking, it is advisable to avoid kissing the hand in public, as the salutation may pass unnoticed by the persons for whom it was intended, and be appropriated by some coxcomb by no means entitled to such favour.* The situations to which this mode of salutation seems peculiarly adapted are from a window, balcony, or carriage, or when you are at such a distance that any other mode would probably pass unobserved.'

We recommend Mrs. Butler's attitude in the balcony scene in

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'Romeo and Juliet' to those who intend to practise this mode of salutation, and young ladies may collect from Mr. Hood's song that execution even in modern times has been done in this manner—

'Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Entirely to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
I go into the balcony,
Which she has never done,
But arts that thrive at number-five
Wont do at number-one.'

The subject of kissing the hand is by no means exhausted by Mr. Pitt in the above passage :—

'*Q.* What movement should be made by a lady who meets a person to whom great respect is due; *as, for instance, a bishop?*

'*A.* If she has only to make him a passing salute, it must be by an elegant bend of the body, rather low, and with a serious countenance; and in order to render her respect more obvious, she may, if intimate, kiss her hand at the same time.'

In a subsequent passage he discusses the question whether a lady should cross the street:—

'If it is a lady and a particular friend, you should by all means cross the street, and with an animated and cheerful countenance salute her cordially, by taking the hand. If it is a gentleman, and much advanced in years, it will not be improper to act in the same manner; but it is seldom, if ever, consistent with decorum for a young lady to accost in this manner a gentleman whose age does not greatly exceed her own, as her doing so would have the appearance of a desire to court his familiarity.'

Ladies who wish to be instructed as to the precise carriage to be adopted on these occasions may catch a hint from the following:

'*Q.* How should the arms be placed when walking along the street?'

'*A.* Let them hang gracefully by the side, but not dangling, and let them move with the natural motion of the body, but do not throw them about like a vulgar person, who is making his way through a crowd. A lady may place one arm across the waist, the hand open ready to receive the other arm if necessary. But the propriety of the position depends much upon the dress: if a scarf is across the shoulders, let one end of it flow gently over the arm which is raised.'

Kissing still prevails as an ordinary mode of salutation on the continent, and one of our French authorities gives some edifying directions concerning it:—

'The kiss is the most delicate of all the tokens of friendship, or simply of politeness and good will; amongst relations, and between the two sexes, it should be affectionate, natural, limited to the first manifestation of pleasure at meeting; but when you owe respect to these same relations,

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relations, who may be your uncles, your grandfathers, or your great aunts, then be circumspect in your mode of kissing, and remember then that you are no longer on a footing of equality.

'Frequently, again, you will find yourself authorised, by a certain concurrence of circumstances, to kiss a young person of the female sex: this kiss, far from being tinged with gallantry, ought, on the contrary, to be impressed with all possible respect. If, in particular, you have to kiss ladies who rouge, you should rest satisfied with barely touching the cheek. Never, therefore, imitate those students just let loose from their boarding-house, who, clumsy and untaught kissers as they are, blush at first like a peach, on approaching a young lady, and then, with a loud smack, leave her cheek wet from the effects of their salute.'—*L'Art de Briller, &c. p.* 80.

We take next the subject of Visits, as to which Signor Gioja, the Italian author, is more than ordinarily philosophical. You are first to weigh well the object of your call, and that general object he assumes to be—'the exciting a new sensation of a pleasing nature in the person you call upon, or the detracting as little as possible from his pre-existing sensations of the kind.' Subservient to this general principle, and standing much in the same relation to it as means to an end, are the dress, the hour, the duration, and the form. The principal rules in the section devoted to the dress are, that a gentleman visiting a lady should make himself as handsome as he can, and eschew boots; and that a lady, on entering, should throw up her veil. The morning is deemed an inconvenient time for calling, 'because the ladies are seldom in order to receive visitors.' The author, however, carefully limits this remark to Italy: in London, he gravely assures his readers, the ladies are obliged to receive in the morning, because after dinner the men are generally too drunk to be admissible. Under the section entitled *Formalita della Visita,* he communicates another equally interesting discovery; and the passage may probably have caught the eye of Mr. Fennimore Cooper before *he* concluded his Letters on England:—

'At London the manner of knocking at the door indicates the quality of the person who calls. A rap too little would be a degradation; a rap too many an assumption, an impertinence. A single rap announces the milkman, the coalman, a servant of the house, a beggar: it signifies *Vorrei entrare.* Two raps announce a messenger, a bearer of letters, and the like; these raps signify that he who knocks comes on business, and are equivalent to saying, *Fa d'uopo ch'io entri.* Three knocks announce the master or mistress of the house, and the persons who habitually frequent it. These say imperatively, *Aprite.* Four raps announce a person of good ton immediately under the rank of nobility: these signify, *Io voglio entrare.* The four raps twice repeated in a firm and dictatorial manner announce a milord, a miladi, a minister,

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or some other personage of distinction: these are equivalent to saying, *Io vi fo molto onore venendo a ritrovarvi. A servant who struck a rap less than his master was entitled to would be instantly dismissed.*

'This custom (continues the ingenious writer), although censured by many writers, appears to me, considered in its generality, altogether innocent.'

We spare our readers the grounds of this opinion, until it be made clear to us that the custom exists; for though milkmen, dustmen, postmen, *et hoc genus omne*, have knocks peculiar as their cries, and the knights of the shoulder-knot have carried this peculiar mode of annoyance to a pitch which bids fair to call for the interposition of the legislature, we were not aware till now that such minute distinctions prevailed, or that a footman's place depended on his observing them.

Gioja's chapter on the duration of visits contains little beyond what will readily suggest itself to any person of tact, and we shall merely borrow an anecdote (originally related by Helvetius), in the hope of its affording a hint to the respectable community of bores. One of these having nothing else to do with himself, went one day to call on his neighbour, 'a man of letters.' The latter received him with all possible politeness, and entertained him as well as he could till he rose to carry his tediousness elsewhere, when the man of letters resumed his work, and utterly forgot his visitor. Some days afterwards he found himself accused of a want of politeness in not returning the visit, upon which he repaired to his neighbour's, and thus addresses him:—'I hear that you complain of me; yet you know full well that you called, not because you wished for my company, but because you were tired of your own. I, who was not at all tired of my own company, received you as well as I could: the obligation is consequently on your side, and yet you charge me with rudeness. Be yourself the judge of my conduct, and decide whether you ought not to have done with complaints which prove nothing more than my independence of visits and your dependence on them, the inhumanity of boring your neighbour, and the injustice of abusing after boring him.'

The amiable Vicar of Wakefield mentions, as his accustomed plan for getting rid of troublesome visitors, the lending of an umbrella or great-coat. The same suggestion is conveyed in the Italian lines:—

> 'Vien sempre ad annojarti il tuo vicino,
> Per sempre liberartene vuoi tu?
> Prestagli uno zecchino,
> Non il vedrai mai piu?'

But such modes are inapplicable to the opulent, who, for obvious reasons, are the worst offenders in this way; and against these there

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there is positively no protection but a peremptory *not at home*, or the adoption of a practice prevalent, as one of our authors informs us, amongst 'men of letters' in Germany, of notifying by a paper pasted on the door the hours at which only they are visible.

The French works contain little peculiar to the nation on this subject, but a few valuable hints of general application may be culled from them. You are strongly recommended to have your name clearly announced, and it will be prudent to take care that the servants make no mistake regarding it. The mishap that, as we read, befel a certain Mr. Delaflete, in London, may serve to illustrate the consequences of a want of caution in this respect. From his indistinct mode of pronouncing his name, the porter understood it to be *Delaflote*, and so proclaimed it to the groom of the chambers, who somehow or other mistook the initial letter of the name, and the luckless visitor, a quiet, shy, reserved young man, was actually ushered into the midst of a crowded drawing-room by the ominous appellation of *Mr. Hellafloat*. But—adds the legislator—do not be too precise in your instructions, or you may be placed in the predicament of Lady A. and her daughter, who having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Honourable Lady A. and the Honourable Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter—and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A.* and *Plain Miss A.* were 'coming up.'

'Conduct your visitor,' says the French writer, 'to the entrance door of your suite of rooms; hold the door open and follow him with your eyes till he has turned to make you a parting salute.' An illustrative anecdote is given on M. Hoffman's authority. When Count Davaux was named plenipotentiary at the congress of Munster, things were going on very favourably, when a visit incorrectly received threw all into confusion and prolonged the war more than six months. M. Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, on the occasion of an official visit to Count Davaux, was conducted by the French ambassador no farther than the staircase, without the Count's descending a single step. The haughty Venetian was so exasperated at this want of respect, that he instantly took post and hastened to complain to his government. Venice, though fallen, was still proud, and declared that her ambassador should not return to the congress till the honours due to him were prescribed. France was tired of the war, and after much negotiation, during which many men were slain and many villages burned,

France

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France ordered Count Davaux to satisfy the punctilious vanity of M. Contarini. The latter returned in triumph and paid his visit to the Count, who conducted him to the threshold of the *porte cochère,* remained there till the Venetian was seated in his carriage, and saluted him profoundly as the carriage drove off. M. Contarini then gravely returned the salute, each movement having been made a subject of stipulation in the *ultimatum* of Venice.

The best part of the section of the American book relating to visits consists, as usual, of plagiarisms from the French, but there are a few maxims which smack strongly of nationality:—

'When you call upon a man staying at a hotel, with whom you are not personally acquainted, the most convenient method of presenting yourself is this. Arrest one of the servants, place your card in his hand, desiring him to give it to the person whom you wish to see, and to let him know that you are there. The servant will return *accompanied by the object of your visit,* and will point out to him the person whose card he has received.

'If, in such case, the individual whom you seek is not in the house, direct the servant to take your card to his room and place it upon his table, and wait till you are satisfied that he has complied with your order. *If you cannot find a servant in the hall, that is to say, if your visit should be made at any one of nine-tenths of the American hotels,* write with your pencil at the top of the card "For Mr. So and So," or, rather, enclose it in an envelope and direct it on the outside, and give it to the bar-keeper. Unless you take some such precaution your visit will be fruitless.

'In leaving a card for a stranger, do not forget to add your address; and do not omit it if you leave a card for another in a city where you are a stranger. This inadvertence was committed in London by an American minister at that court; and Lord Erskine reminded him of the omission with more wit than courtesy, and more vanity than either. Lord Erskine betrayed as much ignorance of the world in telling Mr. Rush that he had not returned his visit because he did not know where he was to be found, as Mr. Rush did in omitting to write his address upon his card when he left it at Lord Erskine's.'

The Duke of Devonshire, though at this moment probably not aware of his escape, we have been told on good authority, incurred a much more serious risk by sending Mr. Fennimore Cooper an invitation to a ball without previously performing in person the proper ducal knock at the door of his lodging-house—a liberty for which the indignant Novelist was with difficulty prevented from defying his Grace to mortal combat.

'If the stranger (continues the Philadelphia codist) whom you call upon at a hotel should be a woman, *you would probably find her sitting with the other lodgers in the parlour.* If so, you should order a servant to carry your card and give it to the person whom you designate, and follow it immediately. The person whom you seek is thus pointed out to

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to you, and your name made known to her. Also, if you are visiting any one whom you do not know, not at lodgings, but living *en ménage*, send in your card and follow it.

'By the way, there are many occasions, and this is one of them, on which it is convenient that the name upon a card should be legible at a glance. The Gothic should therefore not be used for this purpose, as there are many who cannot at all decipher a word so written, and few who can do it instantly.

'The card of a man should be small, plain, unglazed, and ungilt. A gilded and glazed card is agreeable only as belonging to a woman. *I should be glad to exhibit to the host of American parvenus their own broad, glittering cards, bearing upon them names reeking with plebeianism, gewgawed with some paltry title, the synonyme and passport of insignificance, in contrast with the plain and modest cards of some of the highest peers of the British realm.*

The young French *nobles* of the liberal school have, it seems, gone a step farther in simplicity, it being common with them to drop the title altogether, and put merely their Christian and Sur-name on their cards.

We quote the following passages for the sake of the anecdote:

'Likewise, if you are intending to enter one house, and find that you have got by mistake into another, a blunder very easily and very often committed in Philadelphia, in consequence of the singular uniformity of the houses, it is better, provided you have fairly entered the parlour before perceiving your error, and provided, also, that you are not an utter stranger to the family, it is better, I say, to remain for a short time, as if you intended to pay a visit there, and say nothing whatever about the matter, *but your visit should not be quite so long, nor your manner so confused, as this sentence.*

'During the administration of General Washington, Mr. Jefferson was one evening invited to a dance at the house of a distinguished military officer in Philadelphia. At about eight o'clock he got into his carriage and gave the coachman what he thought was an accurate direction as to the place where he was to be driven. By mistake, he was set down at the house directly opposite, which happened to be the residence of a member of congress, whom he had never visited, and who was very warmly opposed to him in politics. It was not until the Secretary of State was in the middle of the drawing-room that he discovered that he was quite "in the wrong box." The lady of the house chanced to be sitting there alone, the gentleman being ill. The person of Mr. Jefferson was of course known, and under that assurance he presented himself with admirable ease and self-possession, and sat down. He conversed, making himself very agreeable, drank tea, and staid till half-past nine o'clock, when he took leave. Inquiring from the servant at the door where he should find the house to which he had been invited, he made his way thither, and communicated to the ladies the error into which, through the stupidity of his coachman, he had been led, and they, the next day, informed their neighbours. This anecdote may be relied

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relied upon; and if there is no other on record respecting Mr. Jefferson's manners, there is enough in it to convince us that he was a high-bred gentleman.'

There is a story current in the Parisian circles of a distinguished English baronet, which may serve as a pendant to the above. He was leaving one of Lafayette's *soirées*, much disappointed at the absence of Beranger, to whom he wished to be introduced, when the name of Beranger was announced. He instantly hurried back, and without waiting for a presentation, began a profusion of compliments and congratulations to the new comer on his excellence as a poet, and his recent delivery from imprisonment. '*Moi poëte, Monsieur! moi en prison! qu'est ce que tout cela veut dire?*' and ire was sparkling in his eyes, when the host approached and presented the indignant Frenchman as M. de Berenger, one of the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies. We are not aware whether Sir —— extricated himself as well as Mr. Jefferson, but we hope, for our country's honour, that he did.

The author of the 'Hints on Etiquette' is brief on the subject of Visiting, and is far from perfectly at home in it. For example—

'If you are thrown amongst fashionable people, you must not pay a visit to a lady before two o'clock P.M., nor after four, as, if you call *before* that time you will interrupt those avocations which more or less occupy *every lady* in the early part of the day; if *later* than four o'clock, you will prevent her driving out.

'In society, verbal invitations are often given to balls or concerts, by persons with whom you are only slightly acquainted, and have not previously visited: in such a case, it is proper to leave a card beforehand on the lady at whose house the soirée is to take place, that she may be made acquainted with your name and intention—so that you may be expected; as you may have received an invitation from her husband, of which she was ignorant, and he may not be there to present you. Should it so occur, a card previously left will prevent either party looking foolish, or the stranger appearing "de trop." '—pp. 57—59.

The 'Lady of Quality' adds:—

'Never leave your hat in the hall when you pay a morning visit, it makes you look too much at home; take it with you into the room'!!!

We are now arrived at the important subject of Dinners—not the interesting and essential particulars included in the *carte*, which we have discussed in former numbers—but the mode of behaving at them on the part as well of the host or hostess as the guests—

'We 'll not now dwell upon ragouts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.'

For the history of the various observances preceding, attending, or

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or following on this meal, we must refer to M. Gioja, who mentions two or three customs well worth recording. He tells us, for example, that amongst the Sibarites the ladies were invited to public feastings a year beforehand, with the view of giving them ample time for beautifying; and that, in China, it is the height of politeness to leave your house when you have a dinner party, a custom which some English Amphitryons would do well to adopt. It is only incidentally that this author indicates the points in which Italy differs from other countries, as in the following remarks, which may possibly suggest to the silver-fork school of novelists that their circulation has been somewhat impeded by the Alps:—'Our forks are furnished with four prongs, those of the English with two only, in order that they may be cleaned more easily.'

In Germany, dinner parties are of rare occurrence, except in the capitals and amongst the highest class, whose habits and manners are nearly the same all over Europe. But dinner-parties are now quite common in France, and an infinity of rules regarding them are included in the French books on etiquette. We extract the following comprehensive paragraphs from a chapter of the *Code* entitled *Théorie du Diner en Ville*:—

'When all the guests assembled in the drawing-room *have been presented to one another by the master of the house*, and dinner is announced, he rises, invites the company to follow him into the dining-room, and gives the example by leading the way. You ought not to rise till after the amphitryon, and each gentleman offers his hand to a lady, *to conduct her to the cover on which her name is inscribed*. So soon as all are seated, the host helps the soup, a heap of plates being placed for that purpose at his left; these he sends round, beginning with his left-hand neighbour. The servants take away the empty plates, *upon which each leaves his spoon*. We might here detail a number of trifling usages that one is bound to observe: but to know these it is only sufficient to have dined twice in good company. Politeness requires that the gentleman placed next a lady should save her every sort of trouble, *by keeping watch over her glass and plate*. Placed in the centre of the table, the amphitryon must not lose sight of any of his guests; it is he who carves, or causes to be carved by some expert friend, the more important dishes in their order; from his hand nothing is to be refused, and all ceremonies would be an awkward want of tact.

'During the first course every one drinks as he likes. When, during the second, the amphitryon, in circulating the finer wines, requests you to take a glass, it would be uncivil to refuse; but you are not bound to take a second unless you like. So soon as the dessert appears, the rights and duties of the host lose much of their importance; all he has left to do is to give such a tone to the conversation as that all may take part in it. It is still he, however, who gives the signal for leaving the table. *All then*

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then rise together, and leave the eating-room for the drawing-room, where coffee is ready; this time the master of the house goes last. At the moment when the coffee is handing round, the drawing-room presents an aspect of joyous disorder. Knots of talkers have got together; the physiognomies of all wear an air of satisfaction and self-complacency; each, armed with his cup, inhales the boiling Mocha: ere long the circle is formed, the conversation becomes general, the card-tables are set. Politeness requires you to remain an hour at least after a comfortable dinner. When you have your whole evening at your disposal, it is well to devote it to your amphitryon.'

This extract presents many points of contrast well worthy of attention.—'When all the guests have been presented to one another.' This is not the fashion in London, it being taken for granted that every body knows every body, though nothing can be more contrary to the fact. In a large party it is almost impracticable to adopt the French practice, but when the party does not exceed ten or twelve, a system of general introduction might as well be pursued. We object decidedly to the plan, extolled by several of these codifiers, of presenting the men to the women they are to take down to dinner; this, we should fancy, must completely frustrate all that pretty delicate manœuvring which forms a leading attraction of a dinner-party. In our opinion Mezentius's favourite mode of punishment was a trifle compared with this tyranny. The truth is, nine women out of ten dine at luncheon time, and amongst men the number is far from rare—

> 'Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
> When seated near them, of some pretty lisper.'

Upon the same principle, it is not merely ill-bred, but a sign of bad taste to be late. It may sound very fine to be called *the late Mr. So-and-So;* it is an easy mode of attracting attention to drawl out an inquiry about the soups of the season, as if you have never yet had the good fortune to be present at a first course; but it is far from pleasant to find the woman you wish most to sit by monopolised, and yourself *planté* between the *bore* and the *gap*, as we once heard a lady describe her position with Sir A. —— on her left and an unoccupied chair upon her right.

'Each gentleman offers his hand to a lady, to lead her to the cover marked with her name.' There is no great harm in marking the ladies' places—though the custom is far from general even in France—but the men should invariably be left free. We have heard a first-rate diner-out declare that his inclination towards a dinner party went off from the moment the component parts of it were named. What would be his feeling if he knew that the very place he was to occupy had been predestined to him from the first, and that he was to have no more free-will about the matter

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matter than a Turk? The injunction to gentlemen to take care of their fair neighbours is of universal applicability, but we would not recommend too close an attention to their glasses or their plates. A distinguished maximist says, that, whenever you ask a lady to take wine, you should fill her glass to the brim in despite of protestations, and look the other way till she has emptied it. Without going the full length of this philosopher's assumption, it stands to reason that, the number of glasses women allow themselves being limited, they should be full.

'All the guests rise together, and leave the dining-room for the drawing-room.' It has long been made a question whether the English mode of separating the sexes, or the French mode of keeping them together, is the best. Our own opinion is, that there should be a temporary separation, never exceeding a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the most. We are convinced that a break of this kind will be found to add to the agreeability of a party on the whole, for it is the hostess's fault if she gives the signal so long as the conversation is sustained with spirit; and if a pleasant *tête-à-tête* be occasionally interrupted, it may be resumed. We fear, however, that few companies are so well assorted as for the majority not to look forward to the interval in question as a relief.

'Politeness requires an hour's stay at least after a comfortable dinner.' This must depend upon circumstances. If the dinner be followed by a *soirée*, it is clearly proper to stay: single men are often asked for the express purpose of securing their presence during the evening. But if the hostess be going out, your stay might seriously inconvenience her. It is the bore in one of Scribe's farces who exclaims, '*Où je dine je reste.*'

The chapter in the Philadelphian work on dinner is one of the most characteristic in the book, and affords ample illustration of the manner in which English habits are caught up and caricatured in America. Of this the author seems partially aware:—

'The fashion,' he remarks, 'of dining inordinately late in this country is foolish. It is borrowed from England, without any regard to the difference in circumstances between the two nations. In London the whole system of daily duties is much later. The fact of parliament's sitting during the evening and not the morning, tends to remove the active part of the day to a much more advanced hour. When persons rise at ten or two o'clock, it is not to be expected that they should dine till eight or twelve in the evening. There is nothing of this sort in France. *There they dine at three or earlier.* We have known some fashionable dinners in different cities in this country at so late an hour as eight or nine o'clock. This is absurd, where the persons have all breakfasted at eight in the morning. From four o'clock till five varies the proper hour for a dinner party here.'

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For an example of early hours the author had much better have referred his countrymen to Germany, where the dinner-hour is generally one. In Italy, it is five; in Paris, six; in London, half-past seven or eight. It is the custom to rail in good set terms against the prevalent fashion in this particular; but with little reason, for it is hardly possible to give oneself up to the full enjoyment of a convivial meeting until the business of the day has been despatched, and it should be remembered that, when people dine early, they require suppers, which are equally injurious to health. There is another reason during the summer months. Women unconsciously betray a consciousness that daylight is unfavourable to charms which have undergone a course of London balls or are no longer in the first freshness of youth, and can seldom be got to present themselves in a drawing-room before eight. The latest dinner-giver in our recollection was Mr. Wellesley Pole, whose ordinary hour was 'a liberal nine' for eleven. It was the late Lord Londonderry, we believe, who was observed setting forth for his morning ride by the party assembled in his drawing-room—but the story is told of several. The most unpunctual persons ever known were two brothers, known time immemorial in the place-holding world. The late Lord Dudley used to say of them, that, if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you would have Charles on Thursday at eight. The following passage in the American book is literally translated from the French:—

'When dinner is announced, the inviter rises and requests all to walk to the dining-room. He then leads the way, that they may not be at a loss whither they should proceed. Each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they follow *in solemn order*.'

Not always in America, unless we are much misinformed; for disputes about precedence occasionally occur, and these are by no means easy of decision in a country where no recognised order of nobility exists. A foreign diplomatist, formerly attached to an embassy in America, relates that at a dinner given by one of the secretaries of state, the members of the government not merely took precedence of the foreign ministers without hesitation, but fairly got jammed in the passage from their excessive eagerness to get the start of one another. British descent is not unfrequently appealed to in default of other titles. An officer of high standing in the English navy assures us that he once saw a Miss Malcolm rush before a Miss Lennox, and exclaim—'Miss Lennox, I wonder at you—the Malcolms are of the blood-royal of Scotland.'

The American's remarks on attendance are highly characteristic:—

'In order that a dinner may be conducted with perfect propriety, so far

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far as respects the duty of the entertainer, it is necessary that the attendants should be numerous and practised. When the offer of a dish is made by a servant, speaking in a low tone behind your chair, you feel more ease and freedom in accepting or declining, than when it comes in a loud voice from the head of the table. In the great houses abroad, a servant is assigned to every guest; *and M. Ude actually left the kitchen of one English nobleman because he could not have a servant for every dish.* Where there are enough attendants, and they understand their business thoroughly, the entertainer should entrust to them the entire care of his guests; indeed, in France, the master of the house commonly sits at the side of the table, and mingles in the scene exactly on the footing of the rest of the company. The effect of this is delightful; every one feels himself more at his ease than if he were entertaining company at his own house; and that stiffness and restraint is utterly banished, which in this country—springing from the consciousness of a certain external duty, from an annoying idea of supervision, and a constant sense of the necessity of being entertained—always affects the most accustomed man of the world, and, in every one, mars the enjoyment of the occasion. *When will Americans be persuaded that a company can entertain itself, and learn that most important maxim of hospitality —to let their guests alone?*

'Owing to the small retinue of servants which, in any case, an American can allow himself to keep, and to the singular obtuseness of the Blacks, who alone are here employed in a menial capacity—βλαξ, by-the-by, is the Greek word for stupid—it is, of course, quite impossible that the master of the house can, in any degree, release himself from the necessity of personally attending to his guests. He must, however, preside with no more ostentation than is absolutely indispensable to the conduct of the ceremony.'

It seems that in America the silver fork has not only succeeded in establishing itself, but has even encroached on the province of the spoon:—

'The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: soup is taken with a spoon. *Some foolish fashionables employ a fork! They might as well make use of a broomstick.* The fish which follows is eaten with a fork, a knife should not be used at all. The fork is held in the right hand, and a piece of bread in the left. For any dish in which cutting is not indispensable, the same arrangement is correct. When you have upon your plate, before the dessert, anything partially liquid, *or any sauces*, you must not take them up with a knife, but with a piece of bread *which is to be saturated with the juices*' [lobster sauce, for example] '*and then lifted to the mouth.* If such an article forms part of the dessert, you should eat it with a spoon.'

The following recommendations would hardly be needed in England, except at the Guildhall dinner, where we once saw a city dignitary with a slice of boiled turkey, a partridge, and half a mould of *blancmange* upon his plate at once.

'At dinner avoid taking upon your plate too many things at once. One

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One variety of meat and one kind of vegetable is the maximum. When you take another sort of meat, or any dish not properly a vegetable, you always change your plate.'

The English mode of taking wine seems to be practised with a refinement worthy of all approbation:—

'Some one who sits near the lady of the house should, immediately upon the removal of the soup, request the honour of drinking wine with her, which movement is the signal for all the others. If this is not done, the master of the house should select some lady. *He never asks gentlemen, but they ask him; this is a refined custom, attended to in the best company.*

'*If you have drunk with every one at table, and wish more wine, you must wait till the cloth is removed.* The decanter is then sent round from the head of the table; each person fills his glass, and *all the company drinks the health of all the company.* It is enough if you bow to the master and mistress of the house and to your opposite neighbour. After this the ladies retire. Some one rises to open the door for them, and they go into the parlour, the gentlemen remaining to drink more wine.'

Ale and porter are rigidly proscribed, on European authority, as the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity. We presume from this that Lord Mulgrave's novels do not enjoy an extended circulation in America, for in one of these a gallant attempt is made to disabuse the public as to beer. 'Is not that a fashionable novelist opposite?' says an exquisite; 'well, I'll astonish the fellow;—here, bring me a glass of table beer.' What is still worse, the interdict is extended to port.

'A gentleman should always express his preference for some one sort of wine over others; because, as there is always a natural preference for one kind, *if you say that you are indifferent, you show you are not accustomed to drink wines; your preference should not of course be guided by your real disposition.* If you are afflicted by nature with a partiality for port, you should never think of indulging it except in your closet with your chamber door locked. The only index of choice is fashion, either permanent fashion, (if the phrase may be used,) or some temporary fashion created by the custom of any individual who happens to rule for a season in society. Port was drunk by our ancestors, but George IV., upon his accession to the regency, announced his royal preference for sherry. It has since been fashionable to like sherry. This is what we call a permanent fashion.'

Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being then *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose. It seems that a lemon pudding is the Shibboleth of gentility in Philadelphia:—

'It once occurred to me to be present in a small company of gentlemen, where the claims of a certain woman to be thoroughly bred became the

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the subject of a somewhat protracted controversy. The decision was for some time doubtful, but was finally decided, by acclamation, in favour of her pretensions, in consequence of some one having observed that she had cut a lemon-pudding at dinner with a spoon.'

At the risk of shocking our fair readers, we must give the in junction as to cigars:—

'As there are many very well-bred men who, from habit acquired early, perhaps while they were at college, find it necessary to their comfort to smoke a cigar after dinner, a plate having a few cigars and some bits of twisted paper on it, should be placed upon the table, together with a candle. If only one person chooses to smoke, the master of the house should by all means accompany him, if he can do so without any inconvenience. If several take cigars this is not necessary.'

These are useful and characteristic injunctions; but if Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, speaks truth, the late Mr. Abernethy contrived to compress as much good advice, and show as much knowledge of American habits, within the compass of three or four sentences, as will be found in twice as many pages of the Philadelphian Code of Etiquette:—

'The Honorable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating, so he goes to Abernethy for advice.—"What's the matter with you?" said the Doctor—jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—"What's the matter with you?" said he. "Why," says Alden, "I presume I have the dyspepsy." "Ah!" said he, "I see: a Yankee—swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest." "I am an American citizen," says Alden, with great dignity; "I am secretary to our legation at the Court of St. James's." "The devil you are!" said Abernethy; "then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy." "I don't see that are inference," said Alden; "it don't follow from what you predicate, at all; it an't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office." (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) "But, I tell you, it does follow," said the Doctor; "for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian."

'It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad. "I'll be d—d," said he, "if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate. It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain

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complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month." '*

We have anticipated many of the best suggestions regarding dining in the English works, in the course of our remarks on the French and American. We shall therefore be brief in our extracts. Two important questions are thus disposed of by Mr. Pitt:—

'*Q.* If at dinner or supper I am asked what part of a bird or joint of meat I prefer, is it polite to make choice of any part which is esteemed a delicacy?

'*A.* Young persons, when such a question is put to them, are in general, from bashfulness or timidity, too apt to use that very common but improper phrase, "Any part will do, Sir," or "I have no choice, Madam," when in fact they have a preference. To reply in this manner places the person to whom they speak in an unpleasant situation, and makes him feel at a loss what to send, and is consequently the cause of much delay. *I must remark, also, that from false delicacy, or the ridiculous fear of being thought an epicure, you violate truth, one of the brightest virtues of the soul.* In some instances, to answer in this manner may be construed into a little trick or artifice, in which you avoid asking for that which you prefer from a persuasion that you will consequently be helped to the most delicate morsel. And should any one present be aware that you have a favourite part, your design will be seen through, and you will render yourself contemptible. From these observations you will perceive that it is not improper to make choice when the question is put to you at table, although you ought on no account frequently to select the choicest pieces.

'*Q.* If, when I am carving a fowl, any one of the company, on being asked, declines naming the part he would like, what am I to send him?

'*A.* In this case, as it is impossible for you to be acquainted with his wishes, you cannot do wrong in sending any part without hesitation.'

A German writer, one Dr. Franz Kottenkampf, in a recent work on England, asserts that it is considered a breach of delicacy for a lady to offer or ask for the leg; and a German critic gravely confirms his countryman's statement by adding that, at the fêtes of our highest aristocracy, no part of the chicken but the wing is placed upon the table—which was actually the case at the celebrated entertainment at Boyle Farm. As Mr. Pitt, whose work is more particularly addressed to young ladies, nowhere prohibits the leg, we think we may venture to say that Dr. Kottenkampf lies under a mistake. The author of the 'Hints' gives the following, on the authority of his 'Lady of Rank':—

* '*The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville*,' chap. ix.

'Remember

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Remember that it is the *lady* who at all times takes precedence, not the gentleman. A person led a princess out of the room before her husband (who was doing the same to a lady of lower rank); in his over-politeness, he said, "Pardonnez que nous vous précédons," quite forgetting that it was the *princess* and not *he* who led the way.'—p. 24.

This *arbiter elegantiarum* carefully adds:—

'The comfort of *napkins at dinner* is too obvious to require comment, whilst the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins, a man has no alternative but to use the tablecloth, unless *(as many do)* he prefer his pocket-handkerchief—an usage sufficiently disagreeable.'—p. 26.

A still more startling use or abuse of tablecloths appears to have been common at one period amongst young ladies in France: Mrs. Markham, referring to a French poem by an author whose name she suppresses, states: 'He says that ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short; and that when at dinner they should not laugh or talk too loud, nor daub their fingers with their food. He says they may wipe their lips on the tablecloth, *but not blow their noses with it.*'*

What we particularly admire in the 'Hints' is that our 'Ἀγαθος' is ever ready to give a reason with his rule. Thus:—

'Fish does not require a knife, but should be divided by the aid of a piece of bread.

'The application of a knife to fish is likely to destroy the delicacy of its flavour; besides which, fish sauces are often acidulated; acids corrode steel, and draw from it a disagreeable taste. In the North, where lemon or vinegar is very generally used for salmon and many other kinds of fish, the objection becomes more apparent.'—pp. 28, 9.

The time has been when such a new-fangled affectation as that here enforced would have brought a man under the suspicion of Jacobinism or worse. 'No man intending to stand for his county,' (says Miss Berry,) 'or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country-house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard, to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra

* A curious old French tract, entitled 'La Contenance de la Table,' was reprinted in 1816 for the exclusive use of the members of the Roxburghe Club. The following stanza is a fair sample of the style:—

'Enfant tiens cecy en entente,
Fermement dedans ton couraige,
Le residu de ton potaige,
Jamais a aultruy ne presente.'

Judging from the style of the injunctions, we should conceive that this poet and the one quoted by Mrs. Markham in her excellent manual on the History of France must have been contemporaries.

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attention to cleanliness and purity of person were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners.'*

The Petronius of the Salt Market imperatively enjoins:—

'Eat peas with a dessert spoon, and curry also.

'Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a spoon.'

We regret to differ from so high an authority, but we doubt whether he is right about the curry—we are quite sure he is wrong about the peas—and the spoon for tarts and puddings strongly reminds us of our schoolboy days.

So much for Dinners—now turn we to Balls, which from Easter to August concentrate all the party-going energies of this metropolis. Such indeed is now the mania for large parties, or so absorbing the vanity of caste, that, during the flush of the London season, there is no longer a semblance of sociability—nor can even pleasure, in and by itself, be deemed the main object of pursuit; for we verily believe that if all the pleasantest people in town were collected in a room, the men and women of 'society' would be restless in it unless they could *say* they were going to *the* ball or concert of the night—

'Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of or-molu.'

Until within a recent period it was otherwise in Paris; except on certain grand occasions, the mass of people *comme il faut* were broken into coteries, amongst which there was no recognised inferiority, so that a man of fashion could afford to say that he was not acquainted with the Duke of ——, or was not invited to Madame de ——'s ball. But all this appears to have been changing since the happy and glorious revolution of July (as they nickname a change of dynasty which has proved equally injurious to government, taste, morals, and society), and Paris is at present in a fair way to imitate London in the very particular in which the example should be shunned.† The French and English books, however, are brief on the subject of the ball. The *Code Civile* teaches little more than that the invitation should be given eight days beforehand, and that a man had better not accept it unless he can dance,—that ball-givers should take care to get partners for the ladies, and that ball-goers will do well to dance with the old and ugly occasionally,—that public balls are to be sedulously avoided, and that at the masked balls of the Opera in particular, the freshness is factitious, the masks

* *England and France*, &c. part ii. p. 40. The period to which the accomplished authoress alludes is the early part of the reign of George the Third.

† Miss Berry (*England and France*, part ii. p. 144) says that great assemblies, crowded balls, and dinners of forty people, came in with the Restoration, and that a reaction was beginning when she wrote. Since that period (1831) the tide has turned again.

deceitful,

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deceitful, the wit contraband, and the corsets padded. The last observation has, it seems, been verified by the Dey of Algiers, who is quoted as complaining that when he buys what Miss Pardoe calls 'an Odalique' in Paris he gets nothing but a bundle of clothes.

The American work is more than usually copious upon the subject of balls, and, with the exception of an occasional borrowing from the French, apparently original. The following paragraph, for example, is evidently addressed to a trading nation, for in no other would there exist so decided a wish to keep clear of the shop.

'The advantage of limiting the issue of cards to a week in advance of the appointed evening is, that you are thus enabled to avoid the introduction of a numeral date, the appearance of which, in any of the communications of society gives a mercantile air to it, which is mighty offensive. To be sure, you may avoid this, when the period is longer, by designating the intended evening as such an evening of next week; but the form is unusual. I have seen cards by which persons were invited to a dance, and the day fixed by the appalling phrase, "Monday, the 10th inst.!" One felt tempted to take up a foolscap sheet and reply, "Madam, yours of the 1st inst. duly came to hand, &c." '

It seems that balls are much earlier at Philadelphia than might have been supposed from a passage formerly quoted as to the dinner hour.

'According to the hours now in fashion here, ten o'clock is quite early enough *to render yourself* at a dance. You will even then find many coming after you. *As a young man, however, on his first entrance into society, should resolve to throw himself into the most trying circumstances at once,* he had better make a point of going to dances early, that is, between half-past eight and nine o'clock, when there will be but few persons in the rooms. He should enter alone, and present himself to the mistress of the house with ease and calmness, not carrying a hat in his hand for the first winter, as he would feel embarrassed subsequently if he were to leave it accidentally behind him. Indeed, no man should suffer himself to carry a hat, until he feels himself thoroughly at ease without it.'

There is much admirable delicacy in the following maxims:—

'When a woman is standing in a quadrille, though not engaged in dancing, a man not acquainted with her partner should not converse with her. As this prevents the other from talking to her himself, it is extremely indelicate, and obliges the other to feel unpleasantly, *and such an one would not be censurable, if he were to interrupt the conversation, if it were long continued, and to turn his back upon the intruder.* Where this third person is known to both parties, to join for a short time in colloquy with both is obvious to no objection.

'A young man, when he goes to balls, should make a point of dancing frequently: if he does not, he will not be very welcome. You may be sure you were not invited there merely to lean against the wall, and

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"wait for supper." When you have retired from a quadrille, you should remain with the woman you danced with until she is provided with another partner. She will probably desire you not to remain, but to dance with another; but, of course, you prefer to converse with her.

'If you ask a woman to dance with you, and she is engaged, do not prefer a request for her hand at the next set after that, because she may be engaged for that also, and for many more; and you would have to run through a long list of interrogatories, which would be absurd and awkward. If she declines for the next set, simply beg to name the earliest dance for which she is not engaged, and *render yourself* very punctually to fulfil your engagement.'

We recommend no one to follow *this advice* who is not quite sure of his ground. The best rebuff to an interrogator of the above description was given by a pretty London *débutante* of last season: 'I can put you down for the thirteenth, but I shall only dance four more.'

The Philadelphian continues:—

'When that long and anxiously desiderated hour, the hour of supper, has arrived, you select some lady, and request leave to hand her up, or down, to the supper-table. You remain with her while she is at the table, seeing that she has all that she desires, and then conduct her back to the dancing-rooms. There are usually two or three dances after supper. When you have *reposited* her safely, you return.'

Innumerable are the topics yet remaining—letters, appointments, presents, concerts, *dejeuners*, suppers, duels, marriages, christenings, funerals, &c. &c. &c., but we have hardly space remaining to glance at one, perhaps the most comprehensive it is well possible to discuss; namely, conversation, including flattery and compliments, which, in the Italian and French works, have each sub-sections devoted to them. If the art of pleasing by talking were teachable by rules, M. Gioja would long ago have taught it to his countrymen, for never was subject more elaborately discussed; but the utmost rules ever did, or ever can do, for the student of an art, is to point out the faults he is most likely to commit, and enable him to fix the true standard of excellence upon which his thoughts must unceasingly be bent. For conversation, above all things, a host of natural qualifications are requisite,—fancy, memory, impressibility, quickness of perception, clearness of thought, fluency of expression, manner, voice, tact—and though each of these is improvable by study, not one amongst them can be conferred or created by it. Jekyll and Conversation Sharpe are said to have kept day-books in which, at the most active period of their lives, they made regular entries of the good things they had heard or related during the day; yet we incline to think that the would-be humorist or anecdote-monger who should attempt to rival either of them by journalising would find

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find himself exceedingly mistaken in the end. Sheridan, again, according to Mr. Moore, was accustomed sedulously to think over and polish the *bon-mots* which were to electrify the House of Commons or the dinner-table: but no inference can be more unfair or illogical than that his brilliant sallies were all the result of labour—a sort of firework exhibition prepared beforehand and let off at the fitting moment for the display. The truth is, most men of genius spend half their time in day-dreaming about the art or subject in which they are interested or excel. The painter is peopling space with the forms that are to breathe on his canvas; the poet is murmuring the words that are to burn along his lines: if you meet a crack parliamentary debater in the street, it is three to one that you catch *I repeat, Mr. Speaker,* or, *I am free to confess, Sir,* as you pass; and the gay diner-out, the sparkling conversationalist, 'the man of wit and pleasure about town,' has the look of being engaged in colloquies as unreal as the supper of the Barmecide, and no doubt provides himself with rich materials for society by thus exciting his fancy and then following its flow. If he happened to be also a dramatic writer, he would simply be pursuing his vocation by setting down what Tom Paine (who adopted the same practice) used to call his 'bolting thoughts' as they arose. It would seem, then, that Mr. Moore has mistaken a trick or habit common to a class, for a peculiarity characteristic of the man; and some of the authors before us, improving on his mistake and misapplying his authority, would fain lead their readers to believe that they may go and do likewise (*i. e.* like Sheridan or Jekyll) if they would. It is this doctrine we are most anxious to protest against. There may be no great harm in encouraging young ladies to kiss their hands from balconies or young gentlemen to eat gooseberry pie with a spoon, and we apprehend little danger from the threatened inroad of silver forks and napkins into regions hitherto unconscious of them; but we deprecate all attempts to extend the breed of village Jekylls or convert our mute inglorious Sheridans into talking ones.

ART. V. — *The Principles of English University Education.* By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A. London. 1837.

WE were induced in a former number, when speaking of the Ecclesiastical Commission, to make some observations on the present struggle of principles throughout the country, and on the best mode of facing it by the proper organization of the Church. In taking this review of the position of the Church and

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and the nation, attention is necessarily called to the Universities. These bodies, in every country, must occupy a very prominent place. But in England, from many causes, they have attained a power, dignity, and independence, which render them, even politically, objects of great consideration. As depositories of learning, notwithstanding the new channels which the human intellect is forcing for itself, they still command respect. As organs of education, they exercise a permanent influence over the most influential part of the community. Their property, and the wholesome splendour which they have maintained in their buildings and general establishments, act forcibly on that very large portion of the world which estimates power by these external advantages. They still retain the firm foundation of ancient titles and prescriptive usage, when these have nearly been lost in many other institutions: and notwithstanding all the passion for novelty, antiquity is full of power. It has also been the study and sound policy, both of their original benefactors and of many successive governments, to secure to them a rational independence; connecting them indeed with the Crown, the Church, and the Legislature, but leaving them free to follow out their own internal principles of education without unnecessary interference. From this, and from the position of authority, as well as from the moderate independence guaranteed to their principal members by the endowments of colleges, there exists in the Universities a very high tone of mind, a general consciousness of command, and a determined resolution to resist aggression upon principles of right. Men live in them very much withdrawn from the usual temptations to subserviency or cowardice. They take, for the most part, little or no share in mere party questions of politics—are contented to occupy their post, with the same pursuits of study or instruction by which they were first qualified to hold it. They look out upon the world with comparative indifference, and very rarely regard their duties as means of accumulating money, or as stepping-stones to selfish aggrandizement. It is fit that it should be so; and it would be strange indeed if, under the natural influences for good which surround men of mature age in an University life, it should be otherwise. There is nothing in this statement, however favourable it may seem, which will not be borne out by the experience of those who are thoroughly acquainted with the internal character of the Universities in the present day. Whatever may have been the case formerly, no minister can now hope to corrupt them: we doubt if any power will be found to overawe them.

With this spirit of independence is united what only can make it safe and reasonable,—a sincere attachment to old-established constitutional

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constitutional principles both in religion and in politics. And it forms no small element in the power of the Universities; because men never act consistently and energetically without full confidence in the soundness of their views: and whatever may be the violence of a momentary excitement or conceit, men never do feel this confidence long without it is supported by the authority of others. To this must be added, for the most part, a consciousness of disinterestedness, and therefore a strong bond of union. We believe that in no community in the world, composed of so many members, either living apart from each other, or brought together in modes of life peculiarly liable to the growth of jealousies, is there so little of this feeling as in the Universities. And the independent adherence of individuals each to his own conscientious views, terminating in the steady co-operation of large numbers in one common end, has been one of the most remarkable features in their late proceedings.

As an instrument of acting in this spirit, they possess internal constitutions framed upon very sound maxims, and not the less conducive to the acquisition of power because they act as seasonable checks upon sudden legislation. Nothing so destroys legitimate authority as any suspicion of rashness or inconsistency. Men may lament, indeed, that the internal government of the Universities, like all other good government, opposes obstacles to change, and recommends the right working out of existing institutions rather than the daily invention of new. But the impetus of a body in motion is always diminished by every change in its direction; and a lever cannot be used with force unless the fulcrum is at rest. All these circumstances undoubtedly render the University corporations important and formidable bodies; but they become still more important, when we consider the machinery placed ready within their hands to act upon the whole nation. They are the common centres which three times a year receive and send out into every part of the kingdom a large, and what must soon become a very influential portion of the upper classes. And however we may be disposed to undervalue the immature judgment of young men, they act as conductors and dispensers of principles and of habits of thought, not less than the old. A still more extensive machinery for communicating with every part of the kingdom is to be found in the private connexions of the individuals who form the governing body, and are brought together from all parts—in the local property of the several colleges—in the affection and co-operation of their former members—and in the natural leaning of the clergy throughout the country, not only to the places of their education and to seats of learning, but to any bodies still remaining among the general wreck,

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wreck, in which right principles are maintained, resistance to wrong can be expected, and where men may be brought together to act in mutual support.

It is probable that, with some estimate like this of the internal power of the Universities—an estimate, however, which no one can rightly calculate who has not of late years been a witness of their most important operations—the Conservative party in the country, and particularly in the House of Lords, has manifested a decided resolution to rescue them from the hands of the ministry; and the ministry itself does not venture to avow its ultimate intentions respecting them. Even as political machines they are of vast importance. As such, in the present crisis, and in the defect of organization elsewhere, we are very far from saying that they ought not to be maintained, and kept thoroughly in repair ready for any emergency;—very far also from insinuating that emergencies *may not occur* in which they may be called upon to act, as they have in past political conflicts, and may employ their power in the country to rouse it into movement, and supply the guidance, as well as the principles, which may save it from ruin. No maxim is more false or more destructive to the true interests of states than one which has been hypocritically asserted of late, and succumbed to without dispute, that men devoted to religion and education are not fit to take part in politics—that their great duty is seclusion and their great use inaction. The very contradictory of this is the truth. Men, indeed, of peace, and piety, and study, naturally shrink from the rough battles of the world; they have with it few interests in common; they neither understand its language nor are capable of regulating its movements—but when and where? Only in the petty squabbles for place and power—in the drudgery of covetousness—in conflicts where no great or holy end is to be gained. In all such deeds and struggles men of religion and learning must stand apart and must be useless. They can only disgrace and render impotent their own power by attempting to interfere. But when the great interests of mankind are at stake, and a nation is to be rescued from the ruin of its liberties and religion—then, when no good or great mind can remain unmoved, it is their first duty to come forward. They have no right in the indulgence of indolence or timidity to give up the control of things to hands less capable of controlling them fitly. They are bound to save society from corruption by leavening it with their own high spirit; and they have, in all such cases, a power which they have not in any other, and which few men possess but themselves. They then possess the command over all the better portion of the community; they can unite men to themselves in the strongest faith by honesty of purpose

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purpose and singleness of mind; and they have the only lever by which, with the exception of blind passion, mankind can be gathered together and propelled with force upon an enemy. They have the energy of high feeling and the enthusiasm of virtue;—no views of expediency or selfishness can supply the want of these; and no art in a demagogue, not even the bigotry of a mob, can long resist them. Perhaps the power of these principles has not been rightly understood by those who might have employed them. Assuredly they are all that is wanted to pour animation and strength into that vast body of Conservatism which has lain so long inactive, dismayed at its own helplessness, and is only now beginning to rouse itself from its torpor.

But it would be a very narrow and mistaken view of the present position of the Universities, and of the attacks to which they are exposed, to consider either with reference only to an occasional struggle between political parties. This country is now in the midst of a great revolution of the human mind, very different both in its character and effects from any of those temporary convulsions which shake the walls of society without endangering its foundations. States may pass through many of these, such as changes of dynasties, popular revolts, or foreign invasions, and emerge from them, like the oriental governments, wholly unchanged in any one fundamental principle of law or manners. But there is such a thing as a transition, gradual but entire, from one constitution of society to another, founded on a wholly different basis. There are but two generic forms of society, as of human character, one growing naturally and unconsciously out of the instinct of faith, or, if faith is a term too theologically restricted, out of natural reverence, attachment and submission to a moral power above us—the other, artificially built up and cramped together, for the purpose of holding in some sort of association individuals each claiming and exercising a selfish, capricious independence. For the first fifteen hundred years of that historical period which preceded the Christian era, state after state rose up in the East with many forms of government and varieties of national character, but the one great principle of faith pervaded and secured them all. And it was not till human nature was transplanted into Greece, and there subjected to the influence of frequent local changes, irregular accumulation of property, commerce, philosophy, confinement in towns, and unrestricted intercourse within them, that this great virtue and talisman of society gave way, and was succeeded by the opposite spirit of faithlessness or self-will—with what ruin to all the nobler qualities and substantial blessings of man, those best know who, instead of making a schoolboy declamation out of Grecian history, read it deeply and aright,

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aright, and own that whatever glory and greatness have been thrown round it, were the glory and greatness of minds grieving over and struggling to resist the spirit and the crimes of their age.

For fifteen hundred years also after the Christian era, society again grew up and passed through its various revolutions, with the same principle of faith pervading it, and with a very remarkable parallelism in every respect with the corresponding period in the heathen world. Man still acknowledged his subjection to a moral power above him, not only (which few men now dispute) in the omnipotence of the Deity, but, what is the real question, in Man as, under God, his lawful governor in the State and instructor in the Church—in one word, as the vicegerent of God. And it was not till similar circumstances occurred with those of the Grecian republics—the same abuses of human power—the same great local disturbances—the same increase of commerce—the same appeals to the independent judgment of individuals, and the same extension of certain branches of knowledge—that the Reformation broke out, and in almost every country but England, instead of confining itself to the restoration of those barriers which God and Nature had appointed against the perversion and extravagancies of human power, ended in overturning the power itself, and leaving man first, to an unnatural licentiousness, and then, as a necessary consequence, to a tyranny infinitely worse than any excess whatever of legitimate authority. Even in England we are now arrived at that point, when in all our forms of social union, civil or religious, faithlessness is substituted for faith—when no rule of private duty is recognized but our own self-interest—when, in public, governments are looked on not as the independent possessors, under God, of rights over our moral obedience, but are to be taken into our own hands, appointed as committees for the better management of our property, and overruled or cashiered, as each man thinks expedient for himself—and when in religion itself, though reverence to God is still asserted, reverence to his subordinate ministers is held up with scorn to the world as an assertion of Popery, and a tyranny over the consciences of men. It is impossible that such a change as this in the fundamental constitution of society can take place without deeply affecting every part of it, and especially those institutions which were established under the prevalence of a system totally opposite to the present, and which the wisdom of their construction has still preserved from the contamination of the spirit of the age.

The English Universities exist under written statutes which, whatever be the ignorant calumnies lately thrown out (and to this point we shall return hereafter), have been observed for centuries more strictly, and with greater regard to the obligation of oaths, than

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than perhaps in any institutions in the country. Their principles are embodied and secured in a number of remarkable usages, not easily laid aside. The same principles are transmitted through a slow and gradual succession, which imbues one generation with the opinions, or, to use a word of which no good or wise man should be ashamed, with the prejudices of their predecessors, before those predecessors have wholly passed away. Even the local character and mode of life, the detachment from many secular occupations, and the peculiar kind of property by which the Universities are distinguished, naturally induce a habit of mind quiet, temperate, and averse to change. But the real and chief steadying principle is still to be mentioned. It is the religious spirit of those bodies. It is the immutability of the Christianity which they profess that secures them from the restless, dissatisfied longings for change, the miserable struggles of the world, whether in politics, or reasoning, or private life, daily and hourly

'Commutare locum quasi onus deponere possent.'—LUCRETIUS.

There is nothing in this life permanent but Christianity, and those who live within it cannot change with the changes of the world, or expect that any one age, without a change in human nature itself, is to be substantially better than another. And thus protected against a levity and feebleness of mind, the Universities, even in such a revolution of opinion as is now taking place, may long remain, and God grant they may remain, relics of a system which has passed away—relics like those noble buildings which that old system raised among us, so massive in their construction, and so strongly cemented in all their parts, that nothing but a barbarian violence can overturn, and no art adapt them without absurdity to the false, frivolous, pernicious purposes of modern innovation.

But this is not all. The Universities were not only founded under the prevalence of a system opposite to the present—they were essential parts of that system—parts of a very wise and artfully-constructed machinery within it, by which Nature, or, rather, God, the Author of Nature, evidently intended, not only to further his one great end, visible in all His works, of raising up, through the instrumentality of man, one vast society dependent as one moral being wholly upon Himself, but also to secure from abuse that power which in such a work it was necessary to entrust to weak, wilful, and ignorant creatures.

This provision (and without attending to it, the true position of the Universities cannot be understood) consists obviously in a distribution and proportionment of the power which must be lodged, whether by nature or by compact, in some portion of the whole society. But the distribution required is not so much between

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between the different branches of the civil authority, such as the triple constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, as between the civil authority itself, and that moral or spiritual power, with which, to be safe, it must be consecrated and connected. The right union of Church and State, and their mutual action upon each other, securing to the people at large a sound religious education—this is the true talisman of liberty and society, and all history will prove it. Church and State, indeed, is a modern phrase; and ignorant men may suppose that a Church, in this sense of the word, that is, a body of religious ministers governing a body of religious subjects, is an invention of Christianity. It is rather an invention of nature, without which no society worthy of the name, or capable of life and action beyond a few miserable struggles, ever existed or can exist. And though the Christian Church not only with its purer morals and grander truths, but with its peculiar adaptation to promote the political welfare, and especially the real liberty of nations, is now substituted by God in the place of Magi and Druids, some system analogous to it will be found in every constitution—a system so natural to man, that its origin is lost in the remotest antiquity, and so vitally connected with all the political functions of states, that its history is the only true key to their revolutions, their prosperity, or their ruin. Such is not the doctrine of the present age; but it may nevertheless be true. Man must be governed by two powers, as he is individually composed of two natures—physical and moral. There must be placed above him, while his animal nature predominates, a physical force capable of keeping down the outward struggles of his passions. Of this physical power, the civil authority is the representative and possessor, and of the physical power only. And if, as wretched moralists of the day would tell us, man is merely a physical being; if he has no sense, except for outward things—no desires but for sensual enjoyments—then physical power is all that is wanted in the formation of society; and Hobbes, and with him all the bad bold men that ever reasoned on human nature, are right in their assertion that a good strong despotism is the only fit government for man. It is, at least, the only mode of maintaining any semblance of society. Leave men to their natural state, with all their lusts, and passions, and covetousness, and malice raging uncontrolled, and sanctioned by our dealing with them as if they were animals only, born, like the brutes of the earth, to graze and fatten upon its surface, and then to rot beneath it; and, like the same brutes, or infinitely worse, to butt and gore, and trample on, and devour each other, will be their only business, and the strong lash of a keeper their only safety.

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To be any thing different from this, they must be raised up *from* animals to *moral* beings, with a law of duty within them, binding down or extinguishing their passions. For this they must be educated—educated by moral beings; under moral sanctions, in the presence of a spiritual world encompassing and stretching out before them into a life far different from the present; in one word, educated in religion. But the education of a nation requires a whole system of government of its own. It must have its teachers and officers, and those officers communities, and organization among themselves, and a head above them all. It must maintain local establishments and outward institutions—spreading over the country, but connected and communicating with each other. It must be enforced by some kind of discipline, secured in the respect of those whom it has not yet elevated to respect it for its true worth, by a considerable degree of independence, and something of outward power.

No scheme of national education can be conceived without such a system as this—a system which is virtually a body politic—an empire in itself. There may be, indeed, appointed a secretary of state for its head, instead of an Archbishop of Canterbury—a committee of the House of Commons in the room of the prelates—commissioners and sub-commissioners, schoolmasters, and lecturers, to supply the place of the clergy—and Dr. Bowring's morals, or Lord John Russell's politics, to supersede the Bible. But there must still be a head, and an organization, and discipline. There must be salaries if not tithes—lecture-rooms if no churches—licensed books for teaching, even though the Bible be withdrawn,—some fundamental maxims held up and guaranteed to the instructed by the authority of the instructor; though, if they are maxims only of political expediency, or personal interests, or physical science, it will require an artful contrivance indeed to secure them for a single generation, when every man's theory is supposed to be as good as his neighbour's, and each succeeding age superior to those which preceded it.

And it is the avowed purpose of some among the dilettanti legislators of the day to introduce such a system into England—knowing that without some system of education no nation can possibly exist. They do not propose to frame a constitution without a Church, and that Church the instructor of the people; but they wish to degrade the *Christian* Church from that high office, and to frame another of their own—a Church composed of men of science, men of philosophy, men of expediency, but not men of religion. One reason for this (to pass by the real internal morbid causes of all such Godless speculations) is the entire omission from their political theories of the true object of political bodies.—

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bodies.—They forget that nature has formed such bodies for the very purpose of raising man into a being wholly and entirely religious—that they are the great plantations, and groves, beneath the shelter of which trees destined to rise up into the sky and stand for ever, are nursed in the bleak deserts of this world; and that when the cedars of Lebanon have been thus matured, the common firs and larches will be cut down. Knowing nothing of such an end in the scheme of Providence, and deeming human societies nothing but artificial creations founded on compact, and contrived for the supply only of the lowest and most vulgar wants of humanity, it is not strange that religion, with such speculators, is at least a secondary object in society. In the same spirit, acknowledge though they must the duty of a state to watch over the interests of its subjects, the religious interests of those subjects they pass by unheeded. They clamour for the liberties of a nation—that is, for the free, unbridled indulgence of the caprices of a majority, counted by the head. They promise largely for its prosperity—that is, for the only prosperity which such minds can understand, an accumulation of wealth, wrung out of the necessities of others, and squandered in selfish indulgencies. They talk much of the security against abuses to be found in the enlarged understanding and improved morals of the people. But as in all these theories no law of duty is to be laid upon men's minds by the sense of a God above them—as communion with that God, and dependence upon him, is to form no essential portion of human happiness, or security for the continuance even of our outward prosperity—as the check which it is proposed to raise by education against the abuses of power is not a check upon the passions of the people, but a suspicious, conceited, self-willed overruling of the governors by the governed, religion is no necessary part of the scheme. And the extension of a little physical science, sufficient to engender universal conceit, and an universal exercise of private judgment upon political questions, are all that is required to fit a nation for the end for which it is conceived to be created. This may be done without any assistance from the Christian Church.

Depth and comprehension, and moderation, are not the qualities required for the purpose for which modern politicians would instruct the human mind. Conceit, hastiness, and shallowness, are far better adapted to interpose a perpetual check upon every movement of the governors of a state, by keeping a nation in a constant fever of jealous, impatient irritation. And to be able to give a name to a pebble, or to hatch an invisible animalcule, is a knowledge perfectly sufficient to imbue it with this spirit.

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But our ancestors when they employed the Christian Church as the great minister in the work of national education, had thoughts, or rather perhaps feelings, very different from these—feelings rather than thoughts, because their whole system of society, though not devoid of reason, grew more out of the heart than the head. And yet it was not the less a system and contrivance—only a contrivance of God instead of man. The tree knows nothing of the mechanism by which from a single seed it shoots up its head, and spreads forth its branches, and brings out its blossoms, feeding them all unerringly with sap, and throwing them out to the light with the care of a nurse or a parent. But there is no less art in this, than in a mass of timber which some philosophic speculator should nail together from its fragments, and plant in the hope that it would grow. Men smile when we impute to the forethought of former days the real practical wisdom of their actions. And the language may be wrong. Let us impute it to the forethought of the God who formed them, and all will be right. And yet we cannot read the writings of our wise ancestors without seeing that they in some degree perceived, or study their history without finding that they fully experienced, results of great expediency following the discharge of their natural duty.

In the first place, they thus solved the great problem of civil society. The one great end of all society and all government, say the wisest and best of men, is to make its subjects good. The only possible end of rational practical society, say a very different class of reasoners, is to make its subjects easy, and secure them against wrong. And if the noble aspirations of the former theory come home to our heart, the dry facts of the latter are not less binding on our reason. Civil society, by itself, cannot make men good: it exceeds its province when it makes the attempt: it is a physical power only, and can only control the outward man: it has at its command physical force and external good, and it may indeed so arrange these as to repress vice, and thus give virtue an opportunity of springing up unmolested and even encouraged. But it can do no more. And something more, much more, is wanted to make society that great and holy thing which God intended and man desires that it should be. And, with one of those ludicrous inconsistencies so common in all deviations from truth, the very men whose theory of government limits it to the very lowest functions of a police establishment are now clamouring for a grand interference with education, and insisting that the State should undertake the office of making the people wise in order to make them good. And they are right in their demand. Such is the office of the State and the end of society.

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society. And they are also right in their assertions, however they may choose to forget them, that the State has neither right nor power in itself to meddle in any such matters. Both facts are equally true, and there is but one way to reconcile them. Let the State borrow the moral power of the Church, and appoint the Church, armed with all the sanctions of religion, with its appeals to the heart, its searching power over the conscience, its graduated scale of moral influences, its prospects of futurity, and its divine superintendence over thoughts as well as actions, to the moral education of the people, and the great end of society will be gained, and society still confine itself to its own special restricted province. The work will be done, and done well, and without any of those falsities, and failures, and mischiefs, which follow whenever a legislature attempts what it has not the means to accomplish. But this is not all.

If the secular power, by wedding the Christian Church to itself, by sharing with her its throne and its splendour, and appointing her, like the mother of a family, to rear up its children in all true wisdom, by an authority mild and benignant, and more constantly present with them than the strong, stern arm of a mere worldly legislature—if by this natural instinct the secular power discharged its Christian duty, it also advanced by the same step its own temporal interests. It ensured loyalty and obedience to itself—first, by investing its own character with those moral qualities of piety and holiness, without which it cannot become an object of reverence to any but brutes, or men who resemble brutes. Secondly, by the diffusion of a code of morals, in which obedience is the primary virtue, and of a system of faith in which all the evils of life, even oppression and wrong, are reconciled with patience and hope. Thirdly, by the creation of a secondary power interested in the maintenance of order, interposed between the subject and the government, as a common mediator—sharing at once the power of the government, and the subjection of the people—just so independent as to command respect without exciting jealousy—just so weak that its weakness, sanctified by its virtues, became the strongest bond upon the sympathy and affections of mankind. Our Mother Church is indeed a common word;—but mother as she is to us all, as individuals, it is in relation to our country that her maternal character has been most legibly displayed. And those who know that God has made in all his works the less the types of the greater, and only repeated the same form and plan in all the infinite varieties of his designs, will see something more than illustration in this title of domestic endearment.

At the same time, they made the best provision possible, not only

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only for the moral virtues of the people, which we now find it possible for men to conceive to exist without religion, but for the maintenance of well regulated order, and of that independence of external restraints which, however we differ as to means, all of us acknowledge to be an end. By whatever discipline man is made a law to himself, by the same he is made acquiescent in the laws of his country; and whenever he becomes really his own master, no other mastery over him will be required to be exercised. And our ancestors, who did not mistake, as we do, sentiment for principle, or accidental deviation into a right path for a right direction of the heart, instead of making virtue an easy calculation of expediency and pleasure, sought first to lay its foundation in its only sure basis—self-denial, self-government, self-mastery—a basis which, like all great truths, served for a multiplicity of purposes, and secured peace and order for society, as well as stability for individual goodness. To lay this basis deeply, or rather to form the principle at all, they thought it absolutely necessary to have recourse not merely to moral lessons but to religion, and not merely to religion but to Christianity—and let us go still further, not merely to Christianity under any form of opinion which may happen to claim the name, but to such only as could justify the hope that it came from Him who framed the human heart, and was blessed with His promise of assistance. And not only by this outward augury, but by the internal character of doctrines, all tending to this one point, of raising up in man a principle of self-command—the Church of England, or rather, which is the same thing, the old Catholic Christian Church, was the instrument they would naturally recognize. They knew that neither sense, nor taste, nor prudence, nor natural religion have any power to raise up within us a law of self-denial; and that even when, as in the Christian Revelation, there is a distinct authority, a written law, and all the apparatus of sanctions the most binding to force us into obedience, there is but one mode of preventing human wilfulness from even now escaping the yoke, and that is by maintaining, as in the Church of England, a human authority under God to guarantee interpretations and to command submission. One other reason might be added, the simplest and most conclusive of all. It is, that Christian men believe upon the authority of their Bible, and the Bible is confirmed by their own experience, that real self-command, real government of our inclinations under a law of duty, however ardently we long for it, applaud it, or boast of it, does not exist, and cannot be created in man by any human aid, by any thing short of a gift from Heaven. And therefore it is from Heaven they seek it, to be poured into the hearts of individuals,

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and so made the firm cement of society, through those channels and ministrations, and those alone, through which they can hope to obtain it, as blessed by the appointment of God.

This, then, was one mode in which the religious education of the people by the Church Catholic tends to maintain the peace, welfare, and liberty of a nation. It tends to make them good and happy, and moral and free in themselves,—in their own hearts and their own homes. When this is gained, there is now no need of a despotism—no need of all that standing police against crime and passion, which is created at first in fear of aggression, and then abused as an instrument of tyranny. As there is no longer fear on the part of the governor—so there is every thing to create and invigorate in his own breast that feeling, one of the strongest in our hearts, by which the affections of the powerful are turned down to watch as a parent over the weak. And this parental feeling, notwithstanding occasional excesses, softens all the harshnesses of arbitrary rule, and where religion is an essential established element in government, fulfils the work of government in providing for the happiness of a people, better in many cases than the exertions of the people themselves.

But the last check thus raised against misrule, by the education of a people through the Church, is perhaps the strongest. It is a sound public opinion, necessary in all states, necessary most especially in those where the people have a large and direct share in the administration of their own affairs. There must be in every society somewhere or another a supreme and ultimate power from which there is no appeal, and against which no resistance, and which is, therefore, responsible to none but God. This power must also be lodged, by the necessity of man's nature, in hands least capable by themselves of wielding it rightly,—in brute physical force. It is the strong man that must prevail in every conflict, unless some moral force is brought in to restrain him. And when the strong man is not the monarch, it will be the people. Ultimately it must be. In them, unless they bear the law of right within their own breast, there is no other security against the abuse of power. Public opinion has no existence with them. They can be called, as the greatest writers have often observed, to no tribunal; are amenable to no censures, witness no indignation—are, therefore, penetrable neither by remorse nor shame. And the excesses of a guilty people, armed with despotic power, are, therefore, the most frightful spectacle in the history of man. But such convulsions cannot last long, and except in a few such intervals of wretchedness and madness, the life of nations, like the life of individuals, must be passed under the restraint of governors. And, happily, there is a provision by which these, without

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without virtue in themselves, may be kept in the path of virtue; and a provision the more efficacious, in proportion as it is more needed, that is, in proportion as the power is lodged in fewer hands, and, therefore, more likely to abuse. When God wishes to bring us back from a course of sin, generally his first act seems to be the placing near us some living example of virtue. It is in this way that virtue becomes intelligible to us,—that shame, the first step to reformation, is excited—that our affections are interested in our duty, and our first efforts at amendment encouraged and supported. And even if the example fails in producing imitation, it acts at least as a check upon enormities. No man is insensible to the approbation and sympathy of another. And when a tyrant has shaken off all other fetters upon his conscience, shame may still remain the last and strongest. It would be a task well worthy of a Christian philosopher to show how, even in the worst of times, the Church, as an independent power, raised up by the State, discharged this duty of correcting its vices, and keeping up a standard of right, without which the State, left to itself, must have sunk into utter barbarism. With all its extravagancies and corruptions in later days—corruptions which are all to be traced to a dislocation in its proper position in relation to the civil power—the Church was, from its very office and character and constitution, better secured against the infection of human ills than the State. It retained its purity longer, never wholly lost it, rose even from its depths of degradation with an elasticity never exhibited in any other human society; did what no human society ever did before when poisoned so deeply, worked its own cure, and then proceeded to heal the rest of society around it. Here again recurs the illustration, and more than illustration of domestic life. If the Church was a mother to the people, she was to the State what a mother often is to the father of a family—more safe from vice in the retirement of her position, the sanctity of her nature, and the innocency of her duties; and in that superior goodness, a constant check upon his wanderings, to soften, amend, and perfect by the quiet communication of example.

These are but slight touches and hints for a history, which should be deeply studied and thoroughly opened, especially in the present day; and they cannot be more. Let us pass to the last point, in considering the functions of the Church as the organ of education.

Why, it is asked, and asked triumphantly, why, although the Church can be the fit teacher of its own theology, and may be a very fit teacher even of morality, is the whole scheme of national instruction to be intrusted to her hands, and connected with her

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religious faith? What has religion to do with mathematics, with physics, with history? Why cannot boys be taught their grammars, as physicians can practise in medicine without the fetters of articles of faith? The origin of this system to any superficial reader of history seems very clear. It was, that during many ages all science was in the hands of the Church, and therefore could not be derived from any other quarter. And this will seem to many a very simple account of an accidental coincidence. And the accident having ceased, the system which sprung from it may now be dropped. Perhaps, however, there was not so much of accident in this as of natural and essential connexion between religion and knowledge, a connexion which can never be broken. And what may have been maintained without thought from the necessity of the times, may also have been identical with the soundest wisdom.

Here is the question mainly on which the position of the Universities depends, and we shall not hesitate to enter on it more fully. Not that arguments are likely to produce any practical effect, but they may prove at least the possibility of supporting by reason a system which it is wise to maintain in a spirit of simple faith.

First, then, one of the main requisites for a system of national instruction, is a machinery for conducting it. There must be, as before stated, a large body constructed, great authority committed to it, a very extensive organization, a power of permanence and succession, a certain, nay, a considerable degree of independence guaranteed to it. The idea so recently broached of making an university depend on a secretary of state, is at least as absurd as it is novel. Where, as Adam Smith justly remarks, will be the men of science and talent to undertake a trust of such responsibility, subject to the constant changes of political parties, and to the caprices of an individual minister? And what ground is there from experience to hope that the executive power, occupied as it is with the politics of the day, will be able or willing to exercise properly that most delicate of all delicate tasks, the constant superintendence of a system of scientific instruction? The State indeed must, in most instances, originate the machinery for this system, and may occasionally interfere to keep it in order. And in peculiar monarchies, as in Prussia, the evil hour may be delayed, when, with the natural distractions and revolutions of the State, the system itself, however well contrived, must fall to pieces. But sooner or later this must come, unless either we suppose the State itself to be unchangeable, or create another body virtually independent of its revolutions; in one word, raise up an 'imperium in imperio,' of all others the most dangerous—

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commanded by men of high talents and active minds, holding in their hands nearly all the moral influence of the country—slightly, or not at all connected with its property and rank, and, therefore, with all those institutions which insure its stability—men of theory, men of ambition, men of conceit, raised by their very possession of science above the common homely duties of life, and marked with that bad, unhealthy tone of mind, which does, and which must pervade every society, and every individual, in whom knowledge is worshipped as God. Look to France, and see what was effected there by such a voluntary association, and propose if you please to establish one by law, and give it a foundation in the State. Then turn to the Church Catholic of England, and think if it is not wiser to make use of her machinery already formed; her independence, which in the very last political crisis she will still retain; her institutions, which no external convulsions have overturned; her durability, secured against the changes of things and persons; her officers, over whom, with all their spiritual independence, the State is permitted to exercise a civil authority,—to make use of all these, which must exist, whether the State uses them or not, and which must be employed in education, education in all its departments, by the spontaneous workings of Christian affection, and the enjoined duties of the Christian office.

Is a body of Christian Catholic ministers,—not Jesuits—not let loose from the civil power, or devoted to a foreign allegiance, or sworn to the maintenance of ignorance in the people, and of subjection in the monarch,—a less safe power in a country, less likely to disturb it, less capable of sacrificing their loyalty to their ambition, than a body of modern philosophers, chemists, geologists, political economists, poets, astronomers, logicians, novel writers, political adventurers and quibbling lawyers, of which, if the Church be excluded, a board of education must be framed?

But this is not all.

Where are we to obtain a supply, large enough, regular and constant, of the talent and knowledge required for conducting the instruction of a country, except in the Church Catholic—not perhaps in the clergy only, but what is equivalent, in the higher orders, lay as well as clerical, of ecclesiastical Christians? Was it a mere accident, which, in the dark ages, as they are ignorantly called, kept the last light of knowledge still burning in the institutions of the Church? or is this its natural depository, its final and safest sanctuary, in all the vicissitudes of the world?

For such a work, let us remark, we must not trust to the casual efforts of individuals, bursting out at intervals like a capricious flame, and then leaving us in darkness. The supply must be steady and permanent. To secure this supply, there must be, first,

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first, endowments, very large endowments, to maintain men of learning when found. Secondly, there must be circumstances to be counted on for the uniform direction of a certain quantity of mind to learning itself. Thirdly, there must be means for securing not only this direction in general, but its right direction; for maintaining, that is, what now is little thought of, not a wild enthusiastic zeal for knowledge, tainted with all the bad passions of human nature, but a sound, safe, rational spirit of modesty and firmness; without which truth cannot be found, or if found, like the manna in the wilderness, will soon corrupt and become vile.

In the first place, with respect to endowments. There is before our eyes an obvious answer to the question—where are we to find funds for the maintenance of science except in the Christian Church? For funds must be found, not merely stipendiary payments for immediate instruction, which may be perhaps obtained, but some provision for the higher class of literary and scientific men, who instruct by their works, and supply that spring of knowledge of which others are only the distributors. With all the clamour for national education, all the calumnies against the Church, what is the avowed wish of the democracy of the day? Not to raise fresh endowments of its own, but to plunder those of the Church, and convert them to its own use. Whether it would overturn our colleges, and dissolve the Universities, or entirely alter their nature by throwing them open to sectarians, the end is the same. The Church is plundered, because both colleges and universities are endowments of the Church, for a purpose of her own. In the true spirit of democratic liberality, greedy of the property of others, and a miser of its own, scarcely one solitary sacrifice, at least nothing worthy of the name, has been made to raise up by the side of the Universities institutions for this new doctrine of instruction without the Church. There have been joint-stock companies, a few donations from unknown individuals, the fanaticism of whose language is sufficient proof that their acts will rarely be repeated; but within even the same space of time, the endowments from Christian men, for Christian education, have been multiplying to an extent, which almost equals the grandest munificence of the past ages. And it is natural that it should be so. There is something in the Christian spirit very different from that occasional compassion which relieves for the moment, or that vanity or caprice, which in the last hours of life, when wealth can no more be enjoyed, lets it drop from hands, no longer capable of supporting it, on some scheme for perpetuating a whim, or securing from oblivion a name which has no immortality within itself. It is the peculiar privilege of the Christian not only to accumulate

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accumulate wealth with industry, and to manage it with frugality, to use it as a trust from God, employ it to his glory, and invest it in that best of all investments, the blessings of our fellow-creatures; but as he approaches his perfection, generally near the close of his life, that object, which before had been dimly seen, as at a distance, in many, many cases, now comes out in all its clearness; and the last look cast down by him upon the earth turns not on any individual, but on the Church through which, and in which he has been raised to his approaching immortality. If it is the glory of a statesman to die with a prayer for his country on his lips, shall it be less the glory of a Christian to be occupied in his last moments with the welfare of his Church; to think of himself not as a separate person, in which light God himself does not recognise him, but as a member of that great society which has been a mother and a nurse to himself, and may be made, by the last act of his life, a mother and a nurse to thousands in future generations? Very easy indeed it is, with our shallow knowledge of past ages, gathered from collections of extraordinary abuses, and mutilations of ancient history, to throw ridicule on such views as romance, and assign all the endowments of Christianity to the cowardice of dying sinners in the hands of a tyrannical priesthood. And much of this is true, and will be true wherever Christianity is disfigured by the miserable corruptions of Popery. But without any such corruptions, there is enough in the anti-selfish spirit of Catholic Christianity, in its sense of deep responsibility, in its expanding and diffusive affections, in its sound prudential benevolence; and most of all, in its prophetic vision, by which, beyond all morality, and all philosophy, it looks forward to future ages, and enjoys an existence of its own in the coming happiness and holiness of others—there is enough in all this, to secure a supply of wealth for every purpose of national welfare, whenever the spirit itself is sufficiently awakened and diffused; and a mean, mercenary world, plunged in self, and heedless of every hour but the present, may well be challenged to extort any thing approaching to its amount, from all its springs of momentary caprice, or vanity, or ambition, whether public or private.

It would find no less difficulty in a point no less essential—in the regular direction of a certain portion of the mind of the nation to the higher and more abstract studies either of science or philosophy. Few, very few men pursue knowledge for the sake of knowledge, without the spur of self-interest in some shape or other; and those who do, are generally formed of characters so retiring, or so morbid, that they seldom render their labours available to the instruction of others. What reward, then, will the world

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world create for the purpose of exciting and maintaining that industry which is now kept up in a very large body of men through the instrumentality of the Church, by inducements peculiarly her own? Pecuniary rewards, even if supplied, are wholly inadequate to stimulate the wiser and better part of mankind. Public employments have been sometimes tried, but they cannot be created to a sufficient extent—are not likely to be wisely distributed by an age infected with the spirit of self-will—have been proved by almost universal experience to be the very last in which literary and scientific minds are likely to excel—and necessarily dry up the very spring which they are proposed to fill, by drawing off from abstract studies the men who are most capable of advancing them. There is, indeed, another kind of stimulus, which seems to be looked on in the present day as the only one right and inexhaustible. Public applause, and the flattery of society, appear to be the prime objects of literary labours now, and will undoubtedly effect much in every age to rouse the human reason into activity. But the activity thus created, instead of being the quiet, safe, disinterested toil of honest minds in works of real necessity and highest usefulness—instead of engaging men to dig deeply in the mine of knowledge, and, at the sacrifice of their own lives, to drag forth its most precious jewels to become the ornaments of the world, while the hands which brought them into light are dishonoured or unknown—instead of rousing men to take their stand against the vices of their fellows, and establish a Thermopylæ of truth against the crimes and follies of the day,—this activity of human intellect, under the spur of vanity, resembles nothing but the forced contortions of a mountebank on a stage, or the more disguised and elaborate harlotry (it is the strong word of one of the wisest of heathens) of any other art which panders to the bad appetites of man. It will not study where few look on, nor publish where there is no chattering *coterie* to read—and, therefore, what the age will most require, truths higher than their own low flight, and speculations greater than their comprehension, it will never force before them. Its whole happiness is applause, and therefore it will follow or encourage, but will never resist, a popular feeling. And how the government of the human mind can be carried on aright without resistance, is a problem which may be easy for those to solve who assert, with our admirable ministers, that the legislation of a great nation is but another word for concession to the will of the many; but will be for ever a mystery to the few who believe man's head to be naturally ignorant and his heart naturally bad, and therefore only capable of improvement by tendencies opposed to his own nature. In the same servile, disgraceful spirit of flattering

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ing in order to be flattered, writers will study to amuse the world, as a needy dependent humours the spoiled child of a rich patron. They will suppress all grave and unwelcome truths, and load the press with frivolities. Novels,—not moral pictures, but at once feeble, gaudy, and sinful caricatures of life—the pernicious tragedy of a false sentimentality, or the still more pernicious tragi-comedy of a burlesque, confounding all truth and goodness in a farrago of levity and seriousness—will be the chief passport to idle admiration, and therefore the staple of what passes for literature. If better feelings are ever appealed to, they will require to be kindled into an unnatural excitement. If subjects more abstruse are touched on, they will be popularised, and pared down, and varnished over, that no fatigue may be forced, and readers, as if it were possible, may be cheated into knowledge, and made wise in spite of themselves. As an affectation of science must be kept up at all times and in every society, shreds and scraps of knowledge must be gathered together from all quarters; every book must be opened, and none read; every science heard of, but none studied. And as knowledge thus torn in slips from its parent trunk, and held in the hand for show, instead of being grafted by patient care on the stock of our own reflections, is sure to wither—however vast the Birnam Wood of literary men which now seems to be rising up, the real tree of science is standing stripped and naked, and its roots are dying. Much more might be said on this point, but it may perhaps deserve a fuller inquiry by itself; and the general literature of the day will exemplify it all—that literature, like all our other arts, forced, frivolous, and conceited, as superficial as it is multifarious, and as useless as it is pretending—the mere echo of popular sentiment, and saved from thus becoming as atrociously wicked as the schools of France, only by the lingering honesty and goodness of our old English character and Christianity.

And then let us compare with this the literature and the science which have been the work of the Christian Church—not merely of its clergy, though this would be sufficient, but of all those who have grown up under its wing, and been nursed in its spirit, and have solemnly and publicly dedicated their labours in those affecting prayers so common in our olden writers—so rare in any work at present—to the glory of God, the honour of his Church, and the welfare of mankind.

It is not an accident that in all the great heathen monarchies science and art have been in the hands of the priesthood—that even in the Grecian democracies the highest efforts both of abstract reason and of poetry were part of a system of instruction carried

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carried on, under various disguises, by men whose great object was religion, and who stood in that position which in better times has been occupied by an established hierarchy. Neither was it an accident that Christianity, and Christianity alone, kept up the last dying energies of the human intellect at the fall of the Roman empire; preserved them still dormant amidst the irruptions from the north; revived them in all our arts of painting, music, architecture, and sculpture, the moment the storm was lulled; and kindled them into activity again at the Reformation.

It is very possible, indeed, for the fanaticism of irreligion at times to supply, as in France before its revolution, something like a national literature, by a short effort, and for a very short duration; but its zeal cannot last, and still greater zeal is to be found in the Church. Her very appointed task is education; her whole system and machinery is constructed for this end; her spirit is full of it; and even when most anxiously bent on maintaining truth, her ultimate purpose is to diffuse it. In this work of education she takes too large a view of man's perfection to limit the cultivation of his mind to any one part; she endeavours to bring out his whole nature, especially to infuse into it (from what source, and through what channels, need not be mentioned here) that great spring of intellectual as well as moral excellence, moral energy and self-command. She places him at once in the most elevated position of the universe—reveals to him a region of grandeur invisible to common eyes—gives to the poorest peasant the command of truths, to reach which, by conjecture and guess, was the highest aspiration of the noblest philosophy of heathenism; and in the deep debasement of man's state by nature, and his unbounded exaltation by God's mercy, she fixes the true point of view from which all other truths may be seen in their real forms and proportions.

In laying, as all the best philosophy before her laid, the basis of her virtues in truths, and facts, and principles—or if an invidious word be preferred, in dogmas—that is, in opinions stamped and confirmed by the only possible confirmation, concurrent authority and testimony, she renders the expansion of the intellect a necessary part of her duty. In insisting on the reception of these dogmas at first through obedience and faith, she secures to human reason what is absolutely necessary for its operations, and what no other scheme can give it, a firm and unshaken ground from which to commence its flight, and whither to return when weary, and accumulate the treasures it collects. Instead of cutting the wings of reason and taming it into stupidity by putting out its eyes and chaining it to the ground, she would exercise it daily and hourly, but

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but in flights as safe as they are high, and as modest as they are useful. Compel the Church to educate a people—force it, as the State is bound to force it, to do its duty—and for its own safety and the safety of its truths, its intellectual power must be kept in perpetual and the most noble activity, not only to discharge its task, but to contend against its enemies. Shut up the Bible, indeed, and substitute, as the great virtue of Christianity, the drudgery of men's works for the spirit-stirring liberty of Faith—that is, re-establish Popery—and the Church may sleep on in torpor amidst the darkness she diffuses round her, till roused up by the crash of its own ruin. But let loose, as the Catholic Church of England does, these two high voices of appeal to all the nobler energies of man—voices that come from heaven, though safe only when transmitted through man—addressed to energies which must be roused, however we may dread their excesses—and that moment a power of independent thought is roused which can only be encountered and governed by the very deepest and highest wisdom in the mind which calls it up. Few things are more remarkable than the vast extent of research which has been not only encouraged as innocent, but rendered absolutely necessary by the necessity of defending Christianity against the attacks of infidelity or heresy. If Providence had intended no other object in the promulgation of such a revelation but to awaken and exercise the human intellect, Christianity would have done for men what no other system has effected. It went forth in its very childhood, like its own great Master, into the very sanctuary of heathen philosophy, and sat down there not only to hear and ask questions but to teach and confute. In other times, with an intensity of purpose which nothing but real devotion could support, it threw forth the noblest feelings and affections of man into creations of beauty such as no worldly thought realised—creations not of the eye but of the heart, into which, by a deep, unconscious instinct, the whole soul of man was transfused, and which therefore will react upon that soul, even to the latest generation, not as the toys and playthings of modern art, merely to amuse and surprise, but as the works of God in nature, to feed, and invigorate, and govern. Its paintings, and architecture, and sculpture, were not wrought to be converted into money, or stared at in tawdry exhibitions—their reward was the contemplation of themselves—their end, dedication to God. The fancy even of the profligate was chastened and solemnised by the proposed consecration of his art. Even when art was abused, to hold an ignorant people in subjection through the medium of their senses, it was addressed to the better nature within them—to pity, to love, to natural affection, to awe, or to innocent rejoicing. But the great secret of those grand conceptions which

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which have stamped the arts under the influence of the Church was assuredly the spirit of faith under which they were nurtured and thrown forth. Nothing is so grand, so commanding, so imperishable in its effect, as the human heart taken out of itself, withdrawn from all self-consciousness, and working with all the simplicity and fervency of nature in the enthusiasm of feeling. And nothing can bring it to this state but to wrap it in the sense of some superior power overshadowing and abiding with it, in whose presence self is nothing, and self-consciousness is lost in admiration and dependence. It is on this principle that all religion, even the atrocious tyranny of Romanism, tends to keep the heart in its own simplicity, and therefore in strength and power at least over the creations of art and the minds of others. It is from the want of this principle, from evil man being abandoned to himself, with nothing but his own littleness to rest on, nothing but the littlenesses of others to court or copy, that affectation, poverty, and imposition, are the characteristics of modern art. Like the spirit of the age, it is all exterior—all body and no soul—a mere tinsel stage decoration, dressed up for exhibition by lamplight, in which the low, false tone of the artist's mind is visible through every work, and which answers every purpose intended when it has been applauded and sold.

For the arts, indeed, which minister to the body, men may look to a spring very different from religion—to that lust of money which threatens to convert this once free and happy country into the Pandemonium of one vast manufactory, and will degrade the human intellect to slave in any service for which it can be paid. And yet, when there was little commerce and no factories, agriculture, masonry, chemistry, medicine—to pass over all the other arts kept alive or created under the shelter of monasteries—owed their whole existence to religion—to the leisure which it secured to some portion of the community, and to the intellectual activity directed in it to the welfare of mankind. The Christian Church does not watch with less care over the physical wants and bodily comforts of men, because the misery it purposes to relieve is their spiritual destitution. And with all the bustle of wealth around us; amidst the smoke of steam-engines, and the noise of wheels, and the whirl of rail-roads; let us add, at this moment, amidst the cries of famishing thousands, the offspring of such a system, and the wrecks of commercial splendour which have fallen to the ground in one moment, like the unsubstantial walls in which they were engendered; with all this vision of riches before us, and to come, a wise man will indeed ask, how long it will continue? A wise man will indeed doubt, if as much science and as much of useful art might not be secured by the zeal of man studying under the

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the direction of his Church for the glory of God and the good of mankind? Will this be a less constant stimulus than the thirst for money, or the curiosity of speculation, or the ambition of distinction? Would our manufacturing population be less thriving, less moral, and therefore less industrious, if their labours were regulated and superintended by a Christian charity, than if, as now, neither their souls nor bodies were thought of by their employers, except as the wheels they turn, to be used remorselessly till worn out, and then to be thrown away? Would the wealth of the country be more insecure if we had amassed less—not wrung the farthings of their wages from infant children and famishing parents, to accumulate thousands in hands guiltless of self-respect, and void of respect from others—thousands which the cupidity of an impoverished people may seize on in a moment of violence with scarcely less guilt in the eye of God than that with which they were first extorted from the necessities of the labourer, and held firm against the compunctious visitings of mercy? Science, real science, anything worthy of such a noble name, instead of boasting and glorying in the work she has done, will rather blush to have been prostituted as she has been, to the very lowest of low human passions—the lust of gain; she will protest against such a desecration of her labours, join with the Church of God in casting chains upon this rapacious avarice, and saving unborn generations from the same miserable lives and hopeless death to which our manufactures and our commerce are daily condemning thousands. Let us, if we will, increase our power over nature, multiply our comforts, abridge our labours—God has not forbidden this softening of our condition upon earth. Let us not discourage science in itself, nor refuse gratitude to its promoters; but let us place it at least under the control of the Christian Church, that the same hands which create the power may save it from being abused to the criminality and ruin of the nation, under the name of the promotion of its wealth.

Even in that age, when the connexion of religion and reason was least beneficial, and has been most invidiously attacked—the age of scholastic philosophy—there is much to illustrate the sound influence of the Church upon the human intellect. The human intellect at that time was indeed misdirected, but not by religion, unless by religion is meant the corruptions of Rome. The errors of the scholastic philosophy were its direction to those parts of theology on which God has not required us to inform ourselves, and which are therefore placed beyond our reach—its employment as mere speculation, in which knowledge is an end and not a means—its form of logical disputation, ever treading the same round of thought instead of advancing forward and opening new fields

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fields of knowledge—and its false assumption (necessary indeed for its purpose) of a strict logical technical accuracy in all the separate statements of Scripture, instead of concluding to their sense by comparison and mutual limitation. And yet with all these errors perhaps there is not a more remarkable feature in the history of the world than those prodigious fabrics of reasoning which it has left standing to the present day, like the pyramids in the desert, evidences of a gigantic power enslaved to a spiritual despotism, and entombing a few consecrated truths in vast sepulchral halls, almost inaccessible to man. They show the value of the two great principles of Christianity,—its demand upon our energies, and its security for our faith, when applied to the human intellect. Human reason, even when enslaved, was thus roused into the highest activity, and the moment its chains were struck off, it rose up again like a giant, no longer condemned, like another Sampson, to toil blindly in the turning of a mill, but free to the call of any duty, and with its eyes opened to the whole range of truth. From that time, if it has raised itself up in opposition to the Christian Church, that Church has never been destitute of the power of crushing it by an intellect of her own. If it has surprised or amused the world by its independent exertions, those exertions have been, for the most part, either mere ephemeral, capricious playthings, or in graver works they have been chastened and controlled for good by the presence of a vigilant censorship in the Church. And in the mean while the Church herself—partly in self-defence—partly as a duty in furthering the improvement of human nature—partly in discharge of those functions of criticism which she is bound to support whenever truth, or morals, or religion are endangered—partly as, at least, an innocent employment of hours secured against the intrusion of secular labours—but chiefly in the strong and natural expansion of mind, safe within the sanctuary of its own faith, and therefore fearlessly expatiating over the whole range of speculation beyond it—the Church has stored up for this country treasures of literature in every department of knowledge, in ethics, in history, in poetry, in philosophy, in metaphysics, in even the last province conceded to her claim, as worthy of her care, in natural science,—treasures, unprofaned in the search for them, and therefore blessed by God both in their acquisition and their use, and sufficient to maintain, if rightly employed, the intellect of all future ages, even though no others should be added to their store.

Something like this might be the line of argument to prove, from the internal character of Catholic Christianity and from the history of the Church, that Catholic Christianity is the best and surest hope of a nation for turning any adequate proportion of mind

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mind to the extension of learning and knowledge, and is therefore the fittest instrument for conducting its education, even in departments not immediately connected with theology.

There was another consideration mentioned before, very little thought of now, but more important even than this.

Let us remember, then, that the education of the human mind, that is, its elevation from a state of impotence and ignorance to a capability of discharging the noblest conceivable functions in the universe—not its mere instruction or the loading it with a knowledge of facts—much less the abstract discovery of those facts, without adaptation to the faculties and wants of men—is the end of all intellectual advancement; and that which educates the mind is the mind of the instructor rather than the knowledge which he conveys. It is not truth, but the spirit which speaks truth that must be in reason as in religion the first object of our prayers. It is astonishing how very little knowledge is communicated by any book—how little, even if imbibed, is retained; how much less can be made available to any purpose but ostentation. But it is also astonishing and alarming to find how much influence even the least book exerts in the formation of character. The tone of mind which pervades a work—which cannot be concealed by any art—and which is felt even where it cannot be described, and perhaps is scarcely noticed—is in reality the medium through which not only a moral contagion of feeling must be diffused, but even knowledge is most effectually communicated. Books containing the most abstract theories, even the most holy truths, may become a most deadly poison by the slightest infusion of a pernicious spirit in their compiler; and a wise legislator will look to this, more than to any outward statements, for the good or the evil of instruction. It is in this point of view that we can best understand the inestimable blessing of placing the whole education of the country mainly in the hands of the Christian Church. She has purified and hallowed everything she has touched; she has at least excluded from works published under her own sanction a spirit hostile to her own, and her own she has infused deeply into the greatest monuments of human reason. She has elevated almost every art and science into their most noble position of ministers to the glory of God, or at least compelled them to be tributaries to the great truths of religion. Even where no direct connexion has been established by her between religion and knowledge, her own character and profession have sufficiently marked the proper station to be occupied by reason, and the value to be set upon it, without risking the danger, almost inevitable in instruction, of making the intellect the whole or even the main part of man. And even those who

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who have stepped forward to assist her work without any communication of her real spirit, have felt a secret influence from her example, and employ professions nearly, at least in words, as elevated and pure as the Church herself, when she would make the inculcation of truth subservient to all things 'honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, to every virtue and to every praise.' Much would be gained, even if in the administration of instruction by the Church, nothing else were secured but the maintenance of that simple, quiet, unambitious, unaffected spirit which, by withdrawing writers and teachers from all thoughts of self, not only gives them power over the minds of others, but forms those minds insensibly to a temper like its own. Without this, education to good is hopeless; and it cannot be found beyond the pale of that faith which makes man nothing to himself, and God all in all,—which looks upon every human faculty only as channels through which a superior power condescends to work—which permits no individual to fix himself as a centre for the admiration of his fellow-creatures—but regards each as a part of a system, never discharging his duty except when referring all his aims to the welfare of the whole body. Those who have lived most in society purely literary will best understand the necessity of some sanctifying influence upon its petty jealousies, its restless appetite for distinction, its willingness to flatter and be flattered, and all the miseries and follies with which the ambition of knowledge is beset, even more than the path of politics or the passion for riches.

With all their outward brilliancy, perhaps the literary and scientific classes—those, we mean, who, beyond literature and science, have no thought, or hope, or aim—are the most unhappy and most vitiated portion of the whole community. When even truth is pursued for itself, it will first lead us away from our daily duties and natural affections, and then leave us wearied and disappointed. When we abstract ourselves from common life, and are occupied too much in speculation, however innocent in itself, there is almost always a reaction, by which the body re-asserts its rights, and sinks us as much too low as we were before raised too high. And even if such men are free from grosser vices, there is a code of morality very true, though very severe, which makes the conceit, and selfishness, and arrogance of a man covetous of fame, no little sin, and inflicts on it no light penalties, generally through the hands of that very society whose applause has been most coveted. And it is to save us from these sins, and all their punishments, that, with the diffusion of knowledge in a people, it must be mixed with its only antidote—the spirit of the Christian Church.

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To all these considerations, and they well deserve a fuller examination, may be added two others, sufficient in themselves to attach the office of instruction to the Church. In the first place, no other body can be found or created, in which the spirit of instruction is so marked and essential a feature—none with that office appointed to it by God as well as man, guaranteed by such promises of assistance, or encouraged by such rewards. If the State thinks that there are, and always will be, sufficient numbers to work of their own accord in the accumulation of knowledge, and that this spontaneous industry will be sufficient to keep up a supply, to be distributed over the nation by mere hirelings—the State will be grievously disappointed:—disappointed through that wretched fallacy, now almost established as an axiom of legislation, that supply always equals demand, and demand is always commensurate with the real wants of the consumer. Sound ethics! admirable philosophy! which sees no difference between a man's soul and his body; and thinks that the ignorant are miserable in their ignorance, and thorough profligates groan over their profligacy, just as the sick are sensible of pain, and the hungry cry out for food. Let us be assured that no nation ever yet demanded instruction in true and useful knowledge till it had first been forced upon them; that instead of a daily growth, the natural tendency of their demand is to languish and die away, unless it be perpetually forced. Let us not confound the low, degraded business of pimping for the fancy of a people, with the high and painful office of rearing them in the paths of truth. Selfishness, caprice, flattery, or money will hire slaves enough for the former, and more than enough; but men will not be found to sacrifice themselves to the latter in a thankless, ungracious, despised toil, unless they have within them a hope full of immortality. They must have not only (with the commonest of mankind) the desire of fame, of bringing the minds of others into harmony with their own, of leaving traces of their existence behind them when their bodies shall have mouldered in the dust;—but, with the wisest of ancient heathens, they must be inspired with a passion for all great and immortal truths, and long to stamp them imperishably upon the hearts of men. They must have affections deeper than a passing sentimentality, truer than that lax benevolence which thinks to create happiness by ministering pleasures. Men must be their children, society their family,—a family formed for them by God, to be loved though there is no return of affection, toiled for when the toil is unknown, borne with even in their weaknesses and errors, prayed for in the earnestness of faith even when hope is exhausted. There must be another life in prospect to restore what is lost here,

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here, and to complete what is left deficient—and another thought even than the good of men, to support a constant labour, and to encourage under constant disappointment. Those who would teach others, if they would teach patiently, honestly, and fervently, must teach for God's glory, not for man's happiness, as the great end. And one thing more is still required, and that is a social spirit, attachment to a body of which they are a part, and joint interest in a joint work. Nothing in the imperfect stages of human nature keeps up so regular a stimulus in the work of instruction as this. It is visible not only in many portions of ancient Oriental history, but especially in the annals of the Benedictines, the Jesuits, and of missionary bodies, wherever they have been established. A corporate form and existence is one of the most essential conditions for keeping up the spirit of education. Men work with more energy when united, are more sure of the truths they inculcate, enjoy more visible and permanent evidences of their success, are recompensed for discouragement in one part by success in another, secure what they gain with additional strength, are kept in better order by some kind of discipline, have an interest in the greatness of the community more direct than the ultimate object of religion, and more exalted and pure than any selfish advantage. And they secure to themselves in this way, in a true moral sense—what legal fiction invents for mere impersonations—an existence infinitely more durable and extended than can be hoped for even from the aggrandizement of family. All these conditions and advantages are possessed, not only peculiarly, but exclusively, by the Christian Church. The legislature could never create and never destroy them. And it is by these that the affections of religion, otherwise turned upwards from the earth, and resting in the enjoyments of devotion, are bent down again upon man, and made, like the spirit of wisdom, daily to be busy in God's works, yet still to be rejoicing before Him.

One more, and the last, reason for making religion the basis even of secular instruction, might be enlarged on at great length, but that these observations must be drawn to a conclusion. Even in raising mere abstract knowledge, something else is required than to throw down the seed upon the ground, as men in this day think it enough to do, and expect that by some spontaneous power it will either force itself into the soil, or that the soil, without culture, will bring it to maturity. This absurd theory, a natural part of our present system, is founded on the notion that man's reason is something perfect in itself, born in its maturity, an ultimate and sufficient judge of everything, and rightly independent of any moral influence; and it is as agreeable to the indolence of the instructor, as to the vanity and selfishness of the instructed. But there

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there is nothing so dead, so incapable of taking root, or germinating from itself, as bare truth scattered upon the intellect. The heart must first be opened by natural affections—the springs of activity be put in motion by a moral sensibility wholly distinct from reason—and, most of all, there must be in the whole mind a plastic docility and yieldingness to the hand of the teacher—in one word, a spirit of faith—trusting to the voice which teaches, before anything is known of the truths to be taught, and anticipating the results of reason by an instinct infinitely more rapid and firm, and not less safe than reason. Without such a disposition as this, instruction of any kind is useless: and where without it, any knowledge does seem to be communicated, it is transient and superficial, and dependent on the caprice of the mind that imbibes it. Men may indeed learn, but they will learn not what they want and ought to know, but what they like. Duty, therefore, the highest and strongest duty which can be laid upon the mind, and therefore the duty of religion—and affections the best and purest, and therefore those affections which are kindled or sanctified by religion—are as necessary to rouse, and support, and control the attention of the learner, as they are to maintain the activity of the teacher. And all the meaner and secondary motives which men employ in education may be required for the worst specimens of human nature, and may be very ready instruments to be abused by our indolence or temerity; but by a wise man they will never be employed, except in the failure of these better means, or as preparatory to the use of them. And here also returns the one great truth, true in the school as it is in the state, that to secure faith in the pupil to his master, as in the subject to his governor, there must be in each case religion. Children, and boys, and ignorant men may have very little of true piety, but they have, happily for the world, a great deal of superstition; and they may know nothing of the philosophy of human nature, but none have a more acute perception of individual character. And to omit the hopelessness of making the teacher even morally a fit object for his pupil's faith without religion, and the utter hopelessness to a Christian of obtaining any blessing, and, therefore, any increase upon a scheme of godless education, it is a fact of experience that the greatest talent, the largest information, and the most correct outward conduct, are not sufficient to guarantee even to a child, for any length of time, the authority of a teacher, without the support and connexion of some supernatural power. Man will not trust to man alone. It takes very little time to make him sensible of his own essential weakness, and therefore of the common weakness of human nature; and even in the case of the greatest power, he no sooner discerns its

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limits, than he becomes familiarized with its grandeur, and ceases to be affected by it. Darkness, therefore, and infinitude, and invisibility, and all the other elements of mystery are not mere inventions of priestcraft; though they have been abused too often to the purposes of a spiritual tyranny. They are in some shape or another necessary conditions for education. And the mystery which God has appointed, and wise men will maintain, is the mystery of the Christian Church—not merely the depths and infinities of a vague, undefined religion, wholly impalpable to sense, and therefore almost ceasing to be a mystery, but its grand, eternal, inexhaustible truths, shadowed out in the forms and institutions of a visible incorporation of man—with its lineaments sufficiently distinct to fix and to feed attention—yet stretching on every side into the speculations of an unseen world, so as never to exhaust imagination. Religion in this shape, and in this shape only, is a security for the faith of mankind. It thus becomes more intelligible, more real, more awful, more safe from the fluctuations of individuals, and of ages—indemnifying itself for the errors and feelings of its several ministers, by its own immutable, incorporate perfection—and, with all its superior power, far less likely to be converted into a spiritual tyranny than what is generally substituted in its room—the arbitrary will of some one irresponsible instructor. It is by this, and this only, that the human heart can be rightly awed, and softened, and controlled during the process of instruction. It must be connected immediately with the office of instruction—must impart something of its own sanctity and authority to the labours even of subordinate teachers—must regulate and govern the whole of education. Men, in one word, are and will be children, and as children they must be dealt with. It is a truth, offensive, but still a truth, and they ought to hear it. They will not take unpalatable medicines without a power to stand by and overawe them. They will not listen to instruction without a salutary reverence for their instructor. Let them reverence him as the minister of God, and let his duties as God's minister be enforced and discharged, and there will be no fear lest they should imbibe poison, or he become their tyrant instead of their parent.

These observations have extended to some length, but they very imperfectly illustrate the wisdom of that maxim on which our Universities are founded—that the Church is the natural and the fittest instructor of the nation. With this maxim is necessarily connected the other, 'that the Church is to be united with the State, to form with it one government, preserving its own distinct functions, but comprising the State within its own spiritual jurisdiction, as the State comprises the Church within its civil supremacy.'

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macy.' And as the individual man is controlled and matured in his moral nature by three main checks appointed by his Creator—by physical restraint appealing to his animal nature—by moral sensibilities and affections, increasing in strength as his heart becomes pure—and by the sympathies of society acting through the opinion of his fellows—and as not one of these can be dispensed with in the formation of his perfect character—so an incorporated people, governed under a system of faith, is placed beneath the same three checks of the State, the Church, and that national character of virtue and knowledge which, under the enforcement of the State, the Church is appointed to create. Keep the three powers distinct, and yet united, each with its separate functions, yet each interested and sharing in the influence of the other, and you create a moral being—a fit object for man's faith—the best and only nurse of his virtues—under God his appointed governor—and recognized by God himself as his own representative upon earth. And there have been periods in history, very few and very short, when society seems to have reached this point in its development; and we can watch, though only for a moment, the perfect balance of these powers, and the perfection of this scheme of government, settling into repose before the commencement of its succeeding changes. Those changes also may be traced almost in exact parallelism in heathen and in Christian history. They have commenced generally with an excess of influence in the spiritual power, which has enslaved the State itself, and having then no check upon its own abuses, nothing to compel its exertions, has permitted the people to sink into ignorance, and on this ignorance erected the fabric of a blind, despotic superstition. Then have followed attempts of the State to regain its power; and when in its turn it has subjected the Church, the same result has followed of ignorance and corruption in the people. Few governors (least of all, irreligious governors) have been willing to raise checks upon their own privileges, by opening too widely the eyes of the governed. They, therefore, either crippled the Church in its endeavours to extend instruction, or permitted it to sink into a contemptible torpor and decay, or even purposely corrupted and enfeebled it, or employed it as a mere tool to strengthen their own hands by the influence of superstition. In one word, the moment the two powers have been merged in the same hands, human nature has been too weak to resist the temptations to abuse them; the check appointed upon each is removed. Public opinion, the third power, is destroyed also. Excess follows upon excess, abuse upon abuse, and at last the provocations of a nation triumph over all loyalty and faith: authority is overthrown and trampled on: each man becomes his own lord: and an age of

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of faithlessness and wilfulness, such as that which Greece and France have each witnessed, and we may be about to witness, terminates the career of society in a desolation of ignorance, tyranny, and bloodshed.

But from such a consummation of evil, we in this country may yet be saved: and the object of all thinking men, of all true Conservatives, at this crisis, must be to restore and maintain the balance which, by the same causes as have prevailed elsewhere, is now nearly destroyed. Let the Church be retained in her position of authority, to hallow and strengthen the authority of the State by the sanctions of religion. Let the State exercise over her all salutary and legitimate control, compelling her (for the Church is human, and may require compulsion, as she is liable to sin) to educate the people—educate them thoroughly and deeply in all knowledge and in all goodness, but especially in her own faith and spirit, without which knowledge is a delusion, and goodness a dream. Let the State defend and increase the temporalities of the Church, as the necessary means for executing her work, or if a better spirit can be wakened in us, as more than necessaries, as something of a dutiful homage paid to our spiritual guide, and that God whose name she bears. And let the Church, by her activity and zeal in cultivating the intellect and purifying the heart of the people, secure to the State what no money can repay, and no outward prosperity dispense with—a holy and wise spirit to guide its measures—a heart of willing obedience in the people, for whose good they are planned—above all, the blessings of God upon the legislature and the sovereign.

And when the means of infusing this spirit into the whole body of the nation are inquired for, let us remember that the same principle which shaped out this system of government—a system no other than our own old English constitution—shaped out also a subordinate system for educating the people, and one admirable in its wisdom, and of which, in the face of all attacks, we still (thanks to God!) retain the foundations, and the outworks, and the plan as perfect and, in themselves, as strong as on the day when they were first established. Our Universities and Cathedral institutions, our grammar schools, and, below them, the village schools, raised up by the Church throughout the kingdom, closely connected with her public religious ministrations, and placed under her control, constitute altogether her organ of national education. But first and foremost are our old Universities. They are ecclesiastical, because it is under the Church, and by the assistance of her enlightenment and influence, that their instruction is to be carried on. They are civil, because they exist by permission and encouragement of the State. They are

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are not clerical but lay bodies, because whatever power must be claimed for the Church, and whatever privileges confined by God's appointment to the clergy, the moral and intellectual power of Christianity is to be shared with, and diffused over, the whole society, and therefore the work of education must not be restricted to the immediate ministers of religion They are private foundations because, for the most part, they owe their origin to the bounty of private benefactors, and the State does little more to their support than abstain from robbing them. They are national, because they are devoted to the benefit of the nation at large, to the furtherance of good government, and to the increase of national wisdom. They are private, again, as being, by their internal constitution, secured against the encroachments of the legislature; public, inasmuch as they constitute part, and an essential part, of that system above described, by which, in the whole frame-work of government, national wisdom and goodness form one of the three securities for national happiness and freedom. Hence, also, the commixture of authorities to which they are subject. They owe their first allegiance to the Church—they were established by members of the Church, for the purposes of the Church, in the spirit of the Church—by men who made the Church the centre and end of all their thoughts, who wished the people to be educated for the Church, not merely for the State—to become good Christians, not merely good citizens; knowing that the State is but a contrivance in the designs of God subordinate to the Church; and that when man's Christianity is secured, his patriotism, and loyalty, and all other virtues of social life are secured and perpetuated also. But they are in some degree amenable to the State, because their corporate character, with its immunities and privileges, is conferred by the State—the safety of their property, like the property of an individual, is guaranteed by the State—one end of their functions is to make men good citizens, and the civil power is at least interested in seeing that this end is fulfilled—and as all human institutions are liable to abuse, even those most connected with religion, it is as necessary to possess some ultimate check and superintendence over communities employed in education as over the Church or State itself. And therefore, when the abuse is proved, let the State interfere to correct it and bring back, as it is bound to do, the practice of these institutions to the intentions of the original founders. But its interference before, or for any other purpose than this, is but usurpation and tyranny. While the State and the Church are united, recognizing the same faith, and working to the same end, the allegiance of the Universities and Colleges of England is due to them both. They

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They are, in fact, identical, and constitute one person. But it must never be forgotten that these bodies are immediately servants of the Church, and when the State discards the Church, it discards the schools and seminaries which that Church established. The fortunes of the Church must be followed by all its members, but especially by its ministers in every office of education. Not, indeed, that if the Church lapses into error the Universities are bound to comply with it. As Christians their submission is due, not to any sectarian or temporary form of Christianity, but to the Church Catholic alone; and upon this ground they became Protestants, or rather returned from the heresies of Rome into the bosom of Apostolical Catholicity.

The Universities are ministers of the Church—but ministers so far independent as to be capable of rendering to the Church an efficient and most necessary support. They have before this risen up against the corruption of the Church, and must from their very nature, as cultivators of thought and depositories of learning, be the great strongholds and bulwarks for the purity of the Christian faith,—at once guarding it by their own intellectual activity from sinking into the ignorance of Romanism, and saving it by their reverence for antiquity from being dissipated in novelties and *rationalism*. And yet they owe to the Church a most dutiful and affectionate reverence; and if any one relation of life is more pure and more elevated than another, it is where a voluntary homage is paid by an appointed servant. In this relation of partial independence, and partial subjection, standing to the Church as the Church stands to the State, the Universities necessarily possess great power. They have often been called on to pronounce on questions vital to the interests of religion. They give the tone to public opinion by the principles of their teaching, and they are, therefore, to be secured in a proper dignity, as well as against corruption. For this reason, not from any spirit of monopoly, it has been a wise policy to abstain from multiplying them. This was the ground taken by the Universities themselves when petitioning in former days against the establishment of a University at Durham. If Universities are important organs in an ecclesiastical system for the purpose of maintaining Christian truth, they should be bodies of concentrated influence, supported by all the weight of authority, and provided with the best security against false judgment, by their extent and that internal discipline, which can only be upheld in large and powerful institutions. In the present day the establishment of new Universities has been permitted without one allusion to this point. Monopoly of the profit of instruction has been the only thing thought of on one side, protests against irreligious education the only defence on the

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the other. It might have been wise if the old Universities had understood their position better, and braved the outcry of an ignorant age by re-asserting their original privileges, as the great supporters of the Church, and the necessity of exclusively retaining those privileges, in order to support it with efficacy. Assuredly ere long all men will be compelled to look around them for some bodies to maintain truth in the midst of general discordance and scepticism. And there are none remaining in the country efficiently organized and instructed but the Universities. They must do for the Church what the Church has now no means of doing for herself—re-state the great doctrines of Christianity when forgotten,—defend them when attacked,—uphold them by a public authority. The Universities are not the Church, but they are what the Church for a time has ceased to be, active living bodies, capable of speaking out and asserting the doctrines of the Church in formal, independent judgments. Without some such bodies Christianity has never yet been able to survive the caprices and fluctuations of individual opinion. But multiply Universities and their weight is lost. Distraction is introduced into the very tribunals appealed to for decisions. And thus, unless a close connexion is maintained between the old and new institutions, founded in the same Christian spirit, one great use of Universities, a use most absolutely necessary at this crisis, may wholly be destroyed.

We have brought down these observations to a point where it would naturally follow to examine the internal constitution of the Universities themselves; and we have placed the late publication of Mr. Whewell on this subject at the head of this article, because it contains some very sensible observations upon it—to which we hope to return on a future occasion. But as a preliminary question on which he has not been led to touch, it has seemed absolutely necessary for the understanding of the position and conduct and duties of these great bodies, to enter thus at length into the main principle of their establishment. Whether their plan of education is beneficial or not,—whether their internal discipline is capable of improvement,—whether or not they have been faithful in the exercise of their trust,—the comparative advantages of a professorial and tutorial system, of mathematical and moral science, of collegiate or University systems—these, and other questions of the same kind, are indeed important, and will well deserve inquiry. But the fundamental question, after all, is the connexion of the Universities with the Church, and through the Church, with the State.

Upon this ground, both those learned bodies, and especially the University of Oxford, which has always been honoured by one class

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class of men, and stigmatised by another, as the main defender of such principles, have fought the battles in which they have lately been engaged; and on this they must maintain their stand.

When dissent commenced its clamours, a ministry careless of all principles but compliance with popular will, began to doubt if their own religion and the religion of the nation ought not to turn round with the voice of a majority of heads. They began to think it might be necessary to divide the Church from the State, in order to maintain their places. They proceeded as men with such plans would naturally do, to tamper with the sworn confidential servants of the Church—with her first great ministers of education. They asked the Universities to give up their allegiance to the Church, to betray her confidence, to corrupt her children, to misuse the funds entrusted to them, by abandoning the principle of religious education, and admitting within their walls all sects and denominations of religion. And the indignation and firmness with which these overtures were rejected gave the first turn to the wild current of reform, and rallied the conservative body in the nation once more round the standard of old principles and old affections. It showed there was still strength to resist, what many thought must be tamely acquiesced in. It proved that there were still in the country high principles and bold energies. Perhaps under the blessing of God, even in this point of view, the Universities have saved the nation. Assuredly they have postponed the ruin which must follow whenever the principle they resisted once comes into active operation.

The Universities, which are not composed of an insulated monastic class of men, but of the same men who throughout the country are placed in the most important posts and command the greatest respect, when they opposed the admission of dissenters to their privileges, did not forget that it was their duty to extend their advantages to the utmost possible limits. They had no wish to monopolize their blessings. But they wished still less to destroy them by endeavouring to diffuse them too widely. They knew that good ceases to be good when carried beyond certain lines. They thought it no advantage to dissenters any more than to themselves to break down the barriers of truth, to unsettle all certainty of religious faith, to give up the great talisman of religious education. Their object was truth, not peace—duty, not conciliation. And they have found that truth and duty are strong enough, with a higher assistance, to carry their followers safe through any struggle. Let them abide by their standard—and let other parties profit by their example.

In the same spirit the University of Oxford maintained its ground against the proposal to abolish subscription. She viewed it,

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it, not merely as an ancient practice, venerable, and not rashly to be parted with even in this light. But so long as the system she maintains is the system of good government, the system of society appointed by God,—the system of Catholic Christianity,—so long it must be a system of faith, that is, of a rational dependence of the instructed on the instructor, the governed on the governor —a dependence secured from servility by rendering the elevation of the pupil the first duty and object of the master. To abolish subscription was to abolish this system. It was to declare that no truths were to be taught but such as the pupil approved of. It was to refer all truth to his judgment, when necessarily incapable of judging;—to abandon the right of deciding for him, in his most serious wants and destitution;—to deny her own belief —to overthrow her whole plan of instruction. If the great principle of a right religious education was maintained in the exclusion of dissenters, the only principle on which it can be conducted was preserved with the practice of subscription.

The third struggle in which the University of Oxford has recently been engaged was also a struggle of principles, closely connected with the others. We do not intend to enter on the subject of the controversy on the late appointment to the divinity chair. It was little understood in the country—grievously misrepresented—and surrounded with so many personal topics, distressing to all right thinking men, that it can scarcely be referred to briefly with advantage, or at length without giving pain to an individual, whom none so little wish to pain as those who from a sense of duty were most opposed to his appointment. What was the real character of Dr. Hampden's opinions we leave to be decided by reference to his writings. But the principle on which his appointment was opposed, was again a principle of religious education—a principle of faith. Party politics—or personal animosity, whatever were the charges naturally circulated at a time of great excitement, had nothing to do with it. The question was, again, one as to the right mode of conveying, and securing Christian truth. How shall a young mind be instructed in Christian doctrines—or indeed in any other doctrines whatever? By placing the Bible alone before him, and leaving him to the light of his own reason alone—when his reason is necessarily imperfect—or by providing for him in interpreting the Bible the judgment of past ages, and placing him under the obligation of reverence, a legitimate reverence, to the authority of his Church? It was but another form of the question on subscription, and as such could receive but one and the same answer.

Whether the charge of *rationalism* was, or was not, justly imputed to the principles of religious education contained in Dr. Hampden's various works, we do not wish now to inquire. But if

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if the University believed the charge, she was bound, as far as she could, to secure her chair of Divinity from being made the channel of opinions destructive to the whole of her system, to the soundest Christianity, to the fundamental principles of the Catholic Church.

Thus in all these struggles the University has at least been consistent. She has maintained old principles, sanctioned by the experience of twice 1500 years, justified by the highest authorities, linked together indissolubly, as all great truths must be linked, and evidencing their truth by the power with which they have bound together large bodies of educated men, independent of each other, and leagued only by a common duty, and have enabled them to stem, for a time, the torrent of folly and misgovernment which no other bodies in the State have deemed themselves capable of resisting.

One more conflict they are about to engage in,—more insidious, and, therefore, more perilous than any other; and they must look to their steps. They are no longer attacked with the charges of a bigotted adherence to ancient usages, or of mercenary monopoly. Quite the contrary. It has been discovered—discovered by men who know nothing of the original statutes, and still less of the mode in which they are administered—that instead of adhering to antiquity, the Universities have been sinning for years in a series of innovations and reforms—that they have abandoned old obsolete customs, released themselves from observances, pernicious or frivolous; done, in fact, for themselves, what year after year they have been charged with resolutely resisting, and introduced into their system, without shrinking, whatever alteration they deemed salutary. But what has shocked the tender jealousy of men anxious for the honour and welfare of these great institutions—they have done all this in violation of their oaths—they have reformed themselves, but at the expense of perjury.

We will not attempt to expostulate with the principal author of these calumnies. He might at least have searched into the fact before he appeared with the accusation. He might have looked round even in the place where it was made, to see whom he was charging with such a practice, in the persons of so many illustrious men connected immediately with the Universities; and he might, without distrusting less than becomes a liberal reformer, the character of the Church and its officers, have doubted whether any privileges or any emoluments could, for so many years, have bound together the governing bodies of the Universities themselves in the tacit, conscious commission of so gross and so palpable a crime. With this, however, we have little concern. So long as the Universities discharge their duty in

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in the present crisis, so long they must expect to have enemies, and perhaps the safest enemy is one who least scrupulously calumniates.

But we will venture to warn the Universities how they permit themselves to be inveigled by the charge of perjury at present, and these kind offers of assistance to relieve them from it in future, into a most false and dangerous position.

They do possess old statutes, not only the Universities but the Colleges, statutes very different in their spirit from the notions of the present day; in some of their provisions obsolete; in a few, a very few, seemingly objectionable. On some of these provisions we may perhaps remark on a future occasion. But once allow, as some of the very injudicious friends of the Universities seem disposed in ignorance to allow, that the great mass of these statutes is obsolete,—that they ought to be reconciled with the spirit of the age, and cannot be reconciled without some great fundamental change—and they must be at once abandoned,—to be remodelled upon a new system, in which we may be assured that the first omission will be the most vital principle of the old. These statutes are the bonds of allegiance from the Colleges and University to the Church. They are the conditions by which their property is held; the title-deeds to their authority and functions. Alter their religious character,—impair their essential features of Ecclesiastical Christianity,—and the Universities are gone. They may remain as halls of science, or lecture-rooms for grammar; but in their civil, political, and Christian character, they are extinct, and with them, we believe, will perish the last hopes of the British Constitution.

The truth is, that those who have been alarmed by the charge of perjury do not know with what strictness these statutes have been kept for ages—how wise and sound they are in all their fundamental principles—how easy to be maintained even in their minor observances. They are not aware that in the statutes, or in the charter itself, there is always given, as must be given to every society exercising an hereditary trust of such a complicated kind, a dispensing power, varying in different colleges, but for the most part fully adequate to meet every exigency of the case. They should know, that by the law of the land, corporations placed, like these, under the superintendence of authorized visitors, are absolute in themselves—that the Queen's Bench itself has no power to interfere—and that, therefore, they are invested with a right of internal legislation which requires no assistance from any other authority.* And they should understand also the nature of an

* 'The power and jurisdiction of visitors in Colleges was originally left so much in the dark at common law, that the whole doctrine was very unsettled till the famous case

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an oath. We cannot here point out all the errors prevalent just now on this important subject; but, in the case of a trust requiring the constant adaptation of fixed rules to changing circumstances, under the necessary promise of adherence to those rules themselves—if one thing more than another can relieve the conscience, and remove the difficulties of the trustee, even where the greatest changes may be required, it is an oath. A promise to man ties us down to one fixed act, from which we cannot swerve, because man cannot see our heart, or provide for contingencies, or judge us with discretion; but an oath restores us at once to that Christian liberty which, in all cases of difficult conduct, is absolutely necessary—but most of all amidst the multitude of duties and relations involved in the functions of the Universities. In very, very few cases is the administration of an oath anything but an error and an evil; but in the commission of such a trust as this it is absolutely necessary, to enable men to act as they must act, sometimes even in opposition to the verbal will of their founder, but at all times under the eye of God.

It was in the following manner that the founders of Colleges provided for the preservation of their institutions from decay or change, and secured them against neglect or abuse, or the caprice of particular individuals or bodies. They wished them, naturally, to be permanent, as all good men wish to extend their principles and their benefits to the remotest generations. They had no distrust of the wisdom of their principles in any essential point, because they were sanctioned by the highest of all authorities—the Catholic Christian Church. And they knew also, what in the reign of James II., among many other instances, the country fully experienced, that the stability of the Church itself very mainly depended on the stability of these her outworks. The principle of permanence was therefore the chief object of their care. For this purpose, they made their Colleges independent of every one but

case of Phillips and Bury. In this, the main question was, whether the sentence of the Bishop of Exeter, who, as visitor, had deprived Dr. Bury, the rector of Exeter College, could be examined and redressed by the Court of King's Bench. And the three puisne judges were of opinion that it might be received, for that the visitor's jurisdiction could not exclude the common law; and, accordingly, judgment was given in that Court. *But the Lord Chief Justice Holt was of a contrary opinion; and held, that by the common law the office of visitor is to judge according to the statutes of the College, and to expel and deprive upon just occasions, and to hear all appeals of course; and that from him, and him only, the party grieved ought to have redress, the founder having reposed in him so entire a confidence that he will administer justice impartially, that his determinations are final, and examinable in no other court whatever. And upon this, a writ of error being brought into the House of Lords, they concurred in Sir John Holt's opinion, and reversed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench. To which leading case all subsequent determinations have been conformable.*' (Blackstone, *Comment.* vol. i. c. 18.) Lord Mansfield has also declared that it is now settled and established, '*that the jurisdiction of a visitor is summary, and without appeal from it.*' (1 *Burr.* 200.)

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their own appointed visitor. In many statutes, if not in all, there are express clauses prohibiting, under an oath, the recognition of any power whatever but *his* to interfere with the internal government of the body; and this itself is sufficient to prevent the possibility of any external interference, if the Colleges are only true to their trust. The sovereign may visit the University if he chooses, because the University is his own creation; but he has no right whatever to visit the Colleges; nor has a commission, under an act of parliament, any more pretension to such a privilege—consistently with the common law of the land. The legislature has indeed the power—not to visit—for nothing can compel the College, against their will, to be parties to any such usurped interference—but to punish the Colleges for refusing to be visited; that is, for refusing to violate their oaths, and to submit to what is neither more nor less than a gross act of democratical tyranny; and if the day is now at hand, when the liberties and consciences of Englishmen are to be trampled on by the evil power which they themselves have created in an usurping House of Commons—this, we trust, will be the course adopted. Let the ministry or the legislature be dared to such an aggression upon the Colleges. Let them be compelled, if their end is to be gained, to gain it by an act of oppression, overturning all the principles of our laws, and the safeguards of our constitutional rights. Let the members of those Colleges avow their willingness to be ejected from their homes and their livelihoods, rather than by an act of cowardice and compromise to aid and abet this new-established tyranny, in violation of their oaths to their founders, and of their allegiance to the Church. They owe, indeed, obedience to the legislature of their country. No one, for one moment, would urge them to resist its laws; but obedience has always an alternative. Let them submit to the penalty, not be parties to the act; and if any one thing can open the eyes of the people, and lay bare the real character of its democracy, it will be such a persecution of the Universities of this country as was planned in Lord Radnor's last bill, and must be carried into execution, if the interference of the legislature with the Collegiate statutes is enforced against the consent of the Colleges themselves. It would, probably, recover the nation; but indeed it would not be enforced. No Conservative government would attempt it; no Radical government, thanks to our late election, need for the present be dreamt of; and no Whig ministry, however bitter their animosity, will have the courage or the principle to attack a body which threatens them with resistance. It is not in their nature: give way, and they immediately oppress; but meet them face to face, and they are quiet and submissive in an instant. They have, in fact, neither will

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will nor opinion of their own; and profess to be guided only by the pressure of others. Let the Universities stand firm, supported on the rectitude of their own conduct, and backed by the already roused mind and heart of the country, and not a finger will be raised to touch them. They may defy all external aggression, as their founders intended them to defy it.

With respect to the visitorial power itself, even this is guided and restricted in the statutes of Colleges, so as to prevent its becoming an instrument of change. The periods of its exercise are rigidly fixed, and its extent confined almost entirely to the interpretation of doubts; and instead of creating it for the purpose of taking any active part in the internal administration of Colleges, the founders evidently regarded it with jealousy, and wisely secured their institutions from its frequent interference.

The third security against change is in the oath of the members themselves, which is more or less rigid in every case, but in almost all very imperative and stringent; and thus by the exclusion of external interference, by the limited superintendence of the visitor, and by the religious obligation of the Colleges themselves, those bodies have been preserved not only in all their main fundamental principles, but in their minor regulations, the same as when they were first constructed. But in all this there is no express security for the right working of another principle equally necessary with the principle of permanence in all institutions calculated for duration—the principle of adaptation to the varying exigencies of circumstances. That this principle should be wholly excluded, is impossible—because without it the trust itself must fall to the ground. To express it definitively would throw open too wide a door for the passage of constant changes; it must therefore be implied somewhere, and it is implied, though very narrowly tied up and restricted, in the independent administration of the Colleges subject to the superintendence of the visitor; in their obligation to act in all things as furtherers of the great end of learning and religion; in the enactment of penalties, submission to which, when enforced, is expressly stated in many instances to be a discharge from the offence of perjury; and in the reference of the conscience to God by means of the oath. Here then is just sufficient power, and no more is wanted, even when no express dispensation is allowed, to depart from the strict letter of the statutes, in order to preserve the spirit. Enlarge it, and a very few years would see our Colleges destroyed. Place it in the hands of the state, or of the visitor, and the minister or visitor of the day would abuse it to the same result. Leave it where it is, in the hands of the Colleges themselves, under the superintendence of the visitor, and they need never be deterred from exercising

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exercising it by any fear of perjury. Only let them remember that their first duty is literal obedience, and that no private views of expediency will justify their departure from it—nothing but necessity, and paramount acknowledged right.

Whether or not the trust of the Universities, especially of late years, has been thus exercised, to the benefit of the country, to the welfare of the Church, and to the maintenance of sound religion and useful learning, may be in some degree judged by the improved character, and therefore the improved prospects of that Church itself; and by the warm and pure, and reverential attachment borne to the places of their education by those who have gone out into the world most thoroughly imbued with their spirit, or who have been interested most deeply in their internal regulations.

Let them only continue in their course firmly and conscientiously, and they may do for this great nation a work which all its gratitude will never be able to repay. Let them openly avow their principles—not think to conciliate or buy off their avowed enemies by any sacrifice of truth or duty, however painful the conflict. Let them uphold, in all their practice and all their teaching, that great principle of faith, which is the only security against the vices and evils of this day—that faith which makes men loyal yet free, obedient yet commanding, true to their Church as to their King—unsuspecting of their own creed, yet tolerant of the errors of others—not because they abandon the duty of conversion and correction, but because kindness and mercy are its first great instruments and means. Let them support the character and dignity of the Church Catholic of England, though charged by ultra-Protestants, and insidiously claimed by Romanists, as abettors of that Popery, to which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are the only antidote. And let them maintain, and not be ashamed to avow, that which is the main element of faith and the sheet-anchor of society—their reverence for antiquity. Old truths in religion, old institutions in politics, old maxims in education, are, after all, and the wisest of men have proved it, the best. If changes are to be made, let them be made in our own hearts. Conform our will to our laws, and a spirit of duty and power is at least secured to ourselves; but conform our laws to our will, and who shall guarantee the soundness of the will, or give permanence for a single day to opinions—or hold together any two individuals in one common concurrent conduct—or, what is the end of all laws, ever raise up the human mind to the dignity of self-control, or make it fit to be a sharer in a free government, or inheritor of a blessing from above?

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ART. VI.—1. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the corresponding Members.* Edited by 'Boz.' With Illustrations. Nos. I. to XVII.

2. *Sketches by Boz: illustrative of Every-day Life—and Every-day People.* The Third Edition; in 2 vols. London. 1837.

3. *Sketches by Boz, &c.* The Second Series. Second Edition. London. 1837.

THE popularity of this writer is one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of recent times, for it has been fairly earned without resorting to any of the means by which most other writers have succeeded in attracting the attention of their contemporaries. He has flattered no popular prejudice and profited by no passing folly: he has attempted no caricature sketches of the manners or conversation of the aristocracy; and there are very few political or personal allusions in his works. Moreover, his class of subjects are such as to expose him at the outset to the fatal objection of vulgarity; and, with the exception of occasional extracts in the newspapers, he received little or no assistance from the press. Yet, in less than six months from the appearance of the first number of the Pickwick Papers, the whole reading public were talking about them—the names of Winkle, Wardell, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar in our mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of 'Leo-hunters,' male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linendrapers' windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of 'Pelham' or 'Crichton' was scraped down or pasted over to make room for that of the new popular favourite in the omnibusses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up; and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show, that, in his own peculiar walk, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished, but the first.

Admirers and detractors will be equally ready to admit that he has little, if anything, in common with the novelists and essayists of the last century. Of Fielding's intuitive perception of the springs of action, and skill in the construction of the prose epic—or Smollett's dash, vivacity, wild spirit of adventure and rich poetic imagination—he has none: still less can he make pretensions

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sions to the exquisite delicacy, fine finish, and perfect keeping of Steele's and Addison's pet characters,—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, Will Honeycombe, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the rest; though we know few things better in conception than Sam Weller, with his chivalrous attachment to his master, his gallantry to the fair sex, his imperturbable self-possession, and singularly acquired knowledge of the world. A microscopic observer might detect some points of analogy in the Vicar of Wakefield and Beau Tibbs, but certainly not enough to form the foundation of a parallel; and it seems hardly necessary to add, that there are literally none at all between the writer now before us and the other writers of the preceding century (Swift, Sterne, &c.), who come under the denomination of humorous. An examination of the leading humorous writers of the present day will lead to a nearly similar result;—meaning by *humorous*, those whose peculiar aim and object it is to excite laughter; for we are by no means desirous of engaging in a controversy as to the precise limits of wit and humour, and therefore prefer substituting the popular sense of the word for the metaphysical one.

Far in advance of all other contemporary writers of this class stand the Rev. Sydney Smith and Mr. Theodore Hook—*magis pares quam similes*—and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to pay our tribute of admiration to their acknowledged merits whilst endeavouring to mark out the distinguishing peculiarities of the two.

In our last number we were under the painful necessity of censuring the (as it seemed to us) unbecoming levity with which Mr. Sydney Smith had thought proper to obtrude himself upon the notice of Majesty. But it was the preacher, not the man, we protested against: we frankly admitted the talent in which he shines pre-eminent, at the very moment we were lamenting the particular application of it; and we shall always have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the strong good sense and sound logical understanding which distinguish many of his controversial writings, and act by way of balance to his jocularity. But, in the present case, we have only to do with him as a humorist or 'joker of jokers,' and seek merely to determine the class, genus, or species to which he belongs, or which he constitutes, in that capacity. With this view we have been at the pains —or rather, we should say, the pleasure—of analysing a great many of his happiest passages; and, unless we are much mistaken, we think we can name with confidence the grand arcanum of his art; which consists, in nine cases out of ten, in ludicrous exaggeration, or in what logicians call, the *reductio ad absurdum; i.e.*, in carrying out the consequences of any given

 statement

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statement or reasoning to the utmost limits of the ridiculous;—as in his well-known apprehension, that, if Sir Andrew Agnew's principles progressed, 'whist and cribbage would be exiled to the wilderness, and we might live to see four elderly gentlemen playing at sixpenny shorts among the hills, with scouts on the look-out for dragoons;' or in his remark to a friend who was mentioning a literary lady's distress at discovering a straw (symptomatic of a hackney-coach) in her drawing-room:—'Why, as to that, I have been at literary soirées when the carpet looked like a stubble-field.' The following passage from Peter Plymley's Letters will more fully illustrate our position:—

'Out of sight, out of mind, seems to be a proverb which applies to enemies as well as friends. Because the French army was no longer seen from the cliffs of Dover; because the sound of cannon was no longer heard by the debauched London bathers on the Sussex coast; because the "Morning Post" no longer fixed the invasion sometimes for Monday, sometimes for Tuesday, sometimes (positively for the last time of invading) on Saturday; because all these causes of terror were suspended, you conceived the power of Buonaparte to be at an end, and were setting off for Paris, with Lord Hawkesbury the conqueror. This is precisely the method in which the English have acted during the whole of the revolutionary war. If Austria or Prussia armed, doctors of divinity immediately printed those passages out of Habakkuk, in which the destruction of the Usurper by General Mack, and the Duke of Brunswick, are so closely predicted. If Buonaparte halted, there was a mutiny, or a dysentery. If any one of his generals were eaten up by the light troops of Russia, and picked (as their manner is) to the bone, the sanguine spirit of this country displayed itself in all its glory. What scenes of infamy did the Society for the Suppression of Vice lay open to our astonished eyes! tradesmen's daughters dancing; pots of beer carried out between the first and second lesson; and dark and distant rumours of indecent prints.'

This peculiarity in the construction of his pleasantries, however, is far from being the only characteristic of Mr. Sydney Smith. His high breeding and whiggery enter into and influence the whole current of his humour; so much so, indeed, that his most felicitous passages appear to have been composed expressly for the Holland or Lansdowne House circle, or some other *coterie* of the old Whig school, made up of men distinguished in letters, politics or society, and conversant with all that is richest, rarest, best and freshest in each department of intellect,—with a fair sprinkling of lettered and accomplished women to give a zest to allusions often touching on, but seldom passing, the limits of conventional propriety. Take, for instance, such a paragraph as this:—

As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind

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hind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with scenes of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart-mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits;—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. S. B. give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time, I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.'

A Tory of those days could hardly have been expected to relish the allusions to Lord Amherst, the Duke of York, Mr. S. B., and the Pension List: to enjoy the laugh at Lord Somerville and his sows, the reader should have been personally acquainted with him or mixed in the set familiar with his agricultural propensities; and we fear few but the high-bred women of the higher circles, removed by rank and conscious refinement from all apprehension of a charge of coarseness or vulgarity, would venture to look otherwise than scandalized at the fate impending over the ministers of country parishes and their wives. Every one, however, is capable of appreciating the apt selection and juxtaposition of laughable particulars in the above passage; and this again is a mode of exciting merriment in which it would be no easy matter to equal our divine. If an individual has anything laughable about him in manners, private history, deportment, or dress, and has no very vehement ambition to be embalmed in amber for the amusement of his friends, we recommend him to keep clear of Mr. Sydney Smith, or at least not to make himself the legitimate object of his raillery. The punishment inflicted on Mr. Hawkins Brown for one heedless expression were alone sufficient to scare hosts of puny opponents from the lists:—

'Then

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'Then comes Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown (the gentleman who danced* so badly at the court of Naples), and asks, if it is not an anomaly to educate men in another religion than your own? It certainly is our duty to get rid of error, and above all, of religious error; but this is not to be done *per saltum*, or the measure will miscarry, like the queen. It may be very easy to dance away the royal embryo of a great kingdom; but Mr. Hawkins Brown must look before he leaps, when his object is to crush an opposite sect in religion; false steps aid the one effect as much as they are fatal to the other; it will require not only the lapse of Mr. Hawkins Brown, but the lapse of centuries, before the absurdities of the Catholic religion are laughed at as much as they deserve to be.'

His mode of turning Mr. Perceval's policy into ridicule is of the same order of pleasantry. There was nothing at all absurd in that statesman's supposition that the French would be much less disposed for war when they found themselves deprived of many of the comforts and necessaries of life; indeed, M. de Tocqueville considers the resolution taken by the Americans, at the commencement of their disputes with the mother country, to discontinue the use of tea, as one of the greatest sacrifices ever made by a people to liberty. Upon the same principle a Frenchman deprived of *café noir* and *eau sucrée* might reasonably be expected to contract a growing inclination towards measures which promised him a restoration of such luxuries. But when some injudicious adherent of the minister proceeded to mention drugs amongst the articles to be intercepted by our ships, the image of a mighty nation destitute of physic suggested itself, and the opportunity was too tempting to be lost:

'What a sublime thought,' (exclaims Plymley) 'that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plaisters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? "There's the rub." Depend upon it, the

* 'In the third year of his present Majesty, and in the thirtieth of his own age, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk, with lava buttons. Whether (as the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David, dancing in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigour, that he threw the queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in a miscarriage, and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne.'—*Mr. Plymley's note.*

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absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and Bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.'

These two last extracts are almost the only passages we remember in Mr. Sydney Smith's writings in which there is a sustained play on words; and even in conversation, we understand, he is rarely guilty of a pun. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to the gentleman whose claims we are next to consider, Mr. Theodore Hook; who not merely delights, but revels and runs riot, in the mazes of double meanings, and is indebted for no trifling portion of his fame to his skill in detecting and applying them. Others (Mr. Hood, for one) may boast of an equal proficiency in mere punning, but Mr. Hook stands alone and unapproachable in the art of crowding a whole comic situation into a word. Thus, in 'Maxwell,' where the surgeon's son breaks out into ecstasies on the beauty, grace, and innocence of a damsel whom he has just saved from being run over or run away with in the street, dwelling with rapture on the accent with which she ejaculated 'My *deliverer!*' and his friend quietly rejoins, 'Probably she took you for your father,' (who practised midwifery along with the other branches of his profession)—how irresistible the turn given to the young lover's sentimentality, and what a ludicrous combination of images is called up! His names, again, are in themselves a jest—as the firm of 'Hobbs, Dobbs, Bumble, and Davis;' and the specimen of an African vocabulary, in a late number of the Gurney Papers, is a capital example of the art of making sound an echo to the sense, or nonsense, as the case may be:

'*Swigglee mogou*, Give me something to drink; *Swinkee sow*, I am hot; *Mombro mullygrubow*, I am ill; *Bumburirombleebou*, thunder; *Fiz*, lightning; *Wadawantou*, How much do you ask? *Coodleadoo*, I love you; *Gitouto*, Go away; *Kisnicè*, a lover.'

As a writer of fictitious narrative, Mr. Hook's chief excellence consists in the great variety and thorough reality of his humorous incidents; which is sufficiently accounted for by the circumstance of their being almost all the result of his own individual observation in society. He himself has been heard to say, that he has neither imagination enough to invent a plot, nor patience enough to manage one when found for him: be this as it may, he certainly resembles Le Sage much more than Fielding, so far as unity of action is concerned, for in his latest and most successful productions, there is about as much connexion between the scenes as between a series of *tableaux vivans* represented by the same company of actors, or a set of Hogarth's prints simply professing to embody some striking passages in a life. His favourite subjects, and the best handled, are the abortive efforts of mock gentility

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gentility, and the tricks and shifts of adventurers,—the ambitious longings of a Firkins, the practical jokes of a Daly, and the practical blunders of a Brag. All these are fair game, particularly the radical essential vulgarity, (to which allusion is made in a preceding article,) unhappily conspicuous amongst the middle classes, of aping the manners and habits of the aristocracy. But we think Mr. Hook is a little too severe on a particular quarter of the metropolis, the luckless parish of Bloomsbury, where rents have been falling yearly since he first made it the butt of his satire and a distinguished privy councillor publicly professed an unacquaintance with its site. Lord Byron's sneer at 'the leaven of Devonshire Place and Baker Street' was much better aimed, for in that quarter there may exist some affectation of fashion, whilst in Russell Square and its neighbourhood there can be none. The following dinner, however, can hardly be considered as out of keeping with the locality, and the description presents as fair a specimen of Mr. Hook's peculiar vein as could well be selected:

'I have said this much to show, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the "company" would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything "nice and comfortable;" she kept her own carriage, her men servants, and all that, and therefore they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for her—and so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a "tipsy cake," after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Miss Palmer sent to the pastry-cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops like shaving lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the "wax ends" in the glass lustres on the chimney-pieces, and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid sent to clean it on a pair of ricketty steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables,—all in honour of the approaching fête.

'Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself, when the drawing-room chimney smoked; and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen, as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his finger into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional

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sional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

'Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had just stepped out to the public-house to fetch "the porter." The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back kitchen-door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning by the concussion the fall of a pile of plates put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with great difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

'At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads, not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the "heads" of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall, and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

* * * * * * *

'Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared to direct the "serving up," and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock-turtle from Mr. Tiley in Tavistock-place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig, and lemon-slice buttons at the top. An oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish, and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an epergne, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully. At the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned, and in the interstices a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interesting companion full of horse-radish; all of which being arranged to her entire satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the Major.'—*Maxwell*, vol. i.

There is an incident in another of his novels which is even better than

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than any contained in this description: where Sir Frederick Brashleigh at the schoolmaster's table discovers that his cutlet *à la Maintenon* is wrapped up in the leaf of a copy-book, with 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' in large text between ruled lines inscribed upon it. The opening scene of 'Jack Brag' is also highly characteristic:

'"My dear Johnny," said the respectable widow Brag to her son, "what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, lord-hunting, a wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to old Nick, and *you* getting dipped instead of your candles."

'"Mother," said Jack, "don't talk so foolishly! You are of the old school,—excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand: the business is safe enough. You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights;—no, thanks to my enlightenment, I flatter myself I soar a little higher than that."

'"No nonsense, Johnny!" said Mrs. Brag. "All you have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers: and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?"

'"Take my advice, my dear mother," said Jack, "and marry. I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father-in-law;—marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir-about husband, who does not mind grubbing, and hasn't a nose——"

'"Hasn't a nose?" interrupted Mrs. Brag.

'"I don't mean literally," said Jack, "but sportingly;—does not mind the particular scent of tallow—you understand. Let him into the tricks of the trade: you will still be queen-bee of the hive,—make *him* look after the drones while you watch the wax."

'"And while *you*, Johnny, lap up the honey," said the queen-bee.

'"Do what you like," said her son, "only marry—'marry come up,' as somebody says in a play."

'"But, John," said Mrs. Brag, "I have no desire to change my condition."

'"Nor I that you should," said Jack; "but I wish you would change your name. As long as 'Brag, wax and tallow-chandler,' sticks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shopfront, like so many malefactors expiating their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or the family."

'"Johnny," said Mrs. Brag, "you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone: and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you,

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you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough-bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone."

'"It is all very well talking," said Johnny, "but I never should show my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop—'pretty mould of a horse' tingles in my ears—'sweet dip of the country' sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me."'

In enumerating the leading humorous writers of the day, it would be unjust to omit all mention of Captain Marryat, Mr. Lover, and Mr. Crofton Croker; but their range of subjects so completely distinguishes them, that it is quite unnecessary for our immediate purpose to subject them to analysis or give specimens of their styles. Professor Wilson's fun, too, is altogether peculiar to him, and to the full as characteristic of the physical as of the intellectual constitution of the man, being the result of high animal spirits, an ever-teeming fancy, and a rude, rough, frolicsome consciousness of power. A joke flies from him like a cork from a heated bottle of champagne, or bounds off like a ball from a cricket-bat in the hands of a player like himself,—and is pretty nearly as difficult to stop. He was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington—'You will allow, at all events,' urged his antagonist, 'that Napoleon *surprised* the Duke at Waterloo?' 'Aye,' exclaimed the Professor, 'but did'nt the Duke *astonish* him?' The half-angry thoroughly-in-earnest manner with which this retort was given, made it irresistible at the moment—but things of this kind are comparatively tame at second-hand, and it is difficult to induce his friends or family to reproduce them. 'What on earth'—he once broke out in our hearing, after vainly appealing to the memory of the circle,—'what on earth is the use of a man's having half-a-dozen daughters if they won't remember his jokes?' The readers of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' however, will require no further illustration of his manner, and our only regret is, that all reference to these is already assuming a retrospective character—

> 'Why slumbers Gifford? once was ask'd in vain,
> Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.'

We may now, therefore, proceed at once to consider to what peculiar quality, or combination of qualities, Mr. Dickens is indebted for his success, indicating, as we go along, such points of analogy

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analogy between him and other writers as may suggest themselves. These will be very few; for though, like Mr. Sydney Smith, he excels in ludicrous exaggeration, and, like Mr. Hook, delights in middle-life and low-life vulgarity, his mode of dealing with his materials is, generally speaking, so perfectly his own, that, in our opinion, he would have been identically the same, had no one of the writers already mentioned preceded him. The only writer who appears to have exercised any marked influence on his style is Mr. Washington Irving, whom he undoubtedly has imitated in parts; but these (with one exception, the 'Bagman's Story,' a palpable plagiarism from the 'Adventures of my Grandfather') are far from being the most applauded; and the observation applies more to the 'Sketches' than to the 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' generally regarded as his *magnum opus*, by which (if ever) the names of Boz and Dickens are to descend to posterity. The plan, however, is so altogether anomalous, that it is no easy matter to determine in what class of composition to place them, or in what their peculiar excellence consists. The opening chapter introduces us to a learned society, whose proceedings bear so close a resemblance to those of sundry learned societies recently founded for the avowed purpose of enlightening mankind as to the date, formation, composition, monstrosities, probable duration, &c. &c. of the globe, that, at the first view, we were led to anticipate a prolonged quiz upon the whole race of scientific charlatans who, by the aid of meetings and associations, have contrived to fussify themselves into a notoriety which passes current amongst the uninitiated for fame. The subsequent chapters speedily undeceived us, and we were not long in finding out that the title of 'corresponding member of the Pickwick Club' was merely conferred as a travelling name; that no satire was intended against F.R.S.'s, F.Z.S.'s, F.G.S.'s, or any other of the distinguished personages who have purchased the privilege of appending forty or fifty letters to their designations, at (according to Mr. Babbage) the moderate rate of ten pounds ten shillings per letter—and that the adventures, rather than the researches, of the Pickwickians were intended to constitute the leading feature of their history. But their adventures, though the transitions are remarkably easy and natural, are still too disconnected, and interspersed with too many episodes, to admit of that concentration of interest which forms the grand merit of a narrative. The only part of the plot calculated to keep the reader in suspense, the great cause of Bardell and Pickwick, does not commence till the eleventh number, and the final result is declared in the seventeenth—most of the intervening space being occupied with extraneous topics—so that it can

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can hardly be as a story that the book before us has attained its popularity.

Our next proposition, that Mr. Dickens does not strikingly excel in his sketches of character or descriptions, is, we feel, open to dispute, and it is far from our intention to deny that he has considerable merit in both respects, but certainly not enough to found a reputation, or account for a tithe of his popularity. Incomparably the best sustained of the characters is that of Mr. Pickwick, whose every action seems influenced by the same untiring and enlightened spirit of philanthropy throughout. As Mr. Southey said of Charles Lamb—'Others might possess the milk of human kindness, but *he* had monopolized the cream.' But Mr. Pickwick is endowed with too much good sense to have been a founder or corresponding member of such a club; there is little or nothing in his conversation or conduct to remind us of the author of 'Observations on the Theory of Tittle-bats,' and the only weakness that can be charged against him springs not from the overweening vanity or undirected enthusiasm of a would-be discoverer—(a Professor Muff or Nogo)—but from an overflowing goodness of heart, from an excess of *bon-hommie* that forbids him to think ill of anybody. A still stronger objection lies against the Wellers, father and son. They both talk a language and employ allusions utterly irreconcileable with their habits and station. Sam says of himself—'I vas a carrier's boy at startin; then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots; now I'm a gen'lm'n's sarvant.' A stage-coachman's education may be guessed. The remarks of such persons may be shrewd, metaphorical and witty, full of quaint terms and apt illustrations—but their sentences will be short and elliptical, their expressions idiomatic, their illustrations borrowed from ordinary life; they will seldom (to borrow a phrase common in their class) speak like a printed book, and their wit or humour will never consist in applying terms, generally appropriated to grave and serious subjects, to light or ridiculous ones—a species of facetiousness necessarily limited to the higher classes. Yet no inconsiderable portion of Sam Weller's pleasantry is of this description, and we constantly detect both him and his father in the nice and even critical use of words and images borrowed from sources wholly inaccessible to them. Thus in the colloquy between these originals (for originals they are at all events) as to the best mode of sending Sam to keep his master company in the Fleet:—

'"And now, Sammy," says the old gentleman, when the whip-lashes, and the buckles, and the sample, had been all put back, and the book once more deposited at the bottom of the same pocket, "Now, Sammy, I know a gen'lm'n here, as 'll do the rest o' the bisness for us, in no time—

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time—a limb o' the law, Sammy, as has got brains like the frog, dispersed all over his body, and reachin' to the wery tips of his fingers; a friend of the Lord Chancellorship's, Sammy, who'd only have to tell him what he wanted, and he'd lock you up for life, if that wos all."

'"I say," says Sam, "none o' that."

'"None o' wot?" inquired Mr. Weller.

'"Vy, none o' them unconstitootional ways o' doin' it," retorted Sam. "The *have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun o' the blessedest things as wos ever made.* I've read that 'ere in the newspapers wery often." '

Or Sam's reflection on dead donkeys:

'There's another thing that no man ever did see, and that's a dead donkey. No man never see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'l'm'n in the black silk smalls, as know'd the young 'ooman as kept a goat, and that wos a French donkey, so wery likely he warnt one of the reg'lar breed.' —No. xviii. p. 544.

Or when the old gentleman proposes Mr. Pickwick's escape:—

'"The 'Merrikin' gov'ment vill never give him up, ven vunce they finds as he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov'ner stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg's hung, vich last ewent I think is the most likely to happen first, Sammy; *and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows'm up enough.*" '

Surely hits at book-making are as much out of place in old Weller's mouth, as references to Sterne's Sentimental Journey, or allusions to Latin law-terms and the discovery of perpetual motion, in his son's. 'Tell me if Congreve's fools be fools indeed,' says Pope. Tell us if these be stage-coachmen and ex-boot-cleaners indeed, say we.

In description, again, he is sometimes very happy;—nothing, for example, can well be better than the sketch of Mr. Pickwick sliding:—

'Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

'"Keep the pot a bilin', Sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

'It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually

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dually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles: and when he was knocked down, (which happened upon the average every third round,) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.'

This scene, with all its bearings, is brought fully home to the mind's eye without the aid of Phiz's illustrative sketch; but the success of many other passages is due in a great measure to the skill of that artist in embodying them. Indeed, only a faint notion could be formed of the outward man of the great Pickwick himself from the scattered hints afforded in the letter-press; namely, that he wore *tights*, gaiters, and spectacles. It is the pencil, not the pen, which completes the vivid conception we undoubtedly possess of his personal appearance; and how tame, without that, would be such situations as those in which he is detected holding Mrs. Bardell in his arms, or represented peeping through the bed-curtains at the unknown lady at the inn! A still graver objection, even than want of distinctness and individuality, lies against Mr. Dickens as a describer and portrait-painter: he too frequently condescends to be a copyist, and almost always on such occasions betrays a marked inferiority to his prototypes. In proof of this charge, we shall first quote an admirable passage from the 'Sketch Book:'—

'And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen he cannot be mistaken for one of another craft or mystery.

'*He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced, by hard feeding, into every vessel of the skin.* He is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquor, and his bulk is still farther increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried, like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted, and tucked in at the bosom; and has, in summer time, a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some light colour, striped; and

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and his smallclothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about halfway up his legs.

'All this costume is maintained with much precision. He has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases; also his opinions about horses, and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every raggamuffin that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachey. Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw these feelings in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and, in the hurry of the moment, can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time the coachman has a world of commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux, from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.'

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The portrait of Mr. Weller senior, and a scene on the journey from Eatanswill to Bury St. Edmunds, are the passages we wish the reader to compare:—

'In a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, betimes in the morning, which was ushered in by Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers, sat Mr. Weller senior, preparing himself for his journey to London. He was sitting in an excellent attitude for having his portrait taken; and here it is:—It is very possible that at some earlier period of his career, Mr. Weller's profile might have presented a bold and determined outline. His face, however, had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition remarkable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them, that unless you took a full view of his countenance in front, it was difficult to distinguish more than the extreme tip of a very rubicund nose. His chin, from the same cause, had acquired the grave and imposing form which is generally described by prefixing the word "double" to that expressive feature, *and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef.* Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one from the folds of the other. Over this he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide-skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist were so far apart, that no man had ever beheld them both, at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek, and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were encased in knee-cord breeches, and painted top-boots; and a copper watch-chain terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waist-band.'

* * * * *

'As the coach rolls swiftly past the fields and orchards which skirt the road, groups of women and children, piling the fruit in sieves, or gathering the scattered ears of corn, pause for an instant from their labour, and shading the sun-burnt face with a still browner hand, gaze upon the passengers with curious eyes, while some stout urchin, too small to work, but too mischievous to be left at home, scrambles over the side of the basket in which he has been deposited for security, and kicks and screams with delight. The reaper stops in his work, and stands with folded arms, looking at the vehicle as it whirls past; and the rough cart-horses bestow a sleepy glance upon the smart coach team, which says, as plainly as a horse's glance can, "It's all very fine to look at, but slow going, over a heavy field, is better than warm work like that, upon a dusty road, after all." You cast a look behind you, as you turn a corner of the road. The women and children have resumed their labour, the reaper once more stoops to his work, the cart-horses have moved on, and all are again in motion.'

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The analogy between these passages is too striking to be accidental, and we cannot compliment Mr. Dickens on having improved upon the original. A broad full face, "curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin," is ill replaced by a complexion exhibiting "that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef;" which exhibits no mottled combination of colours at all. The fact is, the old race of coachmen were going out when Mr. Washington Irving first visited England, and were altogether gone before Mr. Dickens's time. The modern race are more addicted to tea than beer; the cumbrous many-caped great-coat is rapidly giving way to the Mackintosh; and, with the change of habits and the increase of numbers, they have been doomed to see their authority over stable-boys and their awe-inspiring influence over country people pass away; thus sharing the fate of the other privileged orders, who have been gradually declining in authority from the time that titles might be had for the asking, and the distinctive style of dress was laid aside. Mr. Dickens failed, therefore, because he had never seen what he pretended to describe.

What, then, it may fairly be asked,—if he is super-excellent neither in descriptive narrative nor character—what is the talent or quality that has procured him so unprecedented a share of popularity? In our opinion he has obtained and well merited it, by being the first to turn to account the rich and varied stores of wit and humour discoverable amongst the lower classes of the metropolis, whose language has been hitherto condemned as a poor, bald, disjointed, unadorned, and nearly unintelligible *slang*, utterly destitute of feeling, fancy or force.

The Edgeworths, father and daughter, in a joint Essay on Irish Bulls,—written to prove that the Irish make no more bulls than other nations, and proving, incontestably, that they make as many as all the other nations of Europe put together,—thus triumphantly contrast the language of the lower Irish in this respect:—

'The first evidence we shall call is a Dublin shoeblack. He is not in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the display of figurative language: he is in a court of justice upon his trial for life or death. A quarrel happened between two shoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called pitch-farthing, or heads and tails, and in Ireland, head or harp. One of the combatants threw a small paving-stone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he used to scrape shoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breast. It is necessary for our story to say that near the hilt of this knife was stamped the name of Lamprey,

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prey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. With a number of significant gestures, which on his audience had all the powers which Demosthenes ascribes to action, he, in a language not purely attic, gave the following account of the affair to the judge:—Why, my lard, as I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy. Billy, says I, will you sky a copper? Done, says he: done, says I; and done and done's enough between two jantlemen. With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go. Music!* says he. Skulls! says I; and down they came three brown mazards. By the holy! you flesh'd em,† says he. You lie, says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two-year-old ‡, and lets drive at me. I outs with my bread-earner§, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket.'

We cannot afford to quote the witty but long commentary on the various figures contained in this address.

'Let us now (continue the authors) compare this Irish shoeblack's metaphorical language with the sober slang of an English blackguard, who, fortunately for the fairness of the comparison, was placed somewhat in similar circumstances. Lord Mansfield, examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant?

'"Oh, my lord, I knew him: *I was up to him.*"

'"*Up to him,*" says his lordship; "what do you mean by being up to him?"

'"Mean, my Lord, why, *I was down upon him.*"

'"*Up to him* and *down upon him,*" says his lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?"

'"Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself. *I stagged him.*"

'"I cannot conceive, friend," says his lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language. I do not understand it."

'"Not understand it!" rejoined the fellow with surprise, "*what a flat you must be!*"

'Though he undervalued Lord Mansfield, this man does not seem to have been a very bright genius. In his cant words *up to him, down upon him, stagged him*, &c., there are no metaphors; and we confess ourselves to be as great *flats* as his lordship, for we do not understand this sort of language.'

Were the question to be decided by these specimens, the Irish would certainly have the best of it; but in the first place, the Englishman's expressions are presented without the running commentary with which they are ordinarily employed—'*Down upon you,* as the beefsteak said to the gridiron,' '*into you,* as the

* Alluding to the harp on the Irish halfpenny. *Skulls* stands for *heads*, and *mazard* is the face.

† Touched with the fleshy part of the thumb.

‡ A middling-sized stone. The metaphor is borrowed from the grazier's vocabulary.

§ *Bread-earner* means the knife with which he scraped shoes.

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fork said to the mutton-chop,' &c., which, though it does not make them witty, deducts somewhat from the baldness of such terms. In the second place, the person who chooses the examples virtually awards the palm; and we are quite sure that an occasional perusal of the police reports in the London newspapers (particularly the 'Morning Herald') would supply abundant parallels to the Dublin shoeblack's defence.* The author of a work entitled 'The Great Metropolis' (who ought to know something of the lower classes, for he betrays the most striking ignorance of the rest) has also collected some amusing specimens.

'"How dared you sell me that odious lobster on Saturday as a fresh one?" "Did your honour mean to say that it was not fresh?" said the woman, with the most perfect coolness. "*Did* I say it? I *do* say it; the stench on opening was most insufferable." "Well, then, your honour, and whose fault is it that it was not fresh? Did'nt I call at your window on Monday, and all the week, and you would'nt have it when it was fresh?"'

* * * * * *

'"Harry, my boy," said a cobbler, the other day, to a journeyman tailor, "can you lend me a shilling?"

'"Bless your soul," said the knight of the thimble, "*I have not got so much about me as would pay the toll at a turnpike-gate for a broomstick.*"'

'"Ned, my jolly old fellow," said one cartman to another, as they both sat quaffing a pot of porter in a tap-room, "Ned, won't you have a slice of this here loaf?"

'"I'm not a bit hungry," said Ned.

'"Take a slice, there's a good fellow."

'"Well, if I do," said Ned, "*let it be only the bigness of a bee's knee.*"'

* * * * * *

'"Holloa, Jack, is that you?" said one country-looking personage with a smock-frock to another in the same dress, while both Houses of Parliament were on fire, in October, 1834.

'"Vy, Jem," said the other, "I did not expect to see you in this here crowd."

'"There's a fine go of it, eh!" meaning the conflagration.

'"Vy, yes, Jem, I calls that a little bit of a blaze, and no mistake; it will soon take the shine out of those there engine-men."

'"I should think so. They'll never put it out; they might as soon think as how they could extinguish it by spitting on it."

'"Put it out! Heaven bless you, Jack, they would'nt put it out, *though they were to pour the whole Thames on it like a sack of potatoes.*"'

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* See *Mornings at Bow Street. By John Wight* (*Bow Street Reporter to the Morning Herald*). Mr. James Smith and the other authors of the late Charles Matthews' *At Homes*, have also embodied several striking specimens of low humour.

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'One of the most popular writers of the present day (adds the author) mentions to me, that he regards the image of the "sack of potatoes" as one of the boldest and most poetical he has heard made use of for a considerable time.'

We are inclined to agree with the popular writer, and we also admire the metaphor of the bee's knee exceedingly. We have heard a French waiter highly commended for saying to a lady who had just declined a dish, '*Encore un soupçon, Madame,*' and surely the English carter's reply is no ways inferior in delicacy or in point. In the quiet, reflective style of humour, the English undoubtedly stand first.

'Ay,' said a coalheaver at a public-house, 'he might expect his wife to keep a secret. I've larned the folly of that ere at home.—*Vaiter, bring me another pint of beer and a pipe and backy.*' Equally good was a coachman's soliloquy, overheard by a friend of ours:—'Here, waiter, bring me another glass of brandy-and-water—*cold without—for* I'm weary of this wicked world.'

Instances such as these afford strong ground for suspecting that Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's conclusions have been rather hastily caught up, but it was reserved for Mr. Dickens to complete the vindication of our national honour in this respect, and most satisfactorily has he executed the task; for he has contrived to endow Sam Weller alone with as much quaint humour, fanciful illustration, and expressive language, as would set up half-a-dozen of the cleverest shoeblacks in Dublin, or the best rapparees in Edgeworthstown. Nor does he appear to us to have drawn much on his own invention for the embellishments of this universal favourite's discourse; on the contrary, most of Sam's turns and figures will be instantly recognized by all who have paid attention to the style of thinking and talking prevalent amongst the order he represents. Sam's first appearance as 'Boots' affords an apposite example:—

'A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors, and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrades—

'"Sam!"

'"Halloo," replied the man with the white hat.

'"Number twenty-two wants his boots."

'"Ask number twenty-two, vether he'll have 'em now, or vait till he gets 'em," was the reply.

'"Come, don't be a fool, Sam," said the girl coaxingly, "the gentleman wants his boots directly."

'"Well, you *are* a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' 'boots;

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boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's number twenty-two, that's to put all the others out? No, no: reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said, when he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a waitin', Sir, but I'll attend to you directly."

'Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top-boot with increased assiduity.

'There was another loud ring; and the bustling old landlady of the White Hart made her appearance in the opposite gallery.

'"Sam," cried the landlady,—"where's that lazy, idle—why, Sam—oh, there you are; why don't you answer?"

'"Vould'nt be gen-teel to answer 'till you'd done talking," replied Sam gruffly.

'"Here, clean them shoes for number seventeen directly, and take 'em to private sitting-room, number five, first floor."

'The landlady flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard, and bustled away.

'"Number 5," said Sam, as he picked up the shoes, and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, made a memorandum of their destination on the soles—"Lady's shoes and private sittin' room! I suppose *she* didn't come in the vaggin."

'"She came in early this morning," cried the girl, who was still leaning over the railing of the gallery, "with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, and it's him as wants his boots, and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it."

'"Vy did'nt you say so before," said Sam, with great indignation, singling out the boots in question from the heap before him. "For all I know'd he was one o' the regular three-pennies. Private room! and a lady too! If he's anything of a gen'lm'n, he's vurth a shillin' a day, let alone the arrands."

'"We want to know," said the little man, solemnly; "and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehensions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present."

'"Who there is in the house!" said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. "There's a vooden leg in number six, there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen, there's two pair of halves in the commercial, there's these here painted tops in the snuggery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room."

'"Nothing more?" said the little man.

'"Stop a bit," replied Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. "Yes; there's a pair of Vellington's a good deal vorn, and a pair o' lady's shoes in number five."'

This figure of speech, as bold and fine a one as even Miss Edgeworth could desire, is now in every-day use. You may hear the cad of an omnibus composedly informing the driver that he is to take up 'two elephants and a bricklayer;' meaning two passengers at The Elephant and Castle, and one at the Bricklayer's Arms:

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Arms: the chambermaid answers the landlady's inquiries about the lady who arrived last night, by stating that she is changed from *twenty-seven* to *fifty-four:* the head-waiter at a chop-house calls to his subordinates to look sharp, because 'a boiled beef and greens' has just gone down stairs without paying; and the landlord of a suburban tea-garden shouts out—'I'm blowed if there a'nt two brandies-and-water getting over the pales.'

Mr. Weller's account of his early life and education is another good specimen :—

'"Delightful prospect, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

'"Beats the chimbley pots, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

'"I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar all your life, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

'"I worn't always a boots, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. "I was a vagginer's boy once."

'"When was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'"When I vas first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," replied Sam. "I vas a carrier's boy at startin': then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'lm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'lm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? *I* should'nt be surprised, for one."

'"You are quite a philosopher, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

'"It runs in the family, I b'lieve, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "My father's wery much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams wery loud, and falls into 'sterics; and he smokes wery comfortably 'till she comes to agin. *That's philosophy, Sir, an't it?*"

'"A very good substitute for it, at all events," replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing. "It must have been of great service to you, in the course of your rambling life, Sam."

'"Service, Sir!" exclaimed Sam. "You may say that. Arter I run away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the vagginer, I had unfurnished lodgins for a fortnight."

'"Unfurnished lodgings?" said Mr. Pickwick.

'"Yes—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place—vithin ten minutes' walk of all the public offices—only if there is any objection to it, it is that the sitivation's *rayther* too airy. I see some queer sights there."

'"Ah, I suppose you did," said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.

'"Sights, Sir," resumed Mr. Weller, "as 'ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don't see the reg'lar wagrants there; trust 'em, they knows better than that. Young beggars, male and female, as hasn't made a rise in their profession, takes up

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up their quarters there sometimes; but it's generally the worn-out, starving, houseless creeturs as rolls themselves up in the dark corners o' them lonesome places—poor creeturs as an't up to the twopenny rope."

'"And pray, Sam, what *is* the twopenny rope?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'"The twopenny rope, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is just a cheap lodgin'house, vere the beds is twopence a night."

'"What do they call a bed a rope for?" said Mr. Pickwick.

'"Bless your innocence, Sir, that an't it," replied Sam. "Ven the lady and gen'lm'n as keeps the Hot-el, first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this would'nt do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate twopenn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em."

'"Well," said Mr. Pickwick.

'"Well," said Mr. Weller, "the adwantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin', they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they gets up wery quietly, and walks away!"'

As we have taken objection to sundry erudite terms and allusions which occur occasionally in other dialogues of the kind, it may be as well to say that we make an exception for 'philosophy'—a term constantly employed by the lower orders to express what exceeds their comprehension. When Captain Parry's men were vying with each other in admiration of the play got up and acted by the officers, an old boatswain's mate exclaimed, 'Clever! I call it philosophy, by George!'

A Cockney critic says pathetically of Ben Jonson, that we generally find ourselves in low company, and see no hope of getting out of it. The same might be said of the Pickwick Papers, with the addition that we have generally no wish to get out of it, for there is nothing offensive to the severest delicacy in Mr. Dickens's delineations, and it is a remarkable fact that his writings are most popular amongst the women of the higher circles. We once heard a celebrated beauty jocularly propose a party, to which none were to be admissible who did not consider Sam Weller essentially a gentleman. With such testimony in his favour, Mr. Dickens may well afford to disregard the imputation of vulgarity, invariably and indiscriminately levelled by the tawdry affecters of gentility against every man of genius who ventures to take human life, in all its gradations, for his subject-matter. Fielding has a chapter headed: 'Of many things natural, but low,' and his novels teem with allusions to this class of objectors, well personified in his Slipslops and Graveairs, who shrink instinctively from contact with stage-coach

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coach passengers, and have 'low,' and 'low creatures,' eternally in their mouths. Fielding, however, evidently writhed under the reproach; and few modern writers have attempted the class of subjects which exposed him to it, without ever and anon giving the reader to understand that in so doing they are descending from their sphere, or described scenes of what they call fashion, without insinuating that they are there thoroughly at home—whence, probably, it happens that the most essentially vulgar productions of the day are those which treat of marquesses and dukes. There is none of this weakness or want of self-respect in Mr. Dickens; he moves as naturally and easily amongst his favourite characters, as if there were no such things as conventional proprieties to offend against, and no more dreams of being accused of coarseness for the appropriate and idiomatic language he places in their mouths, than a Wilson or a Gainsborough would dream of incurring such a penalty for placing a pigstye in a landscape. This perfect good faith and straightforwardness on his part greatly enhance the verisimilitude and consequent effect of his delineations, and there is, moreover, a healthy, manly, independent spirit diffused over them, which (as a northern critic would say) is positively 'refreshing,' after the sickly affectation and superciliousness of the silver-fork and fine-gentleman school of writers, when they condescend to describe the manners and modes of thought of persons living beyond the pale of what is termed, *par eminence*, society.

The primary cause, then, of this author's success, we take to be his felicity in working up the genuine mother-wit and unadulterated vernacular idioms of the lower classes of London—for he grows comparatively common-place and tame the moment his foot is off the stones, and betrays infallible symptoms of Cockneyism in all his aspirations at rurality. As for game and gamekeepers, he appears to possess about the same amount of general knowledge concerning them, that Winkle and Tupman display during the shooting excursion; and Wardle's Manor House, with its merry doings at Christmas-time, is neither more nor less than Bracebridge Hall at second-hand. Indeed, one throughout distinguishes at a glance the scenes drawn from actual observation from those copied, imitated, or imagined. Thus, we much doubt whether Mr. Dickens was ever present at one of Mrs. Leo Hunter's *déjeûners*; but we feel quite sure that he was acquainted with Mr. Bob Sawyer, and accompanied Mr. Pickwick to the supper party given by that young gentleman to his associates. The following colloquy must clearly have taken place:—

'"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at any friend's table, and much less at your's, Sawyer,—very;

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very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

'"And *I* should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken, out o' window."

'"What do you mean by that, Sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

'"What I say, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

'"I should like to see you do it, Sir," said Mr. Noddy.

'"You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

'"I request that you'll favour me with your card, Sir," said Mr. Noddy.

'"I'll do nothing of the kind, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, Sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

'"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

'"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

'"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.'

Equally good is the sketch of the same gentleman's domestic arrangements, after he has passed his examination as surgeon and apothecary, and set up for himself:—

'But he had no opportunity of pondering over his love just then, for Bob Sawyer's return was the immediate precursor of the arrival of a meat pie from the baker's, of which that gentleman insisted on his staying to partake. The cloth was laid by an occasional charwoman, who officiated in the capacity of Mr. Bob Sawyer's housekeeper; and a third knife and fork having been borrowed from the mother of the boy in the grey livery (for Mr. Sawyer's domestic arrangements were as yet conducted on a limited scale), they sat down to dinner; the beer being served up, as Mr. Sawyer remarked, "in its native pewter."

'After dinner, Mr. Bob Sawyer ordered in the largest mortar in the shop, and proceeded to brew a reeking jorum of rum-punch therein, stirring up and amalgamating the materials with a pestle in a very creditable and apothecary-like manner. Mr. Sawyer being a bachelor, had only one tumbler in the house, which was assigned to Mr. Winkle as a compliment to the visitor, Mr. Ben Allen being accommodated with a funnel with a cork in the narrow end, and Bob Sawyer contenting himself with one of those wide-lipped crystal vessels inscribed with a variety of cabalistic characters, in which chemists are wont to measure out their liquid drugs in compounding prescriptions. These preliminaries adjusted, the punch was tasted, and pronounced excellent; and it having been arranged that Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen should be considered at liberty to fill twice to Mr. Winkle's once, they started fair, with great satisfaction and good-fellowship.'—pp. 408, 9.

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He is by no means equally happy in delineating the rival profession of the law and its dependents. Little Perker, the bustling, dapper man of business, is well enough, but his clerk Lowten, at his orgies, was evidently suggested by Paulus Pleydell's at High Jinks, and Mr. Pickwick's preliminary interview with Serjeant Stubbins is improbable, as well as dull—at least, the only probable thing in it is the Serjeant's eagerness to get rid of a client who seemed to have no definite object in coming to him, beyond that of delivering a round-about and unnecessary address. It is generally believed that the counsel in *Bardell* versus *Pickwick* are portraits, but we have tried in vain to discover more than a very faint resemblance in either of them, and Serjeant Buzfuz's speech is certainly not in the manner of the gentleman supposed to be intended under the name. It is simply a clever quiz on a style of oratory which was finally quizzed out of fashion by Lord Brougham many years ago, on an occasion which our professional readers will readily recall. Mr. Justice Stareleigh, however, is an admirable likeness of an ex-judge, who, with many valuable qualities of head and heart, had made himself a legitimate object of ridicule by his ludicrous explosions of irritability on the bench. The rebuke which Sam Weller receives for the incautious employment of an illustration, is a perfect piece of imitation in its way:—

'"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

'"Now, Sir," replied Sam.

'"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

'"I mean to speak up, Sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

'"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

'"Oh, quite enough to get, Sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

'"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, Sir," interposed the Judge, "it's not evidence."

'"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.'

In justice to the little judge, it should be added that such an interruption was full as likely to proceed from the late Lord Tenterden, who had contracted so strict and inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a county magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply somewhat to the following effect, 'Thank you, my Lord, I'm going to take some boiled chicken;' his Lordship sharply retorted, 'That, Sir, is no answer to my question: I ask you

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you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prevarication.'

Amongst the numerous secondary causes of the success of these papers, we have only space remaining to particularize two—the glancing vein of good-humoured satire which pervades the whole of them, like the ground colour in shot silks, and the stories, à la Longbow, with which they are so plentifully interspersed. It is a remark equally applicable to the satirical allusions and the stories, that the shortest, sharpest, most glancing, and least elaborated, are the best. Thus, Stiggins, the Marquis of Granby Tartuffe, becomes a dead bore from the pertinacity with which his hypocrisy is forced upon us, though we trust the advocates of the voluntary system will not fail to profit by so striking a personification of their principle; whilst Potts, the editor of the 'Eatanswill Gazette,' presents in the course of a scene or two a complete exposure of a class of pretenders who are doing the best that in them lies to neutralize the beneficial influence of the newspaper press. The borough justice, again, and his *posse comitatus*, are rendered comparatively ineffective by being overdone; whilst the bullying, blustering, brow-beating system of cross-examination pursued in the higher courts is satisfactorily shown up in the course of a few sentences. A fair specimen of Mr. Dickens's tact in stimulating the reader's attention by little sly allusions to contemporary events, is afforded by a paragraph of Serjeant Buzfuz's speech:

'"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious.—'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression—'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself

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itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?" '

The following extract, containing a palpable hit of much more general application, is given, in the hope that it may not be without its effect on a certain assembly just about to assemble; which, improved as it recently has been by the exclusion of many of the most disorderly and disreputable of its members, still retains enough of the new leaven to make it not improbable that altercation and recrimination, instead of legislation, will be still the order of the day. Mr. Pickwick is on his legs:

' " He was a humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honour, and of some danger. Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice 'No.') No! (Cheers.) Let that honourable Pickwickian who cried 'No' so loudly come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers) Who was it that cried 'No?" (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of ———

' " Mr. Blotton, (of Aldgate,) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

' " Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He *had* alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

' " Mr. Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent.'s false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'Chair' and 'Order.')

' " Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

' " The Chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

' " Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

' " The Chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable

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nourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

'"Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

'"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"'

We have said that the stories, equally with the satire, are occasionally weakened by amplification: for example, the story of the man who killed himself with crumpets (occupying a page and a half in No. 16) is a prosy version of a story, told in four lines in Mr. Croker's 'Boswell,' of the Hon. Mr. D——, who, being assured by his physician that if he went on eating muffins he would die of them, ordered half-a-dozen, ate them, and then shot himself through the head. To give another instance—the story of the little man who never ventured outside the prison walls on leave, after the turnkey had threatened to shut him out altogether, is well told; but we get the whole point in the well-known anecdote of the man who, having obtained a day rule in the Fleet, and not knowing what other use to make of his holiday, spent it in the King's Bench Prison. Still, *Number Twenty* is the best bit in the prison scenes, if we except the fellow who sleeps under a table because he has been used to a four-posted bed; and we believe Sam Weller himself was not more rejoiced at the termination of his master's imprisonment than ourselves. In fact, the wretchedness of prisons and madhouses is too real, physical, matter-of-fact and material for books of this sort, and we turn away repelled and sickening from such sights, instead of pausing to sympathise with the sufferers. We suspect that Fielding has been the innocent cause of Mr. Dickens's error of judgment in this particular, for Fielding gives an extremely disagreeable account of the prisons and lock-up houses of his time; but he presents no pictures of absolute starvation, and he had at least the atrocious nature of the existing abuse, and the advantages of exposing it, to justify him; whilst Mr. Dickens invents and heightens with an exclusive view to effect, for most assuredly the state of things described by him bears a much closer resemblance to the state of things described in 'Amelia,' than to the present condition of the Fleet; and he cannot require to be told that exaggeration tends rather to the confirmation of an evil than to the correction of it. But there is no necessity for impugning his accuracy, since our objection rests on the plain principle of criticism,—that the detailed description

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description of bodily pain and deprivation is not a legitimate mode of exciting terror or pity, or the diary of an hospital nurse would be the finest and truest of tragedies—a mistake into which the author of the 'Diary of a Physician' actually fell, when he made the interest of his narrative turn on the symptoms of a loathsome disease, prolonged in agony and terminating in death;—nay, a comparatively delicate introduction of which sort of thing was sufficient to poison half the pathos of Miss Edgeworth's first novel—'Belinda.' When the object is merely to soften or agitate, the ideal should greatly preponderate over the actual; there should be just facts enough for the imagination to build upon, and the last extremity should be rather suggested than expressed—as in the following reflections on the Inns of Court, which shows that Mr. Dickens can exercise a complete mastery over the elements of genuine pathos when it pleases him:

'"Aha!" said the old man, "who was talking about the Inns?"

'"I was, Sir," replied Mr. Pickwick—"I was observing what singular old places they are."

'"*You!*" said the old man, contemptuously—"What do *you* know of the time when young men shut themselves up in those lonely rooms, and read and read, hour after hour, and night after night, till their reason wandered beneath their midnight studies; till their mental powers were exhausted; till morning's light brought no freshness or health to them; and they sank beneath the unnatural devotion of their youthful energies to their dry old books? Coming down to a later time, and a very different day, what do *you* know of the gradual sinking beneath consumption, or the quick wasting of fever—the grand results of "life" and dissipation—which men have undergone in those same rooms? How many vain pleaders for mercy do you think have turned away heart-sick from the lawyer's office, to find a resting-place in the Thames, or a refuge in the gaol? They are no ordinary houses, those. There is not a pannel in the old wainscotting but what, if it were endowed with the powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall, and tell its tale of horror—the romance of life, Sir, the romance of life. Common-place as they may seem now, I tell you they are strange old places, and I would rather hear many a legend with a terrific-sounding name, than the true history of one old set of chambers."

'There was something so odd in the old man's sudden energy, and the subject which had called it forth, that Mr. Pickwick was prepared with no observation in reply; and the old man checking his impetuosity, and resuming the leer, which had disappeared during his previous excitement, said—

'"Look at them in another light—their most common-place and least romantic; what fine places of slow torture they are. Think of the needy man who has spent his all, beggared himself, and pinched his friends, to enter the profession, which is destined never to yield a morsel of bread to him. The waiting—the hope—the disappointment—the fear—the misery—the poverty—the blight on his hopes, and end to his career—

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career—the suicide perhaps, or, better still, the shabby, slip-shod drunkard. Am I not right about them, eh?" And the old man rubbed his hands, and leered as if in delight at having found another point of view in which to place his favourite subject.

'Mr. Pickwick eyed the old man with great curiosity, and the remainder of the company smiled, and looked on in silence.'

The anecdote with which the old gentleman follows up the impression is in Mr. Dickens's best manner, and may serve to show how much his anecdotes gain in point by condensation:

'"Talk of your German universities!" said the little old man. "Pooh, pooh! there's romance enough at home, without going half a mile for it, only people never think of it."

'"I never thought of the romance of this particular subject before, certainly," said Mr. Pickwick, laughing.

'"To be sure you didn't," said the little old man, "of course not. As a friend of mine used to say to me, 'What is there in chambers, in particular?' 'Queer old places,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he. 'Lonely,' said I. 'Not a bit of it,' said he. He died one morning of apoplexy, as he was going to open his outer door; fell with his head in his own letter-box, and there he lay for eighteen months. Everybody thought he'd gone out of town."

'"And how was he found at last?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'"The benchers determined to break his door open, as he hadn't paid any rent for two years. So they did. Forced the lock; and a very dusty skeleton in a blue coat, black knee-shorts, and silks, fell forward in the arms of the porter who opened the door. Queer, that. Rather, perhaps; rather, eh?" And the little old man put his head more on one side, and rubbed his hands with unspeakable glee.'

Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to its durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt—not, it must be owned, without reason; for the last three or four numbers are certainly much inferior to the former ones, and indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humour which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal, is worked out. This, indeed, from its very nature, must have been anticipated by any clear-sighted and calculating observer from the first, and we fear that the quantity of alloy mixed up with the genuine ore to fit it for immediate use, will materially impair its lustre when the polish of novelty has worn off. The essential question, therefore, seems to be, whether Mr. Dickens is endowed with the quality for which Lord Byron gave Sir Walter Scott credit, when he said, that the moment the public interest in Sir Walter's poetry began to flag, he turned about and flashed forth as a novelist, and were it possible for the public to become satiated with his novels, he would find or make for himself a third road to popularity—in other

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other words, whether Mr. Dickens be a true man of genius, assuming genius (according to Dr. Johnson's definition) to consist of large general powers capable of being directed to any given end or object. Before answering this question, we turn to the three volumes entitled Sketches by Boz, and in them we find much of the same nicety of observation and quaint perception of the ludicrous as in the Pickwick Papers; but the essays distinguished by these qualities bear a small proportion to those in which the laboured, the common-place, or the imitative style predominates. The longest, 'The Boarding House,' and 'Passages in the Life of Mr. Wilkins Tottle,' have certainly no merit to compensate for their tediousness: 'The Parish' lies too near Miss Mitford's Village: 'Horatio Sparkins' is a prose and very prosy version of an incident in the life of Miss Biddy Fudge; and the story of the broker's man waiting at table at the execution-creditor's request, is one of the very oldest we remember to have heard. But 'The Curate' is a clever sketch; 'Public Dinners' are most graphically hit off; 'Hackney Coach Stands' and 'Gin Shops' are good; 'The Last Cab-Driver,' capital; and we willingly make allowance for the occasional dulness of 'The Great Winglebury Duel,' (since dramatised by the author for Mr. Braham's theatre) for the sake of the 'Boots,' who, however, to judge from the likeness, must certainly belong to the Weller family:—

'"You are the upper boots, I think?" inquired Mr. Trott.

'"Yes, I am the upper boots," replied a voice from inside a velveteen case with mother-of-pearl buttons—"that is, I'm the boots as b'longs to the house; the other man's my man, as goes errands and does odd jobs—top-boots, and half-boots I calls us."

'"You're from London?" inquired Mr. Trott.

'"Driv a cab once," was the laconic reply.

'"Why don't you drive it now?" asked Mr. Trott.

'"Cos I over-driv the cab, and driv over a 'ooman," replied the top boots, with brevity.'—*Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 193.

The likeness is still more palpable in the following colloquy:

'"Spare my life!" exclaimed Trott, raising his hands imploringly.

'"I don't want your life," replied the boots, disdainfully, "though I think it 'ud be a charity if somebody took it!"

'"No, no, it wouldn't," interrupted poor Mr. Trott hurriedly; "no, no, it wouldn't! I—I—'d rather keep it."

'"O werry well," said the boots; "that's a mere matter of taste—every one to his liking, as the man said when he pisoned his-self. Hows'ever, all I've got to say is this here: You sit quietly down in that chair, and I'll sit hoppersite you here; and if you keep quiet, and don't stir, I won't damage you; but if you move hand or foot 'till half-past twelve o'clock, I shall alter the expression of your countenance so completely, that the next time you look in the glass, you'll ask vether you're

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you're gone out of town, and ven you're likely to come back again. So sit down." '—*Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 207, 8.

'The Last Cab-driver,' however, is, in our opinion, the *chef-d'œuvre* of these volumes, and we are tempted to quote a short biographical notice of the eccentric individual on whom this title has been bestowed:

'Mr. William Barker, then, for that was the gentleman's name—Mr. William Barker was born —— but why need we relate where Mr. William Barker was born, or when? Why scrutinize the entries in parochial ledgers, or seek to penetrate the Lucinian mysteries of Lying-in-hospitals? Mr. William Barker *was* born, or he had never been. There is a son—there was a father. There is an effect—there was a cause. Surely this is sufficient information for the most Fatima-like curiosity; and, if it be not, we regret our inability to supply any further evidence on the point. Can there be a more satisfactory, or more strictly parliamentary course? Impossible.

'We at once avow a similar inability to record at what precise period, or by what particular process, this gentleman's patronymic, of William Barker, became corrupted into "Bill Boorker." Mr. Barker acquired a high standing and no inconsiderable reputation among the members of that profession to which he more peculiarly devoted his energies: and to them he was generally known either by the familiar appellation of "Bill Boorker," or the flattering designation of "Aggrawatin Bill," the latter being a playful and expressive *sobriquet*, illustrative of Mr. Barker's great talent in "aggrawatin" and rendering wild such subjects of his Majesty as are conveyed from place to place, through the instrumentality of omnibusses. Of the early life of Mr. Barker little is known, and even that little is involved in considerable doubt and obscurity. A want of application, a restlessness of purpose, a thirsting after porter, a love of all that is roving and cadger-like in nature, shared in common with many other great geniuses, appear to have been his leading characteristics. The busy hum of a parochial free-school, and the shady repose of a county gaol, were alike inefficacious in producing the slightest alteration in Mr. Barker's disposition—his feverish attachment to change and variety nothing could repress; his native daring no punishment could subdue.

'If Mr. Barker can be fairly said to have had any weakness in his earlier years, it was an amiable one—love; love in its most comprehensive form—a love of ladies, liquids, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It was no selfish feeling; it was not confined to his own possessions, which but too many men regard with exclusive complacency. No; it was a nobler love—a general principle. It extended itself with equal force to the property of other people.

'There is something very affecting in this. It is still more affecting to know that such philanthropy is but imperfectly rewarded. Bow-street, Newgate, and Millbank, are a poor return for general benevolence, evincing itself in an irrepressible love of created objects. Mr. Barker felt it so—after a lengthened interview with the highest legal authorities, he quitted his ungrateful country, with the consent, and at the

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the expense, of its Government; proceeded to a distant shore, and there employed himself, like another Cincinnatus, in clearing and cultivating the soil—a peaceful pursuit, in which a term of seven years glided almost imperceptibly away.'—*Sketches, Second Series*, pp. 298-301.

The delicate irony of the two last paragraphs reminds us of thy commencement of a prologue composed and spoken by Barrington on the occasion of opening of the theatre in New South Wales:—

'True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.'

But, to be sure, what could equal the effect of such a couplet, pronounced on the stage of Sidney by the *prince* of London pickpockets transmuted into the *High-Sheriff* of a penal colony.

The reader is probably anxious to know in what manner Mr. Barker's genius most strikingly developed itself:—

'To recapitulate all the improvements introduced by this extraordinary man, into the omnibus system—gradually, indeed, but surely—would occupy a far greater space than we are enabled to devote to this imperfect memoir. To him is universally assigned the original suggestion of the practice which afterwards became so general—of the driver of a second buss keeping constantly behind the first one, and driving the pole of his vehicle either into the door of the other, every time it was opened, or through the body of any lady or gentleman who might make an attempt to get into it—a humorous and pleasant invention, exhibiting all that originality of idea, and fine bold flow of spirits, so conspicuous in every action of this great man.

'Mr. Barker had opponents of course; what man in public life has not? But even his worst enemies cannot deny that he has taken more old ladies and gentlemen to Paddington who wanted to go to the Bank, and more old ladies and gentlemen to the Bank who wanted to go to Paddington, than any six men on the road; and however much malevolent spirits may pretend to doubt the accuracy of the statement, they well know it to be an established fact, that he has forcibly conveyed a variety of ancient persons of either sex, to both places, who had not the slightest or most distant intention of going anywhere at all.

'Mr. Barker was the identical cad who nobly distinguished himself, some time since, by keeping a tradesman on the step—the omnibus going at full speed all the time—till he had thrashed him to his entire satisfaction, and finally throwing him away when he had quite done with him. . . . . .

'It was in the exercise of the nicer details of his profession that Mr. Barker's knowledge of human nature was beautifully displayed. He could tell at a glance where a passenger wanted to go to, and would shout the name of the place accordingly, without the slightest reference to the real destination of the buss. He knew exactly the sort of old lady that would be too much flurried by the process of pushing in, and pulling out of the caravan, to discover where she had been set down until too late; had an intuitive perception of what was passing in a passenger's mind when he inwardly resolved to "pull that cad up to-morrow mornin" and never failed to make himself agreeable to

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female servants, whom he would place next the door, and talk to all the way.'—*ibid.* pp. 304-307.

There is an anecdote in this essay which may serve as an additional illustration of what has formerly been stated regarding the humour of the lower classes:—

'We have never seen him since, but we have strong reason to suspect that this noble individual was a distant relation of a waterman of our acquaintance, who, on one occasion, when we were passing the coach-stand over which he presides, after standing very quietly to see a tall man struggle into a cab, ran up very briskly when it was all over (as his brethren invariably do), and touching his hat, asked, as a matter of course, for "a copper for the waterman." Now the fare was by no means a handsome man; and waxing very indignant at the demand, he replied—"Money! What for? Coming up and looking at me, I suppose."—"Vell, sir," rejoined the waterman, with a smile of immovable complacency, "*That's* worth twopence, at least." '—*ibid.* pp. 297, 8.

Notwithstanding the merit of these and some other passages, we are under the sorrowful necessity of admitting that these Sketches are by no means calculated to dissipate the apprehensions which the decline visible in the later numbers of the Pickwick Papers has pretty generally diffused, and, in our opinion, the memoirs of 'Oliver Twist,' now in a course of publication in a new magazine edited (as stated in the advertisements) by 'Boz,' afford much higher promise of that gentleman's ability to sustain himself in the position he has won; for—(speaking simply of effect, and without reference to the tendency, which is most commonly to foster a prejudice)—there is a sustained power, a range of observation, and a continuity of interest in this series which we seek in vain in any other of his works. The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast; on the principle, we presume, of making hay whilst the sun shines, he seems to have accepted at once all engagements that were offered to him, and the consequence is, that in too many instances he has been compelled to

'forestall the blighted harvest of the brain,'

and put forth, in their crude, unfinished, undigested state, thoughts, feelings, observations, and plans which it required time and study to mature—or supply the allotted number of pages with original matter of the most common-place description, or hints caught from others and diluted to make them pass for his own. If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick; but let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous, and versatile enough to insure him a high and enduring reputation.

ART.

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ART. VII.—1. *Corrected Report of the Speech of Lord John Russell at the Dinner given at his Election for Stroud, on Friday, 28th July,* 1837, *and an Account of the Proceedings.* Knight, London. pp. 185.

2. *Domestic Prospects of the Country under a New Parliament.* Ridgway. 1837. pp. 47.

HAD an ordinary candidate for the borough of Stroud been contented with the usual Whig modesty of pronouncing a panegyric on himself and his colleagues, or with the usual Whig candour of misrepresenting the motives of his political opponents, we should, under such common circumstances, have considered his election speech as beyond, or, more properly speaking, below the sphere of our notice. But Lord John Russell, though reduced to the painful necessity of descending from the rank of a county member, and of soliciting a return to parliament, and—to use the clerical phrase—a *title* to office from the borough of Stroud, is still the first minister of the Crown in the most prominent branch of the legislature. He is, moreover, known as the author of some small, though voluminous, works connected with our political history, and although these bulky opuscula are certainly trivial, and have not received in the literary world even that degree of acceptation of which a '*noble author*' is generally secure; yet the very fact of his having employed his leisure in such pursuits gives, and justly, a certain additional weight and respectability to the statements of the *minister*. When, therefore, we find a person of the highest political station, and of no inconsiderable *pretensions* to literary authority, preferring, against the various administrations which have ruled this empire for the last fifty years, a solemn *bill of indictment* for all the high crimes and misdemeanors of which a government could possibly be guilty; and when it is recollected that these charges were not the mere transitory ebullitions of election excitement, but had been, as is evident, long prepared in the author's mind, and they are now so satisfactory to his deliberate judgment, that he has thought them worthy of a more permanent form—of a critical *revision*—and above all, of a general distribution to the world, as the indelible record of the guilt, the follies, and the misfortunes of the Tory ministries of the last half century; when, we say, all this is recollected, it will not, we trust, be thought supererogatory, that we should devote a few pages to the defence of public men whom we have, from the very institution of this journal, professed to admire, and of political principles which we have always, to the best of our power, asserted and maintained. Nor is the vindication of those characters, and the maintenance of those principles, a mere

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a mere barren duty of gratitude—it is a vivifying principle of conduct. The policy which Lord John Russell arraigns, we believe to have been, under Providence, the main cause of a state of national prosperity and glory which never had been equalled, and WE never will allow it to be misrepresented and calumniated with impunity. If in the exposure which we shall make of the leading topics of his speech, we should show it to be a combination of petty spite and enormous ignorance, of creeping malice and audacious misrepresentation—if the character of Lord John Russell for talents or candour should appear to suffer under the ordeal to which he has exposed himself, we beg it may be recollected that the occasion is none of our seeking—that his lordship not only volunteered the original aggression, but has deliberately repeated the insulting challenge; and—as there is always a strong spice of the ridiculous in his lordship's attempts at the sublime—he has thought fit to disseminate his libel from the press of the '*Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge!*'—an unintentional propriety on his lordship's part—as we have confident hopes that his publication will eventually be found to have contributed to *the diffusion of useful knowledge*—though not exactly in the way that the noble author intended.

If, also, it should happen that the course of our argument against the Whigs should wear an aspect of *recrimination*, and that we should be told that recrimination is no substantive *defence*—we beg leave to say, that when the question is as to two different lines of policy and the merits of two antagonist claimants for public approbation, it is a rational, logical, and, if true, an irresistible answer, to show that the accusations raised by one party against its rivals, apply in a greater, or even in an equal, degree against the accuser, and that, giving all possible weight to such objections, it will turn out that of the two the accuser is the worse public servant, and less entitled to public confidence.

But looking at the matter in a higher view, and supposing, as we shall be able to show, that the imputed errors are not errors at all—that in some instances they were merits—and, in others, the inevitable conditions of all representative government—it is *retort*, indeed, but not *recrimination*, to show that those who now censure such measures were themselves forward to adopt and zealous to pursue them. When Lord John Russell recommends the Whigs to the public as *more meritorious* and *less expensive* public servants than the Tories, there are no other possible means of contradicting his assertion than by showing that they are *less meritorious* and *more expensive*, and especially *in the very points* they untruly object to their rivals.

Before we proceed to the details of the question, it is right to premise

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premise a few words as to the occasion and audience selected by Lord John Russell for his philippic. Stroud is a new borough, created by Lord John Russell himself in the *third* and last edition of his Reform Bill, out of a number of small manufacturing villages in Gloucestershire—the local and statistical fitness of which to constitute a BOROUGH may be inferred from the fact that this pretended *borough* extends over a space of country twelve miles long and eleven miles wide—containing *fourteen* parishes and a population of 41,000 souls—but, with all the fostering care of the author of the Reform Bill, containing less than 1000 persons inhabiting houses of the annual value of ten pounds. Now we entreat our readers' attention to the *legerdemain* by which Lord John Russell has been brought forward for this borough of his own creating. They will recollect that amidst the general destruction of *nomination boroughs*, Tavistock was preserved for the special uses of a patriotic family, which from the earliest time have been egregious *reformers* to their own profit at other people's expense.

> 'The great *reforming* conqueror bade spare
> The house of *Russell*, when *Fowey* and *Callington*
> Went to the ground.'

We remember that when some suspicion of this kind was expressed in the discussion of the Reform Bill, the Marquis of Tavistock indignantly repelled the insinuation that his family would ever again exert any influence in that borough. It *happened*, however, that in the *first* reform parliament the members for this little town were Lord Russell, *son* of the *self-denying* Marquis, (*who was himself called up to the House of Peers,*) and Colonel Fox, the son of Lord Holland, *a close ally of the house of Russell.* At this time Lord John had the good fortune to sit for South Devon: at the *second* reform parliament, however, it was discovered that Lord John was not secure in the county seat, and that if some *timely* precautions were not taken, he might be reduced to the necessity of taking refuge in the abjured borough of Tavistock. But so early and so flagrant an instance of *nomination*, was too much even for Whig audacity, and it was evaded in name, and executed in substance, with Whig dexterity. Colonel Fox was quietly removed from Tavistock and returned for Stroud, where he sat for three months, as, what is expressively called, a *warming-pan*, till the defeat of Lord John Russell in Devon obliged Colonel Fox, as had been foreseen, to make the convenient vacancy by which Lord John got into parliament for Stroud.

These facts, if there were no other proof, would satisfy our readers of the justice of those praises which Lord John lavishes on himself and his colleagues as to the *design* and the *spirit* in which the

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the Reform Bill was framed, and in which it has been executed; and it must be admitted that under all these circumstances it required no small share of either courage or forgetfulness to select *this* place, occasion, and company, to eulogize the fairness, the justice, and the substantial efficacy of the Reform Bill, and to found on that *great and impartial renovation* of the Constitution the right of branding with opprobrious names and still more insulting insinuations those perverse personages who did not, and cannot to this hour, see any great national regeneration in having Stroud erected, at the public expense, into a parliamentary *chapel of ease* to Tavistock.

The *Corrected* Report sets out with stating that four hundred gentlemen of the borough—besides deputations from Bristol, Gloucester, and other neighbouring towns—attended this distinguished meeting; but of the *four hundred* the *Corrected* Report gives the following names only:—

'Lord *Moreton* presided. On his right sat Lord John Russell, on his left, *G. P. Scrope, Esq.* At the same table we recognized the *Earl of Ducie*, *Lord Segrave*, *Sir John Guise*, the *Hon. Captain Berkeley*, the *Hon. F. Berkeley*, the *Hon. C. Berkeley*, the *Hon. G. Berkeley*, the *Hon. A. Moreton*, and *Mr. Philpotts*, M.P. for Gloucester. *Charles Stanton, Esq.*, acted as vice-president.'—p. 3.

All very respectable gentlemen, no doubt, but, methinks, rather a scanty assemblage on so great an occasion; and we should like to know what, *in old times*, the Whigs would have said if two Tory Peers had appeared thus ostentatiously and influentially to celebrate the election of a member of the House of Commons? The Reform Bill professed to get rid of all such interference, direct or indirect—we see with what effect: but the truth is, that the real design of that Bill was to create the greatest possible number of Whig *nominations* at the expense of the greatest possible number of Tory disfranchisements, and *that* honest design, it must be admitted, it has most successfully executed.

'Lord Moreton presided'—Lord Moreton? We had never heard of such a Lord—our Court Calendar had no such rank or title; but we have since discovered by a notification in the Gazette of *only the 21st January last*, dated from the *office of Lord John Russell*, that the *Baron* Ducie was then raised to the dignity of *Viscount Moreton* and *Earl of Ducie*. *Lord Moreton* is therefore the Earl of Ducie's eldest son. We have too much respect for the royal prerogative to raise any question as to the services to the Crown or the country by which Lord Ducie may have merited this accession of rank. It is enough for us to show that a motive of gratitude may have caused the presence of him and his family on this occasion. Lord Segrave, also, and his four brothers

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brothers 'were recognized;'—no doubt a great honour to Lord John Russell; but it must be recollected that Lord Segrave (late Colonel Berkeley) was created a Peer by Lord John Russell and his colleagues early in their administration, and his presence may therefore, like that of Lord Ducie, be attributed to political gratitude. On the left of the chairman sat Mr. Poulett Scrope; a gentleman of ability, and amiable character—*but* the brother of one of Lord John's colleagues in the cabinet—Mr. Poulett Thompson. As far, therefore, as we are informed by the Corrected Report, which of course would have omitted no name that would have done honour to the assembly, the gratuitous, and what is commonly called independent, countenance contributed by the whole of the great county of Gloucester, and by 'the deputations from Bristol and other neighbouring towns' to Lord John Russell's inauguration, must be reckoned up in Sir John Guise, Mr. Philpotts, and Mr. Stanton:—of *four hundred gentlemen* the Corrected Report ventures to give no more than these three names—*valeant quantum!*

To this choice assembly Lord John Russell made the speech which, after due deliberation and revision, he has thought proper to put on record, and which thus becomes the subject of our consideration. The *text*, if we may use the expression, of this discourse will be found in the following passage:—

'A great part, I should say the greater part, of our task as a Reform Ministry, has been to correct the errors, to repair the blunders, and to remedy the evils, which those Tory ministers had inflicted upon the country. My enumeration shall be as short as I can make it, although, in making it short, I must be culpable of many omissions.'—p. 5.

Not exactly the first in order, but one of the most prominent, and certainly (considering all the local circumstances) the strangest topic of this speech, was the alleged prostitution of the peerage for party purposes during the fifty years of Tory misrule:—

'Among the various corruptions which were introduced into our constitution by Tory ministers, who reigned supreme for upwards of fifty years, must be numbered that of *pouring into the House of Lords such a flood* of persons of their own political opinions, as to render that assembly the representatives of a particular party rather than a sound constitutional body. I believe I am hardly exaggerating when I say that in the course of fifty years, in one way or another, not less than two hundred persons have been added to the House of Lords. Of course the introduction of so large a mass of individuals, *all belonging to one party*, has in some respects changed the character of the House of Lords.'—p. 13.

And again, speaking of the Irish Union, he says that

'*honours and titles* were *lavished* without stint to buy the Irish Parliament.'—p. 6. Now

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Now certainly this is very surprising from one of a ministry who, in the first year of their power, created nearly *double the number* of peers which had *ever* before been made within the same period—more than were '*lavished* to carry the Irish Union'—and as many in *six* years as Lord Liverpool had made in *sixteen*—and who, it is well known, endeavoured to make *fifty, sixty, one hundred* more;—having been only prevented from thus annihilating the peerage under a deluge of degradation, by the unexpected resistance of his late Majesty.

But this fifty years' profusion of peerages were it seems all lavished on *one party*. Lord John Russell conveniently forgets that in the former Administration of the Whigs—1806—they created no less than *twelve* peerages in a few months. But the inference which Lord John founds on this assertion, namely, that the *existing* Opposition to Ministers in the House of Lords is the result of this fifty years' lavishing of the peerage on *one party* exclusively, is still more unfounded. We have taken the pains of examining some of the recent divisions in the House of Lords with reference to the dates of the creation of the respective peerages, and we find that the insinuation of the Secretary of State for the Home Department is absolutely the reverse of true. We find in every division that we have examined—and particularly in the greatest and most remarkable that we believe ever took place, that on the Irish Municipal Bill on the 5th May last—that excluding from both sides all peers created between 1781 and 1831—Lord John's chosen period of fifty years—the *relative* strength of the parties would still remain much the same—the majority 190, and minority 115 would be reduced to about 100 and 60 respectively, being, as our readers see, pretty nearly the same *proportion* as the actual division: and on pursuing the examination which Lord John Russell has suggested, it turns out to be, for his Lordship, a very unlucky topic. We find that in the great division of the 5th May, of 113 names which the list of the minority contains (two being somehow omitted) the *enormous number* of FIFTY are peers actually *created or promoted* by the Whigs in the last six years; while *twenty* others are actual holders of *office*; leaving only *forty-three* that we may call independent; and we even reckon in this latter class the Duke of Bedford, Lord Besborough, Lord Seaford, and others whose *sons* hold high office. We find also, of the *ordinary* and very ordinary support which Lord Melbourne receives in the House of Lords, the composition is much the same; about one-*half*—sometimes a few more, and occasionally a few less—is composed of peers who have been either *created* or *advanced* in their own proper persons by *this* very Administration; and that these, with the actual holders of

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of office form about two-thirds of their whole strength. We add a couple of instances from the division lists in the 'Mirror of Parliament' for last year (those of the present year have not yet been published).

Of the minority of 31 on the Municipal Act Amendment Bill (18th July, 1836), 15 were created or promoted by the present Ministers, 9 others were office-holders, leaving 8 of what would be commonly called independent.

Of the minority of 47 on the appropriation clause of the Irish Church Bill (25th July, 1836), 20 were created or promoted by the present Ministry, 16 more were office-holders, and of course 11 only exempt of these two motives of influence.

And yet Lord John Russell was not ashamed to attribute the numbers of the Opposition in the House of Lords to a profligate profusion of peerages made within an unjustifiably short period in favour of one party exclusively—such being in fact their own conduct and the main basis on which they themselves rest in the House of Lords.

Lord John's next charge is—

'In no very long period of years they increased the debt of this country from 250,000,000*l.* to 800,000,000*l.*'

We must begin by observing that it is somewhat amusing to hear a Whig—and one who affects to be an historian too—affecting to lay the blame of the National Debt upon the *Tories*, the debt being notoriously a *Whig* invention; and any one who knows anything of the history of parties in the early portion of the last century, will recollect that Swift and Bolingbroke made *very truly* the same charges against the Whigs for the creation and increase of the Debt, which my Lord John now *very unjustly* makes against the Tories. Swift and Bolingbroke were right in their facts, though they were wrong as to the effect which they predicted from the debt; but Lord John is wrong both in his facts and in his inferences. This is not the place to renew our old dispute with the Jacobins, whether the resistance which England opposed to the French Revolution—in its successive phases of anarchy, terror, and despotism—is not her greatest pride and strongest claim to the admiration and gratitude of mankind—and whether the price, great as it was, which we paid for the safety and the glory achieved by these exertions, was not in fact a wise and defensive economy. If Lord John is of a contrary opinion to ours, let him boldly say so, and we, and others more able than we, will readily meet him in that preliminary debate with, we doubt not, the same success that our predecessors in the argument obtained and maintained over the forerunners of Lord John Russell: but take the matter as he states it, and even in that narrow view we must pronounce

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pronounce the assertion to be utterly unfounded. *Was* it "*Tory* Ministers" only who between 1790 and 1830 increased the debt by 550 millions? *Were* the Duke of Portland, the Earls Spencer and Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Windham, *Tories?* They joined Mr. Pitt (whom we gladly admit to be, in the modern sense of the word, a Tory,) in 1794, and between that and 1801 they concurred in doubling the debt—Lord Spencer and Mr. Windham being specially responsible for the two greatest heads of expenditure, the navy and army. In 1806, on the death of Mr. Pitt, the Whigs, under the designation of 'All the Talents,'—assumed by them in their pride, and fixed upon them by public derision—came into the uncontrolled administration of the government, and in that single year they increased the debt by above *twenty millions*. As this matter stands in the front of Lord John Russell's battle, and as it is, and has long been, the favourite topic both of Whigs and Jacobins (perhaps we do wrong to make a distinction between them), we think it worth while—(as materials of a kind of history which Lord John does not deal in—that of *facts*)—to state a little in detail the transcendent merits of Whig finance.

The Whigs acceded to office in March, 1806; they quitted office in April, 1807. But it so happened that they had substantially the conduct of the finances for the whole of the years 1806 and 1807. The budget was in both years brought forward by Lord H. Petty (Lord Lansdowne), and the arrangement proposed by him was not altered or interfered with by his political opponents who succeeded to the government.

We have, therefore, by a comparison of the debt of the country as it stood on the 5th January, 1806, with its amount on the 5th January, 1808, a perfect test by which to try the comparative efforts of the Whigs to avoid incurring debt, and of the success which attended them.

The following is an extract from a return presented to the House of Commons in December, 1819, purporting to be 'an account of the total amount of the funded and unfunded debt of Great Britain in each year from 1786 to 1819:'—

Year ending 5th Jan. 1806 .	£604,535,141
.. 1807 . .	625,130,227
.. 1808 .	637,738,420

From which it appears that in the first year of Whig Administration the debt was augmented by above 20,000,000*l.*, and in the second by 13,000,000*l.*, in all 33,200,000*l.*, or, on the average, about 16,600,000*l.* a-year.

A further extract from the same return will show what the case was in the succeeding years for which the Tories and the Torie alone were responsible:—

For

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For the year ending 5th Jan.	1808	£637,738,420
.. ..	1809	648,024,192
.. ..	1810	658,360,665

being an increase of debt in the two years 1808 and 1809 of 20,600,000*l.*, or, on the average, about 10,300,000*l.* per annum,—an annual economy as compared with Whig years of about 3,300,000*l.*

But extend the inquiry one year further, so as to comprise the expenditure of the war in Spain, which had then begun, and that of the expedition to the Scheldt, and what is the result? The debt on the 5th of January, 1811, was 666,665,446*l.*, which, compared with the amount on the 5th of January, 1808, (637,738,420*l.*), gives an augmentation of debt in the *three* Tory years of not quite 29,000,000*l.*, or an annual increase of less than *ten millions* per annum, the increase during the period of the inefficient Whig government being at the rate of near *seventeen*.

But perhaps this Whig increase of debt will be justified on the ground that by increasing the debt the necessity of imposing 'burdensome taxes on the people' was avoided. Was it so? Look at their budget of 1806, as proposed and as executed—the former being evidence of their intentions, the latter a proof of their incompetence; both affording ample refutation of Lord John Russell's comparative scale of the economy of Whigs and Tories.

The taxes proposed by Lord H. Petty in 1806 were, first, the Property Tax, a tax which, if we are to believe the Whig authorities of 1817, was, in their opinion, of all taxes the most odious, the most oppressive, and the most to be deprecated. Yet this tax Lord H. Petty imposed at once to the full extent of 10 per cent., not on the ground of there being then any urgent necessity to require that extent of taxation, but because it was less alarming to be called upon for the whole amount at once than by gradual instalments—a Whig principle, founded on their dogma that the opinions of the *people* are always sober, and their judgments always final, and which was applied with equal success to the Reform Bill, by which Lord Grey fondly hoped to *gorge the appetite* for innovation, and was exceedingly surprised to find, as a better judge of human nature might have informed him, that the increase of 'appetite did grow with what it fed on.' But Lord H. Petty's dealing with the Property Tax did not end here; for in the following year, 1807, he produced a plan of finance, the essence of which was to continue the Property Tax and the other war taxes after the termination of the war, by making them the securities—*mortgages*, in fact—for future annual loans.

If, then, the Property Tax be what the Whigs described it to be in 1817, with them must rest the crime of its imposition to the full

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full amount, and of the attempt to charge upon the country for a long period after the termination of the war the most odious and burdensome of taxes.

The second item of Lord H. Petty's budget of 1806 was an increase of customs and excise on the following luxuries and necessaries of life, particularly felt by the poorer classes of the community, viz., tobacco, sugar and tea: and another article—wine—affecting the higher and middle orders, and taxed to the extent of 500,000*l.*

Then came a fetter upon the transfer of property in the shape of an *appraisement* duty; and lastly, a tax upon pig-iron to a similar amount. The good sense of the House of Commons rejected this latter impost on the staple of one of our most important manufactures. Defeated in the attempt to oppress the manufactures, the Whig minister turned round upon agriculture, and proposed a tax on private breweries, which combined every virtue which a tax can have in the eye of a Whig, as it pressed hard in its effects on the middling classes, and introduced the apparatus of the excise-office into every private dwelling where beer might be brewed. This tax, however, met with the fate of that for which it was proposed as a substitute; and the taxes upon iron and private breweries stand only as records of the hypocritical professions of the Whigs to abstain from *burdensome taxation.*

It is therefore somewhat 'saucy and overbold' and exceeding even the license habitual to Whiggery, in my Lord John Russell to accuse the *Tories* exclusively of having enormously increased the debt, and imposed the most oppressive taxes to meet it—the *most* enormous increase of the debt and the *most* oppressive taxation having been imposed by Lord John's own friends, connexions, and colleagues.

But, if Lord John could be forgiven for forgetting, under the oblivious effects of the bumpers he had been drinking at Stroud, the Whigs of 1806—we are surprised that when, in the sobriety of his study he came to *correct* the outpourings of his Bacchic enthusiasm, he should have forgotten the consistent Tories with whom he, equally consistent, has associated himself—that he should not have recollected that his noble friend and present colleague, the Viscount Palmerston, had been during the greater part of the accumulation of the debt *Secretary at War*, the office under which the greater share of the expenditure was incurred; and that Lord Glenelg also, another colleague, was a Lord of the Treasury during the very years in which the greatest additions were made to the debt. We admit that they were then Tories, but they are now Lord John Russell's colleagues, and his speech is made, he tells us, 'on behalf of himself and all his colleagues.'

But

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But mere recrimination is, we again admit, no defence—the question is, not *who* did it, but was it *right* to be done? If the expenditure was not *necessary* to preserve the independence, the liberties, the very existence of England, a tithe of it would have been too much. But for such vital objects no price could be too great, and the people of England were proud to pay it. Upon this point we have authority which Lord John Russell cannot evade. The king's speech opening the session of 1807 was drawn probably by Lord Grey, certainly produced by the Cabinet of which he, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Holland, were members;—that speech states, in language as strong as Mr. Pitt could have used, the *necessity* of those great military and financial efforts in which their present colleague Lord John Russell can see nothing but culpable and profligate Toryism.

'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,' says that speech, 'His Majesty looks with confidence to your assistance in those exertions which the *honor and independence of your country* demand. The *necessity* of adding to the public burdens will be painful to your feelings, and is deeply distressing to His Majesty. In considering the estimates, you will best consult His Majesty's wishes by combining all practicable economy with those efforts which it is *necessary* to make against the formidable and *increasing* power of the enemy.'—*King's Speech, Dec.* 18, 1806.

The address, echoing back this speech, and pledging the House of Commons 'to those additions to the public burdens, rendered *necessary* by the formidable and *increasing* power of the enemy,' was moved by the Hon. William Lamb, now Lord Viscount Melbourne! from whose speech we extract with pleasure the following passage, as a full answer to that of his present coadjutor, on this part of the subject:—

'Adverting to that part of His Majesty's Speech in which the necessity of enduring great burdens was lamented,' Mr. Lamb observed, 'that deeply as the weight of those burdens must be felt, he was convinced that, with that feeling would be mingled throughout the country a firm conviction of the *necessity* which existed of imposing them,—of bearing them with good-humour, of making those sacrifices which, under the present circumstances, a great nation was called upon to make. He would not believe that the House could for a moment hesitate in adopting the only line of conduct which it appeared to him they could with propriety pursue—namely, to *pledge themselves* to meet the *exigencies of this great* crisis with firmness, and to *make provision for calling the strength of the country into energetic exertion—determined to fight to the last extremity* for the happiness and honour which Great Britain had to preserve, and against the misery and disgrace which she had to avert.'—*Hans. Deb.*, Dec. 19, 1806, vol. viii. p. 43.

Now, surely, if it was pardonable in the Whigs to increase the debt in 1806-7 by 33 millions, and to have purchased by that enormous

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enormous expenditure nothing but defeat and disgrace, it was really not less so in the Tories to struggle against that formidable and *increasing* power—rendered more formidable by the miserable failure of the Whigs—at an expenditure of ten millions in each of the three succeeding years; and to have opened in those years that great career of victory which, amongst its other almost miraculous effects, has effaced from the page of our national history the deep disgrace of the Whig administration of 1806.

Nor is this all:—on the message of the Prince Regent on the return of Buonaparte from Elba, the House of Commons resolved—

'That they would, with the utmost zeal and alacrity, afford the requisite assistance to enable his Royal Highness to make an augmentation of His Majesty's forces, by sea and land; and to adopt all such measures as may be necessary for the accomplishment of the general and permanent security of Europe.'—*Parl. Deb.* 7th April, 1815, vol. xxx. p. 435.

This resolution was passed in the Lords *nem. con.*, Lord Grey speaking in its favour. In the Commons it was opposed indeed by Mr. Whitbread and others, who would now be called Radicals, but supported by Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the Whigs, and by that party generally. Mr. Plunket—now Lord Chancellor of Ireland—particularly distinguished himself by the zeal with which he urged 'that, at a crisis so important, the hands of the Government should be strengthened' (*ib.*): and the resolution was carried by 220 to 37: and in this minority of 37 we do *not* find the name of Lord John Russell, who was then in Parliament, and, for aught we know, may have voted with the majority; if he did not, his absence betrayed both his duty and his principles.

But when the war was gloriously concluded, 'those Tory ministers,' in fulfilment of the national engagements, and in discharge of the original contract with the public creditor, proceeded honestly to diminish that vast amount of debt, and had reduced it, between 1816 and 1830, by no less than *seventy-nine millions* of capital, and 3,700,000*l.* of annual charge; and the reduction would have been incalculably greater but that the Whigs, exciting in the people 'an ignorant impatience of taxation,' interrupted, at an early stage, the progress of reduction—which we are convinced would have been, in the long run, the best financial policy of the country.

But the most surprising reply to Lord John Russell's statement is still to be made, and it is this:—that under the last six years' peaceful administration of the men who make such grievous complaints of the increase of the debt in the course of the gigantic conflict with Frenchified Europe, the debt has absolutely been on the increase; and is *now* upwards of *four millions and a half greater* than it was on the accession of the Whigs in 1831! But

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But why does Lord John Russell look at but *one* side of the account? When he makes the Tories responsible for the increase of the debt and all its consequences, why does he conceal that the general prosperity of the country, its rank amongst nations, its domestic improvement, its population, habitations, roads, canals, agriculture, manufactures, personal comforts, and general education, and civilization, made a progress at least equal, and seemingly, in some degree, proportionate to the advance of the Debt?

The following tabular view of the chief standard measures of national prosperity will be gratifying to our readers. The *population* and the state of the *shipping interest* represent the natural powers of the country; the general state of trade and manufactures is exhibited by the amount of *imports* and *exports;* the progress of the great manufacturing interests may be estimated from the importation of cotton; that of the domestic comfort of the people by the consumption of *tea, sugar,* and *beer;* of the improvement of their personal habits by the articles of *soap* and *candles;* and of the extension or amelioration of their dwellings by the increased use of *bricks.* We know not what better measures of national prosperity and domestic comfort could be found than these; if we did, we should willingly produce them—for there is no article of general use and interest concerning which we could not produce an equally satisfactory return:—

	1790.	1815.	1830.
Population of England and Wales	8,540,738	10,497,586*	13,840,751
Tonnage of British Shipping cleared out	1,399,233	2,105,676	3,234,707
Total of Imports into Great Britain, Official Value . . .	£19,130,886	£35,999,650	£42,311,648
Total of Exports from Great Britain, Official Value . . .	£19,900,000	£60,983,894	£66,072,163
Cotton Wool Imported . (lbs.)	31,447,605	99,306,343	222,767,411
Sugar Imported . . . (cwt.)	1,882,106	3,984,782	4,145,733
Tea . . . . . (lbs.)	16,693,670	27,787,230	29,494,899
Beer . . . . . (brls.)	6,354,367	7,667,846	7,724,538
Soap . . . . . (lbs.)	40,063,832	73,189,646	112,125,595
Tallow Candles . . . (lbs.)	51,999,301	77,826,636	115,066,401
Bricks . . . . . (No.)	711,191,307	778,390,169	1,134,698,082

Lord John's next charge is that

'They [the Tories] imposed most burdensome taxes upon the people to pay the interest of that debt.'—p. 5.

We have already shown that the Whigs increased the taxes—and especially the more oppressive taxes—in even a greater degree

* No account of population was taken in the Year 1815; we have, therefore, taken the account for 1820.

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than the Tories. We mention it not as blame to them, but as a reply to Lord John Russell's exclusive accusation. The imposition of taxes was a painful but inevitable necessity incumbent upon the existing government, whether Whig or Tory; the only difference was, that the Tories imposed the burdens in the least onerous way, and employed them with the greatest success; while the Whigs both mismanaged and misused them, and now are so ashamed of their notorious incapacity as to affect to forget that they were ever concerned in such affairs.

But when Lord John told his constituents of the oppressive impositions of the Tories, he ought in fairness to have added, that as soon as the necessity had ceased, the Tories set to work vigorously—(too much so, we think)—in the reduction of taxation—as the following account will prove:—

Amount of Taxes repealed in each year since the War:

1816	£18,288,000
1817	280,000
1818	236,000
1821	480,000
1822	3,355,000
1823	3,200,000
1824	1,727,000
1825	3,146,000
1830	3,900,000
Total Amount repealed	£34,612,000
Deduct Taxes imposed in 1819	3,190,000
Total repealed between 1816—1830	£31,422,000

We honestly confess that we had rather have seen a portion of these taxes continued to maintain the sinking fund; but the country, instigated by the Whigs, insisted on the repeal, and the ministry acquiesced. In our judgment—*then* as now—they should rather have resigned. But it seems somewhat hard that Lord John Russell should make the Tories responsible both for the amount of the debt, the diminution of which was suspended by the Whigs, and for the maintenance of taxes which were actually abolished.—He goes on to say—

'They [those Tories] incurred many unnecessary expenses, and kept up many most useless establishments.'—p. 5.

We have just seen, that between the conclusion of the war and the resignation of those Tories, in 1830, thirty-one millions of taxes had been reduced; which of itself implies a pretty considerable reduction of establishments and expense; but the following table, showing the reduction in the first five years of peace of the four chief heads of establishment, will be the severest, yet the civilest

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civilest and most unquestionable answer we can give to Lord John Russell:—

	1816.	1817.	1818.	1819.	1820.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Army	35,321,544	15,027,898	9,718,086	7,785,078	8,998,036
Navy	16,074,870	9,516,325	6,473,062	6,521,714	6,395,552
Ordnance	3,248,759	2,748,841	1,417,648	1,247,197	1,243,638
Miscellaneous ...	3,867,592	2,438,459	1,839,992	2,634,916	1,833,791
	58,511,766	29,731,523	19,508,795	18,189,805	18,471,017

Forty millions of reduction in five years seem to us no great proof of an over anxiety to keep up unnecessary expenses and useless establishments; and the public have not forgotten Mr. Spring Rice's famous admission—so different in spirit and substance from Lord John's idle accusations—that when, at the close of the Duke of Wellington's Administration in 1830, the Whigs began to look about for the opportunity of exercising their promised retrenchments, they found that they could be but *gleaners in the field* of reduction, the harvest having been already gathered, and perhaps too closely, by the vigilant economy of his Grace's Administration. While, on the other hand, since the accession of Lord Grey's Government, there has notoriously been, under the guise of commissions and special employments, a more profligate creation of patronage available for political influence than even the most shameless days of that arch-Whig, Sir Robert Walpole, could match. Of both these facts, the following summary will afford sufficient proof.

Between 1815 and 1830 reductions were effected in the civil departments of about 5000 persons and near 1,000,000*l.* of salaries; while on the other side of the account we find that in the *single year*—1833—for which we have a *distinct* account—the Whigs created

By legislative enactment . .	270 offices.
By commissions, &c. . .	155 ——
	425

Of which there were—

Of 6000*l.* a-year and upwards . .	1!
3000*l.* and under 6000*l.* . . .	1!
2000*l.* and under 3000*l.* . .	1!
1000*l.* and under 2000*l.* . . .	32!
800*l.* and under 1000*l.* . .	7!
600*l.* and under 800*l.* . . .	4!
400*l.* and under 600*l.* . . .	8!
200*l.* and under 400*l.* . . .	141!
Under 200*l.*	230!*——

* See Parliamentary Papers for 1834—Numbers 171, 256, 291, 296, 319.

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—The number of offices created in that one year, 1833, being *four hundred and twenty-five;* their salaries *one hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred and sixteen pounds!*

It would puzzle Lord John to find anything like this in the annals of the Tories. But, after all, Lord John's attacks on Tory extravagance are prompted by motives and feelings which have no reference to economy. The Whigs opposed the war with France —they fraternized with the French Revolution, and would have overthrown the constitution of this country. The country resisted them, and the *war against French principles* was pursued by Mr. Pitt with the eager concurrence of the vast majority of the nation. Its success (though now and then interrupted by temporary checks) was substantially and ultimately triumphant. London was the only capital in Europe which was not taken by a hostile force —(except Constantinople, *attacked by the Whigs*). Paris, in despite of Whig scoffs and prophecies, was twice taken, and their idol Buonaparte finally overthrown. All this the Whigs never can forgive; and, being unable to deny or palliate the mischievous absurdity of their own counsels and the complete success of their opponents, they lay hold of the *expense* of the war as a compensatory topic; hoping by this appeal to the lowest of human motives to make us forget their own selfish and culpable policy, which Mr. Wilberforce so memorably characterised, as '*wishing for just as much calamity to the country as might serve to bring them into power!*'

Lord John proceeds—

'To facilitate for a time the collection of taxes, they [the Tories] depreciated the currency, thereby rendering their imposts, in the end, much more burdensome and more heavy upon the nation.'—p. 5.

That the issue of inconvertible bank notes facilitated the payment of taxes,—(as it did *every other* species of financial or commercial transaction,)—is not to be denied; but that it was devised for that purpose is a gratuitous and entirely erroneous inference. The fact stated by Lord John was one of many consequences of the suspension of specie-payments in 1797, but the motive assigned was certainly not one of the many causes which induced the measure. Lord John, it is clear to us, from his expressions, knows nothing about the matter, and repeats only by rote what he had read in some such profound authority as Mr. Wm. Cobbett: but however that may be—was it candid in the Noble Lord to refuse to 'those Tories' the merit at least of having *returned* to cash payments, which had been predicted to be impossible—and of having done so with a degree of caution and prudence which produced less dislocation of interests than even the most sanguine of the *bullionists* had ventured to promise? If the Government of 1797—composed of Tories

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Tories and Whigs—was forced by the imperious necessities of the war into measures contrary to the true principles of a national currency, the Tories at least lost no time in returning to the more wholesome system, as soon as the state of the world admitted of so great a change; and it was effected, as we have said, with less revulsion, less present distress, and less permanent loss than any of the thousand theorists who wrote on the subject had dared to prophesy.

Lord John next proceeds to the consideration of the Poor Laws.

'They [the Tories] administered the poor laws in such a way, as to deprive them of the effect intended by the Act of Elizabeth: they paid the wages of labour out of a fund, that ought only to be distributed in the way of charity.'—pp. 5, 6.

It is a little too hard to make the Tory Ministers responsible for the local abuses in the administration of the Poor Laws, which were in no degree within their ministerial attributes or functions, and which they could only have remedied by suggesting parliamentary interference. That interference was often attempted by individual members, under the sanction of the Tory government; but the leading, and indeed we might almost say *sole*, principle of Whig-opposition policy—namely, to oppose whatever ministers might propose, right or wrong—and, most vehemently, the right—this sole principle of Whig action rendered it impossible for the Tories to work out to their full extent any reforms against which it was possible to excite the susceptibilities of the people. This was the reason why the government did not make the revision of the Poor Laws a *government question*—they knew that if they did the Whigs would make it a *party one*. They therefore suggested in 1816 and 1817 a committee of inquiry on the subject, and on the report of that committee they induced Mr. Sturges Bourne, one of the most intelligent and respectable men in the House—a Tory of course—to introduce a bill for amending the law of settlement, and another for preventing the misapplication of the rates—two bills which embodied several of the more useful and important parts of the recent measures. On the discussion of these bills Lord Castlereagh, in reply to some taunts from the opposition side of the house, because they were not made what is called a *government measure*, hinted, with great temper and delicacy, that it was the factious spirit and temper of the Whig opposition which induced the government to commit the measures to other, and, as he hoped, more acceptable advocacy.

'Lord Castlereagh supported the measure, and said that—

'He hoped the house would not attribute it to any supineness on the part of the government, that the question of the poor laws was not taken up by them in the way recommended [as a government measure]. .Government

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vernment were deeply sensible of the great importance of the subject, of the evils arising from the system, and the necessity of some remedy; but they thought it better to have it handled in such a way as would *identify it with every part of the house.* He differed from those who thought it was better that such a question should be taken up by the government. The most wise and proper mode of handling it was in such a way as to make it a kind of *common cause.* If the government were to introduce the measure, the consequence would be to excite jealousy; it would have the effect of making a remedy appear harsh, which, from other hands, would be received as a boon. But he would appeal to the gentlemen who constituted the committee, whether the government were not as zealous in assisting their endeavours, as if it had been a measure proposed by the government itself.'—*Par. Deb.*, 9*th Feb.*, 1819, vol. xxxix., p. 409.

Could there be a more gentlemanlike and just rebuke of the partisan policy of the Whigs, or, by anticipation, a more powerful refutation of Lord John Russell's charges? The subsequent events relative to Mr. Sturges Bourne's efforts are equally striking.

The bill for preventing the misapplication of poor rates was in its progress opposed more or less decidedly by Lord Milton, Mr. Curwen, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Hume, Alderman Wood, and Sir James Mackintosh,—all Whigs; and supported by Mr. Bourne, of course, Mr. William Courtenay, now Earl of Devon, and two or three other Tories. It passed the House of Commons, and was taken up in the Lords by Lord Harrowby, one of the Tory Ministers, but thrown out on the second reading on the motion of Lord Lansdowne, now Lord John Russell's Whig colleague. We do not mean to say that either in the Commons or the Lords the opposition to these bills was made a party question —we believe that it was not—but it so happened that its opponents were chiefly Whigs, and its supporters chiefly Tories; and that it ultimately failed because the Whigs did not afford it that active support which the Tories gave to the measure of 1834, and without which Lord Castlereagh thought, and thought most justly, that it would be hazardous to attempt so critical and important a measure. But though not able to pass these more extended amendments, Mr. Sturges Bourne did not wholly abandon his benevolent purposes, and several minor measures of improvement attest the continued interest which he and his friends took in this important subject. Lord John must have forgotten all these transactions, or he surely never could have mentioned the question of the amendment of the Poor Laws as an example of Tory apathy to the condition of the people. A subsequent passage of this part of Lord John's speech contains a quibble so calumnious, and yet so paltry, that with all our experience of Lord John Russell's style and temper, we are surprised that a gentleman should venture to employ it— 'thereby

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'thereby reducing the independent labourers of the country (to use a phrase which I remember my *friend Mr. Horner* once used to me, when speaking upon the subject) *to a state of villenage.*'—p. 6.

The word *villenage* has an odious sound: the thing itself was substantially abolished in England by the Norman conquest: it suits however Lord John Russell's ideas of fair political discussion to impute to the Tories that they had 'reduced the independent peasantry of the country to a state of *villenage;*' but as so outrageous an imputation was even more than Lord John's nerves could stand to, he slips out of the responsibility by transferring it to his deceased friend Mr. Horner. Now, we are satisfied that what Mr. Horner said must have been nearly the converse of what Lord John imputes to that learned and ingenious gentleman. Mr. Horner may have remarked—as a proof that some provision for the poor, equivalent to a Poor Law, existed among us from the earliest times—that the old practice of villenage—where the peasant, *adscriptus glebæ* attached to a particular territory, had in return for his labour while in health a claim on its owner for cure and care in sickness and age—had a great resemblance both in principle and practice to a liberal poor law, limited by a strict rule of settlement. Something like this Mr. Horner may have said, because it is just and true. We, ourselves, in our review of Lord John Russell's '*distinguished foreigner,*' Herr Von Raumer, made a similar observation on that blockhead's allusion to the system of *villenage,* in which, as invidiously and as ignorantly as Lord John Russell now does, he applied the term to the condition of the Irish peasantry, and proposed that they should be relieved from their *existing* state of *villenage.* On this we remarked that *villenage* had never existed in Ireland at any recorded time, and that it might have been better for Ireland if it had. We added—

'If Raumer had made the exact converse of his absurd proposition, and if he had proposed that the Irish peasantry should become *adscripti glebæ,* giving their labour to their landlords, these in return providing for the comfortable support and maintenance, raiment, and lodging of the peasantry in health and sickness, in infancy and old age,—the scheme would have been something more rational, and infinitely more remedial of the specific evil to be remedied—namely, the abject poverty of the Irish peasant, and the cruel want of all legal means of assistance and relief in sickness and distress.'—*Quar. Rev.,* vol. lvi., p. 565.

This—which shows that the principle of a legal provision for the poor has something of the more benevolent part of the ancient system of villenage—was all that we meant, and probably all that Mr. Horner could mean by *his* allusion to that system; but neither he nor we could have employed the term in the false sense and for the

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the calumnious and inflammatory purpose in which her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department has repeated it. But if the mere introduction of the term does no great credit to Lord John's candour, the way in which he applies Mr. Horner's remark does still less to his understanding; for whatever original resemblance there might be between wholesome *poor laws* and *villenage*, that resemblance would be gradually impaired by every uccessive deviation from the original system—deviations which at length rose to such an abuse in some districts as to render the peasantry '*independent*' of the necessity of labour, and to give them a right, not of *villenage*, but almost of *mortgage* on the land. So that if Lord John had really understood Mr. Horner's allusion, and chosen to give the true state of the case, his charge against the abuse of the poor laws should have run thus:—

'thereby making the labourers of the country independent of labour, and reducing them *from* a state which I remember my friend Mr. Horner once assimilated in principle to the old state of villenage.'

This would have been something like the truth; but it would not have enabled Lord John to call the condition of the labourer under the New Poor Law '*independent*,' or to accuse the Tories of having formerly 'reduced him to a state of *villenage*.' Lord John cared little about the meaning, and still less about the logic, of his phrase, provided he could make a stalking-horse of Mr. Horner's name for a bit of Billingsgate calumny against the Tories. We have given more attention to this phrase than at first sight it may seem to deserve,—but it is by 'little things' that 'little men' must be measured; and we think that this instance of blunder, quibble, and spite is very characteristic of Lord John both in his political and literary capacity. We have read—with some incredulity indeed—of poisoned bullets having been used in Indian war: Lord John Russell seems disposed to authenticate the story, and loads, we see, with *poisoned sparrow-shot*.

With regard to the New Poor Law itself, we have never withheld from the Whigs the praise of having made a bold and conscientious effort to remedy a growing evil; but neither should my Lord John Russell have withheld from the Tories the acknowledgment that if they had—as the Whigs invariably did on all occasions—opposed this measure merely because it was brought forward by their political antagonists, and because it admitted of popular inflammation—not only would it never have passed, but the ministers who proposed it would have been swallowed up in the general indignation, which nothing but the confidence of the country in the prudence and patriotism of the Tory leaders could have prevented. That great question is not, however, we fear, so entirely settled as Lord John flatters himself. Of one of the great features

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features of the Whig measure—the strict and general application of the Union-Workhouse system—we doubt the ultimate success; indeed, practically, the commissioners have already, by several modifications and evasions, betrayed more than doubts whether the principle can be strictly maintained. Nor is it during a period of unusually general prosperity amongst the working classes, and when so many thousands of the poor are employed in the extraordinary labour temporarily afforded by the railroad influenza, that the new system can be said to have a fair trial. Let there come a season—as in the cycle of human affairs it must come—of combined agricultural and manufacturing distress, and we shall see whether Lord John will then, at any popular meeting, venture to plume himself on the success of his New Poor Law:—above all, if at such a crisis the Opposition benches should be occupied by those who, instead of supporting the general cause of order and obedience to the laws, as the Tory Opposition does, should endeavour by every art and effort to influence the public mind against their rulers—as the Whigs have always done—as Lord John did for the earlier years of his public life—as he is retrospectively endeavouring still to do by this deliberate calumny against all the administrations of England previous to his own advent to power.

The last of the crimes of the Tories is the Union with Ireland—not the *principle* of the Union, of which Lord John seems to approve, but of the *means* by which and the *spirit* in which, as he alleges, it was carried. We have no time for such obsolete discussions; we will only refer Lord John to the debates of the day, in which he will see that Mr. Grey and the leading Whigs both in England and Ireland most vehemently arraigned the very abstract *principle* of the Union, and by their inflammatory opposition created most of the temporary, and some of the permanent, defects for which Lord John Russell now blames the able statesmen, Whigs as well as Tories, who proposed and carried a measure, the wisdom and policy of which were never doubted till it came to be administered by Lord John Russell and his priest-ridden colleagues.

He next says—

'I come now to their omissions. That which they left undone was indeed great, and came in the end to be almost appalling. In the *criminal law, for instance, they made little or no alteration in the sanguinary character* of the code which then ruled us.'—p. 6.

This Lord John will find a very unlucky topic. The Whigs were in power one whole session, and opened a second with every prospect of their continuance in office. But neither during the whole of their first session, nor in the king's speech opening the second,

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second, is there so much as a hint of any amendment of the criminal law. Sir Robert Peel was the first minister of the crown who ever attempted a systematized reformation of the criminal law; and Lord John himself, notwithstanding his ostentatious claim of merit on this subject, has been but the feeble imitator of Sir Robert Peel. Lord John has been seven years a minister, but it was not till the very last session that he bethought himself of this 'appalling' concern, and then, to be sure, he set about it in a style worthy of his party and worthy of himself.

The readers of the Quarterly Review are aware that we showed in our last number that Lord John had introduced certain bills for the amendment of the criminal law. They were prepared in a manner so slovenly as to be ridiculous; they affected consolidation, yet they were eight or nine in number, when they need have been but one; and were in their details exceedingly ill prepared: they were permitted to dawdle through the House of Commons till the King's death forced ministers to think of closing the session, and meeting the country at a new election. Then, indeed, it was seen that they would be a good hustings topic—and they were sent up to the Lords—(without having received one minute's attention, or one word of discussion, in the House of Commons)—in such a state of hurry, confusion, obscurity, and self-contradiction, that the Chief-Justice in moving that they should be read, was forced to apologise for their imperfections, and they must eventually have been thrown out *as nonsense*, if the Law Lords had not interfered, and rendered my Lord John's abortive attempts at legislation—not, perhaps, what they ought originally to have been—(time did not allow of that)—but—just fit to be passed. And it is for this tardy measure of 1837—so miserably concocted—so contemptuously treated—so indolently prosecuted—and finally only made passable by voluntary assistance from the House of Peers—that Lord John thinks himself authorised to pass a general censure on the Tories, and a peculiar panegyric on his own legislative embryos. He goes on to say:—

'And as regarded slavery, that unfortunate and sinful blot upon our name—*they did nothing that could be considered as effectually tending to its complete extinction.*'—p. 6.

Another very unlucky topic, as poor Lord John will find. The phrase is worded with all the petty astuteness of quibble, to *imply* more than can be *maintained*. 'The Tories did *nothing* towards the extinction of the slave trade, that unfortunate and sinful blot.' Such is the obvious meaning that the words present; so they were, no doubt, understood at Stroud; so Lord John hoped that they would pass with the public; but if any too curious

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curious observer should say, 'why, 'tis totally false,' then my Lord may hedge himself by an appeal to the exact words—'I never said that *the Tories had done nothing towards the extinction of slavery*—I only said that the Tories had done nothing that *could be considered* as *tending* to its *complete* extinction.' But this quibble shall not serve. It was that class of statesmen whom his Lordship denominates *Tories* that made the first, the most constant, and the most important efforts for the abolition of Negro slavery. Lord John Russell will not claim Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, and Sir William Dolben as Whigs. To *them* in the first degree is to be attributed the strong feeling which took possession of the public mind and heart of England on that subject, and which has ultimately produced the present, as Lord John Russell seems to think it, satisfactory state of that question. Does Lord John Russell forget that the first dawn of liberty to the Negro was from Mr. Pitt's moving (when Mr. Wilberforce was too unwell to execute an intention of which he had given notice) a resolution that the House would next session take the condition of the Negro slaves into its consideration? Does Lord John Russell forget that the first great blow given to Negro slavery was the declaration of Sir William Dolben in the session of 1788, that he was instructed by his constituents—*the University of Oxford*—whom, we suppose, Lord John Russell would call Tories—to declare their abhorrence of the continuance of that traffic? Has Lord John forgotten that remarkable passage in Mr. Pitt's public life, which followed this declaration? It was late in the session—the business was supposed to be over—when Sir William Dolben, in pursuance of the principles before expressed, brought in—unexpectedly—*a bill for regulating the slave trade*—which, as its antagonists stated, 'would operate virtually as an *abolition*.' To this bill Mr. Pitt, then first minister, gave not only his personal support, but his influence—nay, he kept parliament sitting with no other business than to pass it. Fox and Burke, who were friendly to it, left town, thinking the session at an end; difficulties, and the greatest of all, defalcation of members, rendered it hardly possible to pass the bill; but Mr. Pitt was resolute; it was passed and sent to the House of Lords —where, after fresh difficulties, it also passed, with many amendments, by a majority of two; but the amendments were *technically* fatal to the bill. Encouraged by Mr. Pitt, Dolben brought in a new bill at a later period than, as we believe, the House had ever before sat; this new bill was read a second time, in a house of forty-one members, one more only than the quorum; of these forty-one, we remember no Whig but Sheridan. Fox and Burke, though they had originally spoken for the bill, did not think

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think it worth while to stay in town to vote for it—and left the whole burden on Pitt.

'No feature,'—says Wraxall, who may be credited when he praises Mr. Pitt, and who moreover was a party in this transaction—'No feature of Mr. Pitt's political life places, in a more conspicuous light, the force of his moral principles of action and his inflexible determination to pursue the path which they dictated to him. The Slave Regulation Act, which was ultimately carried by only thirty-five votes in a sort of Rump Parliament, laid the foundation of the Slave Abolition Act in the course of the following year.'—Wrax. *Post. Mem.* iii. 126.

We shall not pursue the long train of measures, (most of them under Tory auspices,) for successive advances towards the abolition of the slave trade,—the greatest of which were Lord Grenville's bills in 1806, the principles of which he had imbibed from Mr. Pitt, and Lord Castlereagh's arrangements with the continental powers at the congress of Vienna. The Whigs indeed, and we suppose it is to that Lord John alludes as a *complete extinction* of the slave trade, have given £20,000,000 (no inconsiderable addition to the £550,000,000 which had already produced such an effect on the nerves of Lord John Russell) to purchase from their masters the nominal freedom of the slaves in our West India colonies. Does any man believe—will any man venture to assert—that if a Tory Administration had proposed a loan of twenty millions for such a purpose, and an annual million of interest to be raised by taxes on this country to meet that loan, the Whig Opposition would have allowed it to pass? With the natural readiness of popular opinion to be excited against taxation in any shape, but particularly for distant and speculative objects, a parliamentary opposition could have put a decisive veto on such a proposition, and the Whigs would have done it just as recklessly as Charles Fox went grouse-shooting in 1788, while Pitt, with forty followers, was endeavouring to pass Dolben's Relief Bill. But, moreover, that measure was Lord Stanley's. He is no longer one of the colleagues on whose behalf Lord John Russell was speaking—or if Lord John insists on sharing in Lord Stanley's merits, he must in fairness consent to be implicated in all the Tory turpitudes imputed to his other colleague Lord Palmerston.

But we have a more serious objection to make to the Whigs upon this point. We retort upon them Lord John Russell's own words, and we tell them '*that they have done nothing that can be considered as effectually tending to its complete extinction.*' They have given, indeed, twenty millions to remunerate our own planters for the loss—a hypothetical one—which they may suffer from the

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the nominal change which has been made in the state of the black population of our West India Islands. What the effect of that change may be when it comes to be more than nominal, we are not wise enough to foresee; but at best it goes but a comparatively short way to the *complete extinction of slavery.* That nefarious trade is carried on at this hour with additional activity and accumulated horror. When Lord Castlereagh negotiated at Vienna, the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians consented to some limits to their slaving operations. This was much to have obtained from independent nations who did not feel as we do on the subject; but since our unhappy meddling has so distracted and subverted both the governments of the Peninsula, that either crown seems held at the will of any handful of English soldiers or sailors, will Lord John Russell tell us why our irresistible influence has not procured the full development of Lord Castlereagh's stipulations against the slave trade?—why has not its '*complete extinction*' been *dictated* to all those governments who have been for these six or seven years the puppets of Lord Palmerston—puppets for all mischief, but *reluctantes dracones* whenever anything for the interest either of England or of humanity in general is proposed? But, be all this as it may, the 'appalling' facts stated by Sir Robert Inglis, in a speech at the close of the session, and the admissions made in Lord Palmerston's reply, sufficiently prove, that, in point of *fact,* Lord John Russell had no more right to boast of having *completely extinguished* the slave trade, than he had to libel his predecessors as having done *nothing,* when in fact they have done more than he has, under circumstances less favourable for doing anything.

'With respect to *other* subjects, which I will now leave untouched—but untouched only because I wish to spare more time—*they left everything to do;* they occupied themselves with maintaining establishments which they then said were necessary,—*in passing laws, from time to time, to repress* the rising discontent of the people,—and with these poor performances, they thought the duties of Government were ended.'—p. 6.

We will not waste our readers' time in fencing with generalities: we will only observe on this passage, that as to 'the maintenance of useless establishments,' we have already produced the testimony of the Chancellor of the Exchequer against his colleague the Secretary of State; and such facts and figures as even Whig assurance cannot gainsay. And as to the 'laws passed from time to time to prevent the rising discontents of the people,' is Lord John ignorant of the fact, that on the recall of *his father* the Duke of Bedford from the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the most remarkable of those bills—prepared under his Grace's auspices by Mr.

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Mr. Plunkett, and corrected by the hand of Mr. Grattan—was found amongst the current business of the Castle, and the Tories who succeeded to office had nothing to do but to pass the Whig bill for 'repressing the rising discontents of the people?' Lord John may have forgotten this passage of the history of his father and his friends—but how can he have forgotten the recent Irish Coercion Bill of his own administration, which, if we mistake not, obtained for them the memorable eulogy of their patron Mr. O'Connell, of being '*the base, brutal, and bloody* Whigs!'

'And with these *poor performances* they [the successive Tory Administrations of the last fifty years] thought the duties of a Government ended.'—p. 6.

It certainly requires, as Churchill says, 'a matchless intrepidity of face' in Lord John Russell to talk of the *poor performances of a ministry*:—but when we recollect that amongst the *poor performers* in former Administrations were Mr. Pitt—the Corypheus of the company—Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, Mr. Windham, Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, Lord Thurlow, Lord Loughborough, Lord Eldon, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, and the Duke of Wellington; and when we can reckon amongst their *poor performances* Mr. Pitt's financial administration from 1782 to 1792—the French war from the 1st of June 1794, to Waterloo—Lord Wellesley's Indian Administration—the Union with Ireland—the overthrow of Buonaparte—the general pacification of Europe in 1816—the restoration of the metallic currency—the graduated system of corn-laws—the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and Roman-Catholic Emancipation (two measures which at least *Lord John Russell* must deem matters of no small importance)—and finally the gigantic development of public wealth and power, the vast and growing extension of private comfort and happiness by machinery, steam-boats, rail-roads, and all the various arts that advance agriculture, extend manufactures, and improve and elevate the general condition, not only of our own country, but of mankind;—with all these and large classes of similar facts in our grateful recollections, we can smile at Lord John Russell's talking of the '*small performances*' of the last fifty years of the British annals. Alas, my poor Lord John!—*there were* giants *in those days!* Nor should it be omitted that when the Whigs were called upon to form their administration in 1830, they were obliged to confide the most active and important offices of the cabinet—the three secretaryships of state, for instance—to persons who had been the *subordinates* of those '*poor performers.*' We leave Lord Melbourne, Lord Glenelg, and Lord Palmerston to finish this part of the discussion with their colleague. But the following summary with which he concludes his invective requires more serious observation:— 'The

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'The result was, that when a new Parliament was elected in 1830, after the death of George IV., the state of the country was most calamitous. Happening at that time to be passing through an agricultural district of the country, travelling by night, I saw the fires which were everywhere raised by *the incendiary labourers of the time*—I witnessed the contempt of law—the degradation of authority. The magistrates felt themselves overpowered, they had no means to resist the evil, and knew not how to remedy it. In the metropolis the state of things was no better, for in London the late King—than whom no King was ever more conspicuous for courageous and amiable qualities—a King whose personal character entitled him to the respect of every one of his subjects—was advised by the Prime Minister of the day not to venture within the walls of the city, or to appear before his assembled subjects.'—p. 6.

This is to a certain degree true; but what caused the discontent? The factious and inflammatory excitements of the Whigs. Whence came the incendiary fires? From France, whose revolution of July, and its motives and its consequences, were the exciting texts of Whig declamation! Has Lord John forgotten his friend Mr. Brougham's speeches at York?—'The contempt of law—the degradation of authority—the overpowering the magistrates?' Has Lord John forgotten all the Whig revilings of our sanguinary *laws*—all the Whig complaints against every exercise of governing power—the Whig persecution of any individual magistrate who should venture to exert his authority—the inflammatory motions against the suppression of the Manchester riots—and the other seditious assemblages which from time to time threatened to break out into flagrant insurrection? Has Lord John forgotten the incentives to all these disorders which proceeded from the Whig benches of the House of Commons? Though a few more respectable Whigs might be said to have discountenanced these popular provocations by a shabby silence, yet they were echoed long and loud through all the ranks of the party; and the worse extravagancies of the street demagogues were but the repetitions of the incendiary language of the House of Commons Whigs. This description of the state of the country applies to the month of October, 1830. Let us take the *contemporary* authority of a certainly well-informed writer of that day, who—in observing on the conduct of the Whig party generally, and especially on the speeches and writings of Mr. Brougham—gives the following sketch of the factious arts by which the danger had been created. It is high time, he says, for the Conservative party in the country to unite in defensive exertions—

'if all the disaffected in Church and State—if infidels, republicans, agrarians, levellers, and all those who, in the short and emphatic language

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guage of the great rebellion, '*would not have things so*,' are to be collected, marshalled, *excited, and impelled* by dinners and meetings, by *speeches and pamphlets*, by the contagious poison of calumny, and by the frightful tocsin of sedition—if the French Revolution and the Belgian Revolt are to be the *signals, and incentives, and examples* to the disturbance of our peace—the invasion of our property, and the overthrow of our constitution—if the mass of poverty which is inevitable, and the mass of popular force which is incalculable, *are to be hallooed on against the whole frame of civilized society.*'—*Observations on two pamphlets attributed to Mr. Brougham, Oct.* 1830, p. 78.

Such, my Lord John Russell, were the real causes of that discontent which you with such candour now attribute to the misrule of the Tories, and their resistance to what you are pleased to call Reform; and to establish the truth of our assertions against yours, *you yourself* shall be our witness. The tergiversation of politicians has grown into a proverb—but it has so grown during that period of our history in which the Whigs have had opportunities of abandoning in office their professions when in opposition; of any such general imputation against Tories, there is not a shadow. In fact it is, as we have already shown, a principle of the Tory party, that their respect for order and good government renders their opposition, as for mere party objects, ineffectual; a Tory, therefore, coming from opposition into government has nothing to recal, repudiate, or abjure: on the other hand, opposition on Whig or democratical principles necessarily becomes so extreme, that in the cycle of political change, on every advent of a Whig Ministry, public men and public principle suffer a degrading depreciation in public opinion. You have a Fox devoting Lord North to impeachment and the block—and within a week making him Secretary of State: you have *All the Talents* inviting the country to resistance and almost rebellion against the income tax—and doubling it: and, to pass over a long and shameful catalogue of recent inconsistencies, you have a Melbourne making all his public character as an *anti-reformer*—and now maintaining all his personal power as the type and head of a party which professes to *reform* even to destruction. But of all such lamentable lapses of principle—of all such, to say the best of them—miserable necessities of party, we have never met anything which surpasses that which Lord John Russell now forces us to bring against *him*. Individually he is certainly not worth the trouble—*de minimis non curat prætor*, but—as we have before said—the station he occupies (and such are his colleagues that none of them could, we believe, fill it so well,) must be our excuse for the extended notice we take of these matters: trifles are important in a diseased state of bodies, physical and political, which in a healthy system would be utterly contemptible.

Lord

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Lord John Russell talks, with equal confidence, of 'the errors, the blunders, the evils' of his Tory predecessors—and of the merits of what he calls a Reform Ministry, and of his own and his colleagues' share in the great and necessary measure of *Parliamentary Reform*. Now this is our answer.

About the end of April, 1827, Mr. Canning's government was formed; in which, from the secession of the leading Tories, he was unfortunately obliged to have recourse to the Whigs—the *pis aller* of all political combinations. These gentlemen joined with great alacrity the hunt of office—the scent lay well—the whole pack gave tongue—old Tierney was in a good place—so was Lansdowne. Lord John himself, though he professed not to take an immediate part in the sport, alighted, even from his favourite hobby, to open the gates for his friends, whom he followed at an easy pace, waiting obviously for some turn of the chase to bring him in advance. On the 3rd May, 1827, Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel—a good deal surprised at seeing the Tories extruded from their old seats, and the Whigs clustering round Mr. Canning—Mr. Canning—the *Anti-Jacobin*—the *Anti-Gallican*—the *Anti-Reformer*—asked whether all those gentlemen could possibly be united in public principle with *him* at whose back they had thus suddenly and surprisingly started up like the clan of Rhoderick Dhu—and above all, he wished to know whether they were agreed about the great measure of PARLIAMENTARY REFORM? Now Parliamentary Reform had been a question especially entrusted by the party to the guidance of Lord John Russell—(we shall see presently why so apparently great a measure was entrusted to such a slender agent). It therefore was for Lord John to rise and save, *pro virili suo*, his apostate friends from the disgrace affixed upon them by Sir Robert Peel's question—for Mr. Canning had boldly and honestly stated that *he* would continue the unflinching opponent of reform, and that those who joined him must follow the same line of conduct. Lord John accordingly stepped forward to defend his friends, and did it at his own expense in the following speech, which, surprising as it intrinsically was, made no sensation—from the insignificancy, at that time, of the person who pronounced it; but *now* that this person is raised to a high station, and that this high station has raised him to such a pitch of audacity as to calumniate the very people whom he had *vehemently applauded*, and with whom he had *virtually coalesced*, his declarations become as important as they are curious.

In reply to Sir Robert Peel rose Lord John Russell and said—

'He was astonished at the remark of Mr. Peel; for the right honourable gentleman might have remembered to have heard the right honourable member for Knaresborough [Mr. Tierney, leader of the late Opposition],

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Opposition], but a very few sessions ago, declare *his* conviction, and *from the Opposition side of the house* [at this moment he was sitting near Mr. Canning], that *Parliamentary Reform could never be a party question in this country.* It might be allowed to *him* (Lord John) also to state a fact, which he had perhaps better reason to be informed of than the right honourable gentleman, and which *corroborated this view* of the case. He himself had, some few years since, expressed his wish that the *whole of the party* with which he usually voted should unite to promote the cause of *Parliamentary Reform;* but it then appeared that not only *most of the leaders of that party were desirous that it should not be made a party question,* but that the WHIG PARTY—if they should come in as a party—would be OPPOSED *to it,* or to ANY OTHER MEASURE HAVING PARLIAMENTARY REFORM FOR ITS OBJECT!!! This FACT he mentioned to show that it could not be imputed as a crime to any person, with whom he had been in the habit of voting, to have taken office on the present occasion, without having stipulated that *Parliamentary Reform* should be made a party question. But, perhaps, the the right honourable gentleman expected that HE (Lord John Russell) should introduce that question to the House. It happened unfortunately, however, that the very last time he had mentioned the question in the course of last session, he had declared that it *would be the* LAST *occasion of his doing so.* And why had he made that declaration? Because he had found a *great lukewarmness* on that subject throughout the country, and that GROWING *lukewarmness* he believed to be attributable to *the improvement which had taken place in the manner of conducting the government of the country'!!!—Hansard's Parl. Deb.,* 3rd May, 1827, vol. 17 (N. S.), p. 543.

Within three years—three years in which *Lord John,* at least, cannot say that the '*improvement in the manner of conducting the government*' had been interrupted, seeing that the two great objects of his political devotion, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and that of the Roman-Catholic Disabilities, had been successively carried—and with no other change in the state of public affairs than the dismissal of the Canningite Whigs, and the disappointment of the rest,—within, we say, three years, Lord John Russell and his friends managed to get up the public zeal for Reform from *lukewarm* to *scalding.* He again mounted the hobby he had so lately abandoned *for ever;* and on its back he rode into place and power. Grown wise, however, by their long experience of Tory superiority, and fearful of being again overthrown by them in the existing arena, the Whigs—goaded at once by cupidity and vengeance, by the love of place and hatred of their political opponents—boldly resolved to take advantage of the popular frenzy, and to produce *such a reform* as should consolidate their own power on an immovable basis, and annihilate the strength of those who had been their conquerors in a century of battles.

The whole affair was much the most scandalous that ever was perpetrated,

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perpetrated, and Lord John's share in this tissue of politic trickery is sufficiently known; but what shall we say of his personal candour and consistency when we now find him arraigning as the justifying cause of the discontents of 1830, the misrule of the very men, whose '*improvement in the manner of governing the country*' he alleged in 1827 as a sufficient reason for abandoning for ever the reproduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform?—That they are the self-same men that he thus eulogized and vituperates, is clear from this, that the eulogy was pronounced *within a week* after the resignation of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, and the consequent dissolution of that long Tory ministry upon which Lord John has lately emptied the vials of his wrath at Stroud. But this inconsistency is still more apparent from a previous speech delivered, February 24, 1826, on Mr. Ellice's motion on the state of the silk trade:—

'Lord John Russell was willing to admit that his Majesty's Ministers had not only pursued the rational line of policy, but were as *much alive to the distresses of the country as any of those who heard him.* He was sure that many of those who spoke so loudly, did not feel half as deeply for their distresses as his Majesty's Ministers.'—*Hans. Parl. Deb.* (N.S.) vol. 14, p. 858.

And these are the men whom he now represents as callous to the sufferings, and creating, by their harsh misrule, the discontents of the people!

There is but one point more on which we shall think it necessary to enter into any detail!

Lord John, after inveighing, as we have seen, against the House of Lords, is candid enough to give us an instance—a flagrant one of course—of the misconduct of that body:—

'I will mention one instance that occurred just at the close of the late session, which I think strongly illustrative of that disposition [in the House of Lords], and of the manner in which it is allowed to work. I happened to come into the House of Commons when a Bill, which had been introduced by an Irish member, and which consisted of two parts, was under debate. One part of it went merely to repeal that part of another Act of Parliament, which required that all persons whose names began with the same letter should poll at the same booth. It was said, that the repeal of that clause was necessary, because it was attended, in almost every instance, with much inconvenience, and because, in many instances, it was quite impossible for the sheriff or the returning officer to comply with it. The other part of the Bill went to set aside *certain votes*, which had been declared to be illegal. When I came into the House, and declared myself favourable to going into Committee upon the Bill, Mr. Shaw, the Recorder of the City of Dublin, and a prominent leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, got up, *being almost alone*, and made an appeal to me upon the subject. He found no fault with the first part of the Bill, but protested against the

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second, upon the ground of the partial manner in which it would operate. Upon the appeal being thus made to me, I rose and stated, that I thought his argument a fair one; that I thought the first part of the Bill, being merely a matter of convenience, ought to be passed, but I would not lend my countenance to the second part. Mr. Shaw thanked me for my candour and fairness (as he was pleased to designate my conduct on the occasion), and the Bill passed the House of Commons in its amended shape without opposition. But when it came into the House of Lords, this Bill which had been so agreed to in the Commons, was thrown out upon the second reading, and, as I have since heard, it was stated as a reason for so doing, that the Bill was a proof of the tyranny of a majority in the House of Commons. Now, if any one wished to give an instance of the wanton exercise of the power of a majority, I think a stronger instance could not be found than that which I have mentioned.'—pp. 13, 14.

Now, as this is the only case which Lord John has been able to produce of the misconduct, the *wanton exercise* of the power of the House of Lords, we shall be forgiven for saying a few words upon it, and supplying a few facts which Lord John has omitted.

'Just at the close of the session,' and subsequently to the *Queen's message announcing the dissolution*, one of the ministerial members FOR CORK, and a candidate for re-election, brought in a bill with the two objects imperfectly stated by Lord John Russell, for his Lordship did not state that the 'certain votes' to be disfranchised were '*certain votes* IN CORK.' The Recorder of Dublin, one of the few members present, looked with natural suspicion at such a bill, from such a hand, at such a time. The first part seemed to him to involve trouble and expense without any adequate object, and it looked still more objectionable from being coupled with the monstrous, the unparalleled injustice of the second clause attempting, *on the motion of one interested party, to disfranchise a particular class of voters in a particular town*, without having even the decency of treating in the same way *similar cases* in other parts of the country. In fact, it looked like a bill to secure the candidate his re-election for Cork. Lord John Russell tells us that HE was not present at first, but he has not told us that *Lord Howick, Sir George Grey, and all their associates on the Treasury bench*, who constituted at the moment nearly the whole house, joined in endeavouring to *force forward* this nefarious bill—nefarious we think we may call it, when Lord John allows it was too bad even for him. The clause against the Cork freemen was therefore given up, and Mr. Shaw expressed his sense of Lord John's candour, as contrasted with the previous conduct of the rest of the government; but Lord John is, we think, mistaken in saying that Mr. Shaw expressed any concurrence in the other part of the bill, though having

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having succeeded in defeating the personal injustice, he did not think it worth while to battle single handed and hopelessly against a minor inconvenience, and the bill passed the Commons. We believe that it actually went up to the Lords with the *Cork* disfranchisement clause which had been rejected in the Commons—*that,* however, if the fact was so, must of course have been a mistake, and we lay no stress on it; but can it be said that the House of Lords were not justified in looking with suspicion on a measure, one half of which had been already rejected even by Lord John Russell as a mere election job, and the remainder of which had, under all the circumstances, the same aspect—which was produced not even by the Government, but by an *individual candidate,* passed in thin houses under protest from the small remnant of independent members who were present, and sent up to the Lords without information or explanation, or time, or means of obtaining either, in the very last hours of the existence of a parliament, and in entire ignorance as to what the local operation of the bill might be on pending elections—except only that all the antecedent facts led to a *prima facie* impression that it was the *election job* of a particular candidate? But that is not all. The Lords sent to the Commons for the report of the Committee on which the Bill was said to be founded—that report was sent to them on *Friday* the 14th July, and on the *next* sitting-day, *Monday* the 17th, Parliament was dissolved!

And this is the monstrous enormity singled out by Lord John Russell, produced to his constituents at Stroud, and deliberately advanced to the whole world as *the* case on which he rests his charges and denunciations against the House of Lords.

There is not one single topic of this whole speech—and it rambles, it must be owned, over every possible topic of policy—on which we should not be able to make observations equally severe, to adduce contradictory proof equally strong, and to exhibit inconsistency and misrepresentation equally flagrant. Only think of the leader of the late House of Commons, and the creator—in 1833 alone—of 425 places of from 100*l.* to 6000*l.* a-year,—only think of *his* complaining of the employment of '*patronage.*' (p. 8.) Only think of one of the present cabinet pluming himself on the merits and services of poor *Lord Grey,* whose venerable heels they so dexterously tripped up. (p. 8.) Then only think of the father of the Reform Bill and the godfather of the Municipal Corporation Bill, and fifty bills of a similar principle, pleading for 'the *stability* of our institutions.' (p. 12.) Only think of a statesman and historian likening the Protestant Conservatives of this nation to '*Pope Leo,*' and the Melbourne-O'Connell party to '*Martin Luther.*' (p. 7.) Only

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Only think of the chief organ of the *Lichfield House compact* boasting his own profession of and attachment to the *Protestant religion.* (p. 10.) Only think of the official head of the Irish Education Commission defending the encroachments of popery, by declaring that 'the Protestant *religion is not afraid of discussion,* and *does not stand in need of authority.* (p. 10.) The question at issue being between it and a religion which is *afraid of and which does prohibit* '*discussion,*' and which *professes to stand solely on* '*authority.*' Only think of a man of common sense, or common honesty, representing 'the question now at issue as to the Church in Ireland, to be really a question of *civil distinctions.*' (p. 10.) Only think of the representative of the most trimming and shuffling ministry that ever sneaked in and out, and backwards and forwards, in order to evade even the most trifling impediments, talking of '*grappling with difficulties* and *not dreading responsibility.*' Only think of the Duke of Bedford's son and the chief organ of the Crown in the Commons, humbly deprecating the abolition of the House of Lords in such terms and on such grounds as these:—

'That he sees *no sufficient cause* for altering the constitution of the country, *because* he sees no reason to doubt that if public opinion *be brought to bear* upon the House of Lords, we shall find that body more duly and more vigilantly consulting the opinion of the country than it has done in former times.'—p. 14.

But we must have done with Lord John Russell. It is the peculiarity of his Lordship's style, that it so remarkably dissipates truth and condenses error, that the entire essence of one of his quartos might be given in a pamphlet, while the full refutation of his pamphlet might be extended to a quarto. We have, however, we trust, sufficiently shown the futility, the exaggerations, the misstatements, the injustice, the indecency of his charges against his opponents, as well as his own quibbling, inconsistency, party spite, and laxity of public principle—all exhibited in this Stroud speech, to a degree never, we believe, before imputable to any man holding a high place in the councils of the country.

It may be asked whether such a person can lead the House of Commons, or what kind of House of Commons it must be which he could lead? To the first question we reply, that Lord John Russell, though, as we have said, superficial, peevish, and prejudiced, is almost *unoculus inter cæcos,* and certainly the best of the 'poor performers' with whom he is surrounded;—he is shrewd, and ready—deeply devoted to his party—not too scrupulous in his principles,—by this time, probably, not over-nice as to his company, and altogether, we suppose, acceptable enough to a majority which not only does not require, but would not tolerate, fixed principles, lofty views, a proud and disinterested sense of duty, and

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and a clear perception of that fine but powerful tie—unseen by vulgar politicians—which unites the interest of the people to the authority of the Crown, and combines in one harmonious feeling and movement all the powers of the Constitution.

But in truth, Lord John Russell no more leads the House of Commons than the Queen's coachman drives her Majesty's state coach and its eight cream-coloured horses to Westminster. He occupies the seat, looks his part with becoming smartness, shakes the reins, and even occasionally appears to crack the whip, but the horses are really guided by persons attending on either side, in less conspicuous but more important places. Lord John Russell does what Mr. O'Connell desires, as far as Sir Robert Peel will allow him, and is even not unwilling to be assisted by Sir Robert Peel, whenever it can be done without offence to Mr. O'Connell. The plain truth is, that we have leaders incapable of leading, and governors utterly incompetent to govern, who occupy places which they cannot execute,—who exist only by the balance of parties—whose greatest weakness is their own professed supporters, and whose main and substantial power is the strength of their avowed antagonists.

This state of affairs, new in the history of nations, cannot possibly be of long duration. It is the result of a kind of equilibrium which at this moment has been established by the gradual abatement of the Reform frenzy and the increasing force of Conservative principles; but it is quite clear that such elements cannot remain stationary—the two principles of *forward* and *halt*—of movement and conservation—of *democracy*, in short, and *monarchy*—are in hostile presence; a weak ministry, which, though it talks big, and flatters and appears to favour the movement party, is really desirous of temporising, may prolong the critical equipoise, but eventually one or other of the two principles must become predominant, and, obtaining the *real* government, decide the future fate and *constitution* of the country.

There are some very curious political phenomena arising out of the present state of affairs. The first and most obvious is the near approach to equality in the numbers of the parties in the House of Commons. The ministers—notwithstanding *their marvellous abuse of her Majesty's name and their extravagant exercise of patronage*,—do not claim to be stronger than they were in the last session, when, it will be recollected, on their most important question they had only a majority of *five*. On the other hand, we do not suppose that the general gain of the Conservative party can substantially impair that narrow majority; but though not, perhaps, increased in numbers, it has been much strengthened in the character of its members, and by the encouragement of public opinion.

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In general, where there has been a change, the persons are of greater weight and consequence, and the returns have been obtained for more important places. *England and Wales*, for instance, the richest, the most populous, and in every way infinitely the most considerable portion of the United Empire, have returned a *decided majority* of Conservatives, which even the superiority of the Whigs in Scotland does not suffice to balance; so that of *Great Britain* the majority is against ministers, whose existence, therefore, even for an hour, depends on Mr. O'Connell and his Irish followers. Will it may be asked, the Protestant people of Great Britain long submit to be thus governed by a small Roman-Catholic majority?

This leads us to the consideration of another, and we think still more important and even more alarming phenomenon. Not only is the House of Commons thus nearly balanced, but so appear to be the constituencies—and consequently, it may be presumed, the nation itself. Many of the most important contests have been won, on either side, by comparatively inconsiderable majorities. In London, on a poll of nearly 6000, the Conservative lost by 6 only. In Leeds, the Conservative lost by 109, on about 2000. In Bristol, on above 3000, the second Conservative lost by only 24. In Dublin, on 3,500, the Conservative lost by 75. In Belfast, on near 1000, the Conservative lost by 21. In Liverpool, on 4,500, the *second* Conservative won by 222. In Middlesex, the second Whig was beaten by 202 on 4,500. In Kent, the *second* Conservative was beaten by 102 on 3,300. In Norfolk, the *second* Conservative was 60 above the first Whig, on near 3000 voters; and in West Yorkshire, on 12,000, the Conservative lost by about 600. In many places the majorities were more considerable—in the towns for the Radicals, and in the counties for the Conservatives—and though, on the whole of the best calculation we have been able to make, the numerical balance of the constituencies was on the Conservative side, yet the difference cannot be great enough, either way, to create any doubt that there is a near approach to equiponderance in the constituencies, between the Conservatives on the one hand, and the united Whigs and Radicals on the other. This surprising and unprecedented result shows on how narrow a basis any political arrangement must at this moment stand, and how precarious the existence of anything like a Government must, under the present circumstances, be. The Reform Bill was framed with great art, to give weight to *numbers* rather than to *property*, and it really seems a great triumph already obtained over the fraud of that most fraudulent measure, to find that its promoters have not been able to retain, or at least not more than retain, even the *numerical* equality;

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equality; but if the constituencies were to be measured by *education* and *property* there is no doubt that, throughout the whole empire, the Conservatives might be reckoned as two to one. It is a problem whether, under the Reform Bill, education and property will, on the long run, accumulate *numbers*, or whether numbers will eventually overpower education and property. The result of the last two years seems favourable to the better prospect, and we already perceive that the Radicals are of that opinion, by the propositions which are now put forward for the amendment of the Reform Act, and for an extension of the suffrage. We suspect that the first really serious battle that the Conservatives may have to fight will be in defence of the Reform Bill, against its *parents* and its *children*.

Another novel circumstance, and one which shows a most important change already effected in the Constitution of this country, is, that the House of Commons has virtually become an assembly of *delegates*; that there is not a man of the whole body (or at most but two or three) whose votes are not anticipated with as much certainty as if they had already been counted in a division. In the former practice of the Constitution there were always some hundred members who really were entitled to call themselves independent of mere party, and an hundred more who had some pretence for affecting the same impartial character. This was the body which may be said to have represented enlightened public opinion (in contradistinction to party, or local interests) in the House of Commons. On them every Government depended for its stability; to their judgment all the appeals of both parties in the House were really directed; and they were, in fact, the *juste milieu* which preserved, practically, the balance of the Constitution. This class of men were so respectable, and the assumed principle of their conduct so rational, that it used to be the policy of every candidate, who could do so with any degree of colour, to disclaim being a *party man*. All this has, as it seems to us, ceased to exist! The two antagonist principles to which we before alluded, were *in presence* at every hustings, as they will be in Parliament, and no man whose party attachment was not either declared or notorious, would have obtained a single vote; and scarcely one member of the present House of Commons can, as a man of honour, exercise an independent judgment on any great question but at the expense of his seat. This again is a consequence of the Reform Bill entirely incompatible with the true value and right working of a representative government: and it is an evil which any alteration in that Bill, either by extension of the right of franchise, or by the introduction of the ballot, will only render more complete, if possible, than it now is—more inveterate,

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inveterate, and more irreconcileable with what was the *deliberative* character of the legislature under the old British Constitution. Such are some of the *general* considerations which the aspect of the new House of Commons suggests, and which we notice the rather because they may tend to awake public attention to the *organic change* which is gradually working its way in the Constitution, the pretended renovation of which, by the Reform Bill, will and must end—if not soon arrested by an entire revulsion of public opinion—in its total destruction.

But more immediately interesting, than what may be thought a speculative, or, at least, a more remote danger—is the prospect of the country as to its practical government even for a single session. Some persons believe that Lord Melbourne cannot venture so much as to face a parliament in which he has obtained so narrow a majority at so heavy a price—others, again, suppose that he will undoubtedly meet the parliament, but that his majority will speedily fail him. We are of neither of these opinions: the first we wholly reject; Lord Melbourne is neither weak enough nor wise enough to take that course: and as to the second, though we admit that the ministerial majority is the *weakest* ever known, we still think that it will be found enough for Lord Melbourne's immediate purposes, though it would be wholly insufficient for a Tory Ministry.

The explanation of this, which may seem to some readers a paradox, is to be found in the distinctive character of the two great parties, Whig and Tory. Lord John Russell, in his speech at Stroud, calls these '*nicknames*;' adding, '*and nicknames they certainly are.*' Here again, even in this small and obvious matter, which men who have read and spoken on such subjects infinitely less than Lord John Russell find no difficulty in understanding, his Lordship betrays the superficial flippancy of his character—they are *not* '*nicknames*,' if by that term is implied an idle catch-word without any definite meaning—they are the popular designation of the *two great antagonist principles* which have been struggling in this country for two hundred years, —which must exist in some degree in all governments, and which are the very essence of a representative constitution. The party which, to use the phrase already quoted, '*would not have things* so'—who are for *change*, and of course for the advancement of the democratic principle which leads to change, are *Whigs*; those, on the contrary, who think that Time is the best and safest reformer, who are averse to sudden or popular change, and who in all dubious cases think it safest to keep *things as they are*, are *Tories*; and these words, therefore, can be no more treated as mere *nicknames* than any other technical appellation, or than the words *republican*

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republican and *royalist*, which in our times have been pretty nearly equivalent to Whig and Tory—but *Whig* and *Tory* represent the *substance* of the difference, while *republican* and *royalist* only indicate the *form*. Doctor Johnson, sixty years ago, stated the matter with his usual discrimination:—

'The prejudice of the Tory is for *establishment*; the prejudice of the Whig is for *innovation*. A Tory does not wish to give more real *power* to the government; but that government should have more *reverence*. Then they differ as to the church; the Tory is not for giving more legal *power* to the clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable *influence* founded on the opinion of mankind—the Whig is for *limiting* and watching them with a narrow jealousy.'—*Boswell*, iv. p. 492.

Mutatis mutandis—and there is little to change—this expresses, as far as it goes, the present principles of the parties;—but Dr. Johnson did not foresee that the madness of the people and the delusion of a king could have opened such a vast field to the career of Whig principles, that the question should be not about *limiting the clergy*, but abolishing the *Church*—not about controlling the ministry, but overthrowing the Constitution. The abstract antagonist principles, however, of *conservation* and *innovation* are still the same; and are, in spite of Lord John Russell's flimsy evasion, existing, active, and *undying* impulses of political action. From this great and eternal distinction has arisen the state of affairs of which we are treating. It is to this principle that may be traced the hesitation and adverseness to change of all Tory Governments, and the rash, factious, and inflammatory proceedings of all Whig Oppositions. It was this principle which made the House of Lords, unfortunately, reluctant to transfer the franchise of Grampound, Penryn, and East Retford, to Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester—and which emboldened the Opposition of 1830 to foment the popular discontent and disturbance which Lord John Russell has so indiscreetly brought back to observation.

On the same principle it is, that provided Lord Melbourne can maintain his majority of *five* or even of *one*, on any direct question between him and Sir Robert, as candidate prime ministers, he may be quite at his ease on all the real points of government; he will have Sir Robert Peel and as many of Sir Robert's 320 Conservative friends as may on any occasion be necessary to defend the crown—to maintain public order—to support public credit, and to administer public justice. But, on the other hand, if Sir Robert were first minister, the Whigs would revert to their old opposition practices; they would oppose and harass in parliament—they would calumniate, and agitate, and inflame out of doors—they would talk of *stopping the supplies* and placard exhortations *to go for gold*—they would find fault on every occasion, and

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and endeavour to thwart every proposition, and especially those which might bear on the dignity of the crown, the security of public credit, the maintenance of public order, and the execution of public justice. And against such an opposition, it was not in the most palmy days of Toryism possible to conduct the government without a large and steady majority. Can any one believe that it could *now* be accomplished with less?

The proof of this theorem is the professed object of the *pamphlet*, the title of which stands second at the head of this article, and which deserves some attention, as being, undoubtedly, an authorised announcement of the ministerial prospects; its puerile style and its vacillating and contradictory views are quite congenial with such a paternity; and, at its first appearance, it was so announced by all the ministerial press. Some too candid and inconvenient admissions, indeed, which have slipped from the writer's pen, induced the government organs to retract presently somewhat of the fulness of their original approbation—but there seems to be, after all, no doubt that the pamphlet had the concurrence, and spoke the sentiments of, at least Lord Melbourne.

The first object of this pamphlet is, as we have said, to prove that Lord Melbourne, even with the narrow majority which he possesses, may keep his place, and carry on the government, while on the other hand Sir Robert Peel would require a majority of 100 or 150. In this conclusion (though not exactly in the premises from which it is drawn) we have already said that we are obliged to concur, in a certain degree, and we feel it to be our bounden duty to say so;—these are not times for laying flattering unctions to men's souls. If there be any hope of our being able eventually to overcome the danger which threatens us, we must look at it boldly, and endeavour, as accurately as we can, to measure its real depth and extent.

Why should we, or any other honest Conservative, endeavour to blind ourselves or our friends to the real posture of public affairs? why should we delude them into a desire of *prematurely* seizing the government which they could not hold? why should we urge or even countenance impatient attempts which would probably defeat, and certainly postpone, the ultimate success of Conservative principles throughout the empire?

Sir Robert Peel has manfully declared that he is ready, under a strong sense of public duty, to accept the Government whenever a vote of Parliament may summons him to that great responsibility; but it seems to us of vital importance that such a vote should not be hastily snatched—a casual and temporary success—but should be the result of that spontaneous and gradual improvement of political opinion, which is the best pledge for its stability

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stability and duration. We are well aware of the growing evil—in Ireland enormous and appalling—of the administration of the patronage of the Crown by the Melbourne ministry: the writer of the pamphlet states that part of the case with alarming candour:—

'It should, moreover, be carefully borne in mind that, independently of legislative measures, the executive power has a very large sphere of action, in which it is of the utmost consequence to the reform system that the true reform spirit should preside. Bishops, peers, judges, lord-lieutenants, magistrates, persons fulfilling the subordinate offices of the state, are not immortal. Many of the latter are known to be very busy enemies of liberal government. It would be expensive to superannuate them too soon—cruel to eject them without provision. *Time will work them out.* Great numbers of magistrates have openly or covertly resisted the progress of reform. To strip them of their commissions would be to inflict a severe punishment upon a respectable order of society beyond the urgent necessity of the case. A few years will change their sentiments, or withdraw them from the active scenes of life. *They can be replaced by a more liberal generation.* And so with the other enemies of the reform system. If the bishops could be prevailed upon to resolve in convocation, that their spiritual duties require their constant presence in the districts which they have been appointed to watch over, they would undoubtedly act much more in the spirit of their consecration. But, until some spontaneous movement of that kind shall take place, it is of vital importance to the reform system, that whenever an occasion presents itself for *enlightening the episcopal bench*, that occasion shall not be lost to the GOOD CAUSE. A new reign—the coronation—the nuptials of the Sovereign—the length of life (which may God prolong!) reasonably to be calculated upon at Her Majesty's present age, will afford opportunities for *increasing the peerage*, against which no constitutional objection can be raised. And as to Ireland, the continuance there of a liberal executive is a necessity that supersedes all other considerations. Reforming laws administered by unreforming men, instead of serving Ireland, would only plunge her into new miseries. Let the laws remain as they now are—let not a bill pass for the next century concerning Ireland—but maintain there such a Lord-Lieutenant as Earl Mulgrave, such a Chief Secretary as Lord Morpeth, such an Under Secretary as Drummond, such an Attorney-General as Woulfe, and her destiny is fixed.'—pp. 42-44.

These are, undoubtedly, *awful* warnings, though delivered in a flimsy style; nor can the most eager and adventurous Conservative look with more anxiety than we do for the means of arresting, *as soon as possible*, these smooth preliminaries to revolution. We are alive to the whole danger. If the power of the Crown is to be confided to men whose principle it has always been to impair the power of the Crown, what is to become of the monarchical influence and authority? If the judges and magistrates, whose duty

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duty it is to preserve established order and to administer the laws as they exist, are to be actuated by 'a true *reform spirit*,' that is, a spirit of democratic innovation, how is order to be maintained and justice to be administered? If the honours and property of the Church are to be employed for pulling down these honours and confiscating that property, how long shall we have a Church, and after we have ceased to have a Church, how long shall we have a religion? If 'opportunities for increasing the peerage' are to be so frequent and so well worked as to add an hundred members to the House of Lords, (and even that number would not suffice for the proposed object,) and if 'no *constitutional* objection can be raised to such a proceeding,' where are we to look for the Constitution? And if Ireland is to be delivered over—not to 'Mulgraves, Morpeths, and Drummonds'—but to their master (præfulgebat eo quòd *nomen* non visebatur,) and their master's masters, the Romish priests, what—in much less than the '*century*,' (which the pamphlet, affected by the Irish contagion, seems to promise that the present Irish ministers are to live)—what, within *ten years*, will have become of that Protestant gentry and population, our brethren in blood and faith, whom the policy of our ancestors transplanted to that country as missionaries of civilization, as the living links of British connexion?

Assuredly this is a grave and growing calamity, pregnant with incalculable consequences, and the government which practices and (which is *morally* worse) preaches up such a system deserves public execration. So think the majority of the constituencies of Great Britain; but in face of the acknowledged fact that, on the whole, Lord Melbourne has such a majority as would protect him from impeachment or even from dismissal, what and where is the remedy?

We, at least, take the liberty of thinking that it will not be found in any rash and violent advance on the part of the Conservative forces. We believe, on the contrary, that by taking up a defensive and essentially conservative position in both houses of parliament, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and their friends may, by the commanding dignity of their authority—their known superiority in the House of Lords—their almost equality in the House of Commons—the unquestioned support of England, and the confidence and concurrence of the vast majority of the Education and Property of the whole empire—do much—and more than can be done by any other system—towards the great object of wise and good men in every political crisis, *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*

We do not conceal from ourselves that they have bold, enterprising, reckless—we have almost desperate—antagonists; but we are

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are satisfied that it is with such enemies that the Fabian system —*cunctando restituens rem*—is most efficacious. Heterogeneous—nay, discordant as are the elements of the government majority, they will be kept together, by the spirit of party and the appetite for place, against any attempt to dislodge their leaders from office; but when not compressed by *that* danger, personal vanities—selfish objects—individual disappointments, will necessarily arise, and though they may be such as would be again merged in any great *party* struggle, they would at least render the government less confident on other points, and more careful not to afford any opportunity or excuse for occasional conjunctions and temporary coalitions between either their '*loose fish*' or their more respectable and moderate supporters, and the Conservative body.

The system of delegation and party pledges, predominant as it has become, is not yet powerful enough to prevent altogether the movements of ambition, avarice, or even conscience, and the narrowness of the ministerial majority, though it will produce many unworthy compliances with individual jobbing, will also produce occasional deferences to wise and moderate councils. Besides, it must be recollected that though the whole majority is pledged to the general support of the Whig Administration, and will keep their pledge, they assert that they are not pledged to *revolution* but the contrary—and they may occasionally be inclined to act accordingly. So that, on the whole, we incline to hope that there will be some check to that course of profligate abuse of episcopal, judicial, and magisterial patronage, which has been lately pursued, particularly in Ireland. Certain it is that no fatal administrative mischief can for the present be perpetrated, and that the remnant of our Constitution is, for the moment, in as little peril as, under the recent decisions of the Constituencies, it could well be: we may reasonably expect, without any undue depreciation of Scotland and Ireland, that the acknowledged superiority of England will not be without more than its numerical influence in the divisions, and that we may venture to address the leader of the English Conservatives—

> 'Your drooping country torn by civil hate,
> Restored by you is made a glorious state;
> The seat of empire, where the *Irish* come,
> And the unwilling *Scots* to fetch their doom.
>
> Heaven, that hath placed *this island to give law*,
> To balance Europe and its states to awe,
> In this conjunction, will on *England* smile;
> The *greatest leader of the greatest isle!*

It would be unjust not to admit that we see in the ministerial pamphlet

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pamphlet indications that Lord Melbourne is not desirous to push matters to hazardous extremities. The language of the pamphlet is, like that of its patrons, very inconsistent, and it blows hot and cold in very quick vicissitude: but it is clear that as to the two great points which were *at issue* between the House of Lords and the late House of Commons—the Irish corporations and the Irish Church—Lord Melbourne is willing to come to a compromise on the former and to waive the latter.

'It really does seem—looking calmly at the matter—a point of no very great importance, whether municipal institutions should or should not be planted or reorganised *immediately* in *all* the considerable towns in Ireland. But it is perfectly clear, that be the temporary consequences what they may, the foundation must now be laid in Ireland for the future administration of British law in that country, and that without corporations, that law cannot rule either in Ireland or elsewhere. Give *some* corporations *now*, but be prepared to give more hereafter*. . . . Leave the tithe question unsettled for a few years longer, and there will be no Protestant church in Ireland worth making any differences about. Those who wish to preserve even what remains of that institution should consider, whether it would not be better on the whole to set up the church-property there to auction, and have the clergy paid out of the Consolidated Fund, upon a scale graduated according to the amount of duty which they have to perform. If something of this kind be not done, it will be the duty of Lord Melbourne *not to embarrass his Cabinet any further* with this question, but permit it to take its own course. Attached as he is by principle and sentiment to the Protestant religion, yet it is no part of his functions to press benefits upon persons who will not accept them. Upon their heads, not upon his, will rest the consequences.'—pp. 36-38.

These passages were, we suspect, the cause why the more violent ministerial journals withdrew their patronage from the pamphlet. And we must say that if Lord Melbourne be disposed to cut those knots by any such arrangement as is here indicated, it would be, in our opinion, highly unjust and impolitic in the Conservatives not to meet these advances. For ourselves, we must confess that we are favourable to the continuance of municipal corporations in the more considerable cities and towns of Ireland, provided that—as, under the proposed system, the most important duties of the new corporation will be the management of rates and other similar questions of public and private *property*—there shall be such a substantial *property qualification* for the office of corporator as should guarantee the inhabitants from the mal-administration of needy adventurers and greedy jobbers. We are aware of the difficulty that there would be at present in Ireland in finding a fit *measure* for such a qualification. The ordinary

* The italics in the foregoing extract are the author's.

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English tests of poor-rates and assessed taxes do not exist in Ireland. The grand jury cess and minister's money might, perhaps, be resorted to as far as they apply. Some of the towns have also, we believe, local assessments for paving and lighting; but the time cannot be distant when there must be, in some shape, a poor-rate levied in the towns of Ireland, and the new Municipal Act might regulate and measure the property qualification 'in proportion to all such rates, taxes, and cesses as now are or *may be hereafter* imposed on any houses or lands within the jurisdiction.'

With regard to the Irish Church question, Lord Melbourne may—following the advice of the pamphlet, and his own natural disposition—*let it alone*. That Church will, we apprehend, accept readily the responsibility which the pamphlet advises Lord Melbourne to shift from himself to her. All she asks, is the execution of the law; and if the government does not pursue the unheard-of and monstrous absurdity and injustice of interfering to suspend or impede the due course of law, the Irish Church, as we believe, will require no more.

All the other pendant questions between the two great parties, the pamphlet affects to treat more lightly than we should be disposed to do, but they are not of sufficient importance to justify our extending this paper by the discussion of our differences. There is a passage, however, of this part of the pamphlet which may very probably have startled some of the ministerial allies, and which, though it is founded on a mere truism, is equally remarkable from the quarter whence the observation proceeds, and for the *extreme* to which it is pushed. In talking of certain depending questions, the pamphlet says:—

'They will require much examination. Time must be given for that purpose. The *prurient desire for perpetual and hasty legislation is one of the maladies of the age*. We should try to cure it. Heaven knows that our statutes are already voluminous enough. Somebody has said that if the Legislature were to go to sleep for two or three years, no great harm would be done. So far as the enactment of new laws is concerned, such a state of legislatorial hybernation might be without prejudice to the welfare of the country; and were it not that the active control of Parliament over the executive is absolutely essential to the safe working of the Constitution, many sound thinking men would be very much disposed to wait for additions to the statute roll, until the edifices about to be constructed on the banks of Old Father Thames should be completed.'—p. 38.

We think this—as a Whig opinion—as the suggestion of a champion of the present *touche à tout* ministry—is about as extraordinary as Lord John Russell's eternal abjuration of Parliamentary Reform in May, 1827, and that both together are miraculous evidences of *Whig consistency!*

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We turn from such miserable sophistry and tergiversation, to express our anxiety and hope, that the calm and firm, discreet and dignified conduct of the Conservative party in the ensuing session may awe and arrest all injurious innovation, and afford countenance and encouragement to the great and *growing* principle of Conservation. Impatience and imprudence may check it, but if permitted to work its own way in the common sense, the moral feeling, and the patriotism of the constituent body, it may, within no long period, so confirm the advancing improvement in the state of parties as to produce an administration of strength, talent, and *stability*—an administration which may be able to restore the dwindled character of the country abroad, and to relieve our internal and social interests from the state of uncertainty, insecurity, anxiety, and alarm in which we have for the last few years rather struggled than lived. England is already weary and disgusted with the restless weakness and perverse imbecility of the present ministers—who stand, like the armorial shield of the Berties, between the emblem of *radical force* on one hand, and of *popish fraud* on the other. Evidently ashamed, and still more afraid of their companions, and trembling and hesitating between them, they yet have not the common honesty, the common courage, or even the common sense, to get rid of both their tormentors by a *straight-forward* policy. They trust for escape to the chapter of accidents, or, if that shall fail them, to the generous patriotism of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley to save them in the hour of need from their own *supporters!* They are doomed soon to experience what a better historic poet than Lord John Russell denounced as the inevitable fate of selfish and make-shift intrigues, and of discreditable and dishonest alliances—

> 'The love of wicked friends converts to fear—
> That fear to hate—and hate turns one, or both,
> To worthy danger and deserved undoing!'

NOTE on No. CXVII., p. 224.

WE are obliged to Mr. King of Richmond (Yorkshire) for his reference to the passage of Eustathius, relative to the distance between Scheria and Eubœa, which we had overlooked; but, in fact, Eustathius and those who follow him affect to treat the matter rather as a *poetical hyperbole* than a geographical difficulty.

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